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INSIDE
SEBASTOPOL.

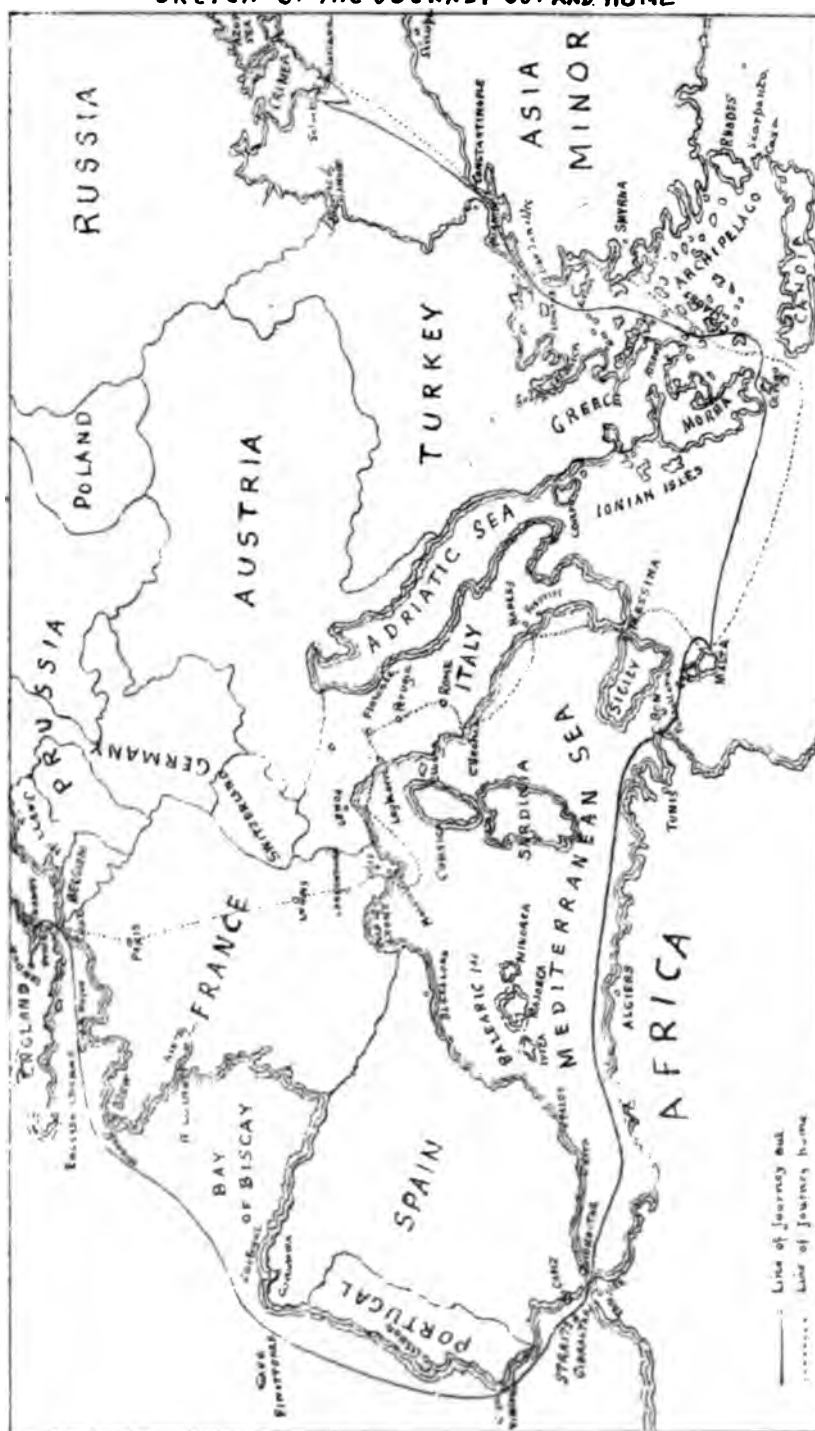


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SKETCH OF THE JOURNEY OUT AND HOME



INSIDE SEBASTOPOL,

AND

EXPERIENCES IN CAMP.

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY

TO

THE RUINS OF SEBASTOPOL,

BY WAY OF GIBRALTAR, MALTA, AND CONSTANTINOPLE,

AND BACK BY WAY OF TURKEY, ITALY, AND FRANCE;

ACCOMPLISHED IN THE AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1855.



LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, PICCADILLY.

—
1856.

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PREFACE.

IN the following pages I have ventured to tell the true story of the Repulse at the Redan on the 8th of September.

It is known to every one, except the ordinary English public. It is especially well known to the French, and the Sardinians, and the Germans, and even to the Turks. There can be no use in dressing up the event in the trappings of fiction. I have told the story as I heard it upon the spot.

It is better to recognise a disagreeable reality than to exhibit ourselves as living in a fool's paradise, obstinately ignorant of what every passer-by knows to be true.

If that shrewd and fortunate man, Napoleon the Third, should succeed in making peace without another act of warfare—if the eighth of September is to be the date of the last conflict of this war—then the Emperor of the French has added another to his many surprising achievements—*he has revenged Waterloo.*

This book will probably pass the seas and be read by those who were companions in the rambles it describes; and perhaps some surprise may be felt that the scenes, the words, and the interlocutors of some of the dialogues, have been changed. I have done this purposely. I have a right to gather the general opinion of the camp; but I have no right to repeat conversations in such a way that the private sentiments of any individual can, without his express authority, be made public. It is with this view only that I have sometimes changed a date, or altered a commission, or moved the position of a tent, when reporting camp experiences.

So far as this volume is merely a book of travels, it must rely for its interest upon the freshness of the impressions it records. The journal was written upon the spots it describes, and was printed from notebooks sent back to England, and not very critically revised. This method has its disadvantages, but it also has its advantages. Rapid travelling produces high spirits and a certain carelessness of illustration; but in the process of elaborate re-writing the freshness of an impression is apt to be lost.

I have attempted to make this work practically useful to those who may contemplate a trip to Italy, Constantinople, or the Crimea; and I have tried to accomplish this without encumbering my readers with the dull, and often untrustworthy details of a Guide-

book. Since my return to England I have met no Englishman who did not express a wish that he also had been "INSIDE SEBASTOPOL." When fifty Englishmen wish a thing, some out of that number are tolerably sure to accomplish that thing. I believe there will be a very large number of "T. Gs." in Sebastopol next autumn.

LONDON, *December* 1855.

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DIARY OF A JOURNEY
TO THE
RUINS OF SEBASTOPOL.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOG OF THE LINDSAY.—GRAVESEND TO GIBRALTAR.

ON Saturday, the 11th August 1855, I was vaguely reckoning up the prospects of the partridge shooting, when my servant put into my hands a sealed letter, having "Telegraphic Despatch" printed on the cover. I tore it open and read—"Can you start to-night? I have arranged passage to Balaklava. If so, come down to Gravesend by next train."

"Why should I go to Balaklava?" I never asked myself so foolish a question. To throw the post-jentacular cigar into the grate—to toss my dressing-gown into a corner of the room—to give general directions to the half-expostulating attendant to pack—to run off to Edmonson's for a cork mattress with an air-pillow, which I secured at the cost of fourteen

shillings and sixpence—to invoke the exertions of my aged but athletic housekeeper—to stuff a port-manteau and three carpet-bags with shirts and socks, and summer and winter garments—to see that all the various bottles in my dressing-case bag were full—to lock, to strap, and to pile all together—and to look triumphantly upon my accomplished preparations,—all this was the work of three hours, from the moment of receiving the electrical warning in my chambers in the Albany, or the Temple, or the remote magnificence of Victoria Street—choose which locality you please, gentle reader—but I fear it is of no consequence to you where those modest chambers are.

Moreover, I had written half a dozen P.P.C. letters, and had dropped in *en passant* at the Commercial Bank, and obtained, in return for a scratch of the pen—triumph of civilization!—sixty sovereigns in a little canvas bag.

Bachelorhood has its woes, and they are probably the heavier because the unhappy sufferers are often unconscious of them; but it must be owned, that if liberty be a thing worth fighting for, as the old Greek said, with fists and hatchets, the conjunctive copula must be sometimes found an impediment to rapid action. Cœlebs may be a weed upon the ocean, and some may think it a sad reflection, that when he has shut his outer door, and put his Bramah in his pocket, there is no one of his household who ventures to ask where he is going, or when he will be back.

Perhaps his man-servant suggests a hope that he may draw upon Mr. Neverstir, the Solicitor, for current expenses; but having quieted the apprehensions of this sympathizing ally, he may shake off all household ties, roll into a cab, and look upon himself and his luggage as a lump of isolated identity. This may be very sad, and undoubtedly would be very sad, if Cœlebs were going away for ever, and were obliged to go away; but as he is only off for three months, the sensation is selfish, but not gloomy. Cœlebs feels like a canary-bird let out for a flutter of freedom, with a window open for his return—not like an ownerless cur kicked into the street.

It is now eight o'clock. The good ship "W. S. Lindsay" lies off the Town pier at Gravesend, and a second telegraphic message tells me she starts at twelve. I know, for I have looked at the tide-table, that twelve at night must mean three in the morning. Better, however, too early than too late. At ten o'clock of this dark, damp, misty Saturday night I am being tugged against the flood-tide by a Gravesend waterman, not without some apprehension, as we pull across the bows of dark leviathans that lie about, and hear the waters rush along their sides. After one or two mistakes we hail the right ship, and in a moment after I am on the deck.

The captain was not on board. Six of the men he had shipped had not come down, and he was gone to town to look after them, or to obtain others. The first mate, the pilot, and my *compagnon de voyage*

(who sent me the message), however, were there, and the last was already comfortably installed in a starboard state room, superintending the proceedings of the carpenter, who was carrying out divers devices of perforated shelves calculated to keep things snug in troubled waters.

Although not a very assiduous reader of parliamentary debates, I fancied I had heard something of the W. S. Lindsay, and, seeing that I was about to cross the Bay of Biscay in her, gladly accepted the first mate's offer to look her over.

She is a long, narrow, iron ship, of about 800 tons burthen, originally built for a sailing vessel, but now equipped with an auxiliary screw of fifty horse steam power, about one-fifth the power of a regular steamer, but sufficient to help her in light winds, and to enable her to keep her anchor up when the wind is against her. Her cabin is sumptuous, and what promises great comfort in hot weather, it is eight feet high. She has sofas lying along the six large stern ports, so that one may recline there and look out upon the blue sea, and dream, or read, or smoke—yes, smoke! for know that the only other passenger on board is a man and a smoker. The Lindsay is taken up by the Sardinian government: she is laden with beef and pork for the Sardinian army. It is her first trial trip in her new capacity of an auxiliary screw: a quick passage and no waiting for passengers was the owners' orders, and I look upon it as a wonderful proof of good luck that the exception was made in

our favour. There are six state rooms, each ten feet by eight, and all our own to choose from ; plenty of books and lots of stores ; all the comforts of a yacht of 800 tons, without those disagreeable sequelæ which would very quickly bring the managing director of the Commercial Bank to an attitude of stern negation. A steam yacht of 800 tons would cost, I believe, about fifty pounds a day to navigate ; not too great a sum, perhaps, to buy off the misery of a crowded saloon and four berths in a cabin, but a figure somewhat beyond the capabilities of two such single gentlemen as we are.

Just as our survey was completed the captain arrived ; and shortly after, in the custody of a Greek crimp, came the substitutes for his six defaulting seamen. Of these I shall have something to say hereafter. The captain, Mr. Lowrey the pilot, Mr. Prentice the first mate, Mr. Vicesimus Vox my companion, and myself, passed an hour in conversation, and then the non-navigators turned into their little cribs, and slept as soundly as if they were in those *sedes discretæ piorum* where private porters keep watch, and housekeepers noiselessly enter at the appointed matutinal hour and deposit a cup of tea by the bed-side.

If our ship gives us hope of speed and comfort, her crew give us certainty of pleasant companionship. Our captain is a commander in the navy who has knocked about in every part of the world ; commanded a brigantine on the coast of Africa, and an

armed steamer on the coast of Portugal; who seems to know every current of the ocean and every harbour in the round globe; who is full of anecdote and abounding in information, a ripe seaman, and a frank hearty gentleman.

Mr. Prentice, the first officer, is a studious, steady man, a teetotaller at sea, largely supplied with navigation books, and sensible in conversation. When the captain's humanity forces him to take slumber, I think we may sleep on soundly if Mr. Prentice be on the poop.

Mr. Lowrey, our pilot, is only a temporary companion. He is a man of great energy and of some grievances. He is inclined to take plain matter-of-fact views of things; cannot comprehend why ecclesiastical judges, who would be in peril of sea-sickness in Chelsea Reach, should try nautical disputes; why pilots should be suspended without a public trial; and why a court of nautical men should not be established to settle running-down cases within the four seas. He has a disrespect for the name and good faith of Sir James Graham, which must make every man who has a becoming reverence for constituted authority to shudder. He insists that Sir James broke his distinct promise to the masters whom he sent out to the Baltic; and he is of opinion that in all the Baltic fleet [1854] there was not an officer who had ever been in that sea before. In Mr. Lowrey's opinion, any one but an idiot or a First Lord would have sent a brig full of masters and lieutenants into the Baltic some

months before sending a fleet there. Mr. Lowrey is inclined to take Sir Charles Napier's side against Sir James, and evidently looks upon the latter much as sailors are accustomed to look upon a land shark. We shall see more of Mr. Lowrey to-morrow; and as I shan't have him long, I must study him while I have him. He is a Tynemouth man and a practical teetotaller. In the latter he is certainly very right. He seems to be bursting with compressed energy as it is, and a little artificial stimulus would certainly explode him. He impresses me with the idea of being a man of great capacity, fitted for larger enterprises than guiding a ship through sand-banks.

August 12—At half-past five this morning I was brought back to a consciousness of existence by loud splashing noises on the deck, and the trickling of water through the port. Boxed up in my narrow bunk, and with every bone bruised by the hardness of the boards, it took a little time and some resolution to screw myself out of this coffin-like apparatus which sailors adopt instead of a bedstead. A bright idea, however, occurred to me, which I immediately communicated to the first mate. The sailors were inundating the poop above me. Having obtained due permission, I tied some drapery round my waist, and running to the bottom of the poop-ladder, received from the top of the ladder and from the hands of the sailors five large bucketsful of salt water. Well soused and thoroughly awakened, I

resolved that every morning should find me at the same spot in the same primitive costume, and offering the same sacrifice to Neptune and to Hygeia. A bath is a mere simple necessary in London : at sea the necessity becomes so intensified, and opportunities are usually so rare, that it is an unspeakable luxury. I dwell upon this item in our day's enjoyment, for it gives zest to every other.

Dressed and on deck. Where are we ? No one knows but the pilot, and perhaps the captain. But the captain is only a lodger at present, and would possibly feel it wrong to ascertain any thing about the ship's course. Every captain looks fidgetty and uncomfortable with a pilot on board. His power is for the moment gone. He is like an Indian sovereign with a Company's Resident at his court. But our pilot, with his ruddy face, his streaming light hair, his quick blue eye, and his north-country voice, stands upon the poop, and looks sharply into *the fog*. A smart sailor is leaning from the fore-chains as far forwards as the breast-rope will let him, and is casting the lead, singing his sonorous song, "Quarter less six."
"A-a-a half five."

"Port a little."

"Port a little, Sir."

"A-a-a half seven."

"That's better."

"No-o-o land."

"Yes, mon, there is land, and plenty of it. Pitch

your lead further a-head, and keep your line straight. Send it out, John : a strong fellow like you ought to send it up to the fore-top."

"By the deep neyne."

"That 'll do—Sou'-sou'-west half-sou'."

"Sou'-sou'-west half-sou, Sir."

"Look out for'ards."

"For'ards, Sir."

"Do ye pick up a black buoy?"

"Black buoy on the starboard bow."

This is what I heard, as well as I can remember, but no doubt the real nautical smack has oozed out of my version. Mr. Lowrey's attention being now a little less strictly engaged, our morning salutations passed, and I ventured to express my unmitigated surprise at the fact of any mortal man being able to find out that particular black buoy in a drizzling fog which rendered every thing invisible at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards.

"There 's no magic in it," said the pilot. "It 's just our business. I walk about here just as you walk about your own garden, when maybe you 'll be reading a book and yet never tread on a bit of the box. The channel here for a ship of our draught is sometimes not half a mile wide. Hey she's a bonny ship. I've been just timing her from buoy to buoy, and she's done eight knots and a half by her screw only."

"But the wind and the tide, pilot?"

"Not a ha'porth: I've allowed for all that both ways. See here;" and he exhibited to me a series of

pencilled figures from which I gained no additional information.

"Hey, if she'd a hundred tons less of that beef and pork in her she'd be a foot higher in the water, and have a chance of shewing what she can do."

Mr. M'Culloch, the engineer, who was standing at the poop ladder, added, "Eh, Sir, fifty horse power is just nothing: if she had another fifty she'd beat all your full-power steamers, all your two hundred and fifty horse power vessels on the station."

The engineer and the pilot were evidently men of different ideas. The former delighted in the accomplishments of his engines, the latter had a subdued preference for canvas. The engineer thought that his funnel had full right to make as dense an atmosphere of black smoke as it pleased; the pilot thought every engine ought to be made to consume its own smoke, so that sails may look clean, and helmsmen may see how to steer. I was of the pilot's opinion, but as Mr. M'Culloch was obliged to go below to oil his new engine, the discussion was timely interrupted.

"Where are we, pilot?" I humbly asked. For although the mist had broken a little, I might have been on Lake Ontario for all that my eyesight told me to the contrary.

"Yonder away in the thick there is Margate, and there is a poor fellow aground on the tail of the Margate Sands."

"Aground! why she has all her sails set." I can-

not remember the precise reason which the pilot gave for knowing this fine ship about a mile off was aground on the Margate Sands, but his opinion seemed to be founded upon an unnatural position of her head with reference to the set of the tide and the direction of the wind. We now went into the cabin to breakfast, and made hearty onslaught upon the beef-steaks, and ham, and eggs set out there. The pilot had given his directions to the steersman before he came below, and, by a simple but admirable arrangement, he was able to see that his directions were being obeyed. The binnacle in which the compass swings on deck is a hollow brass tube, which descends through the cabin ceiling, so that by looking up in the cabin you can see the compass, just as the steersman sees it looking down upon it.

Mr. Lowrey gulped down his coffee quickly, and dispatched his steak without procrastination, but he found time between the cups to spin us a yarn or two. Upon my alluding to the peculiar nautical instinct which enabled him to see that a ship which to our eyes appeared to be in full sail, was fast aground, he said, "I'll no tell ye who the pilot was, but it was only three years ago that a pilot was taking a queen's ship into a harbour in the channel, and the captain came up to him and said, 'Pilot, she seems to make very little way.' 'Yes, Sir,' said the pilot, 'she does make very little way.' Well might she make little way, for she had been fast on the mud for

twenty minutes. But the tide was making, and in twenty more she floated, and was in the harbour, the captain being perfectly unaware that she had ever touched the ground."

We talked of the colliers, one of which passed astern of us, and of the nautical knowledge of their masters. "Things are very much improved in this respect now," said Mr. Lowrey: "masters of colliers at present carry away prizes in examinations. I know one of them who has borne off two in succession. I can recollect the time when it was no improbable story that was told of the master of a Shields collier, who, finding himself out of his latitude, set to work in the morning, after a boosey night, to find out where he was by the aid of an old chart and two forks tied together for a pair of compasses. 'Hey, lad,' he said to the boy, 'what would the owners say if they knew where we are now?' 'I don't know,' said the boy, 'but darned if I don't wish we knowed ourselves.' This worthy navigator made up his mind at last that his port must be due west, and due west he steered, and he sailed with a stiff breeze aft for six and thirty hours without seeing land. Good reason why: he had run to the north of Scotland, and was then making a good passage to America. At last a man-of-war came in sight, and hailed him, 'What's your name?' 'The Happy go lucky of Shields.' 'What do you observe?' 'What do I deserve?' answered the skipper, mistaking the question, the real import of which he didn't under-

stand; 'why I deserve to be hanged for not being in Shields to-night with the rest.' The captain of the king's ship, seeing how affairs went, put a middy on board the collier, and by the aid of this experienced navigator the old brig was got back round the Land's End to Shields, and is still celebrated as the only collier who has gone from London to Shields by way of the Land's End."

We now went again upon deck, and, enveloped in Macintosh, we defied the rain. The mist had cleared off, and as the good ship sped round the familiar objects of the coast between Margate and Ramsgate, I gathered all the information I could from a man who knew his business well, and talked well in the fulness of his information. We spoke of the enormous sums spent upon Ramsgate and Dover harbours, and of the infamous regulation which compels vessels which never do, and never could, get into these harbours, to pay dues which go to make cockney promenades. Mr. Lowrey at once declared (with his characteristic decision) that the whole thing is both a blunder and a job.

"If," said Lowrey, "they really wanted to make a harbour of refuge, nature has given them one of the finest opportunities that the world affords. Do you see that sand, part of which is now just above water? It is called 'the Break,' and there is a channel inside it. To make one of the finest harbours in the world, one in which all the navies that float might ride out any gale in safety, you have only to make a rough

breakwater upon that sand, which runs from opposite Ramsgate Harbour to opposite Deal, and to run a pier at right angles with the breakwater, and another out from Deal to overlap it. Of course it would cost money, but nothing like what Plymouth breakwater cost; and you would get what you want—a harbour where a channel fleet may ride at all times, and to which all the merchantmen bound up or down channel may run. There is chalk at the bottom, and nature has done more than half the work. As to Ramsgate and Dover, they never can be of any use, except as excuses for jobbing public money."

As I looked at this energetic man, and saw before me the site of the magnificent scheme he had imagined, I could not help believing in him. I asked him why he did not communicate his idea to the Government; but he gave me the answer which all sensible men now give, namely, that a man who has an occupation has always something better to do than to spend his life in the waiting-rooms of public offices.

I have no doubt that I have very imperfectly repeated what Lowrey said, and perhaps erroneously stated his idea; but the leading principle will be readily recognised by persons conversant with these subjects and this locality. I hope the press will so far ventilate the idea, that if there be any thing in it, it may work. An idea that has any real vitality in it, when once put into print, may be left to make its own way.

We now neared the Downs, and at half-past one we took leave of our pilot. A boat had come alongside some time before, and he crammed his sea toggery into his tarpauling-sack, refused the offered parting-glass, settled his paper and figure-matters with the captain, and took a very hearty leave. The boat drifted astern, and, like the sun emerging from an eclipse, the captain's presence came forth in its potentiality. Half-a-dozen rapidly given orders brought all hands on deck, sent a good proportion of them in the rigging, and the rest hauling at every hempen thing that hung about. In five minutes the ship had altered her course, and was bowling away, with a light breeze behind her, out of the Downs and down channel.

Dinner-time came on, and our party consisted of the captain, the passengers, the second mate, and two "young gentlemen," middies of the merchant service. The first of these had already been his three voyages; and we, that is, I and Vox, nicknamed him Mr. Midshipman Easy; but the second had just left his home for the first time, was solitary and sea-sick, and responded feebly to the hearty kindness of the captain. Of course we called him Peter Simple. I can imagine that in many ships the lot of that little boy would be a very sad one. The little middy has a fellow-sufferer. The captain has brought his page on board with him. He was a button boy upon earth, the captain having taken him from charity out of the streets, where he was acting as one of the

shoe-black brigade ; but having a soul above buttons, and a wish to see the world, he has been shipped as steward's mate. He is to be seen at fitful intervals, that is, after he has been diligently sought for, and found coiled up like a dying cat in some out-of-the-way corner of the vessel. However, he shews considerable pluck ; for when I asked him whether he wished himself ashore again, he answered, "No, Sir, not ashore ; I shall get over it in a few days, but it's very bad now ;" and he vanished into some of the recesses under the forecastle where pigs and fowls are located.

After dinner we lounged on the sofas at the stern-ports, and smoked, and chatted, and read some books we had brought with us. We were especially amused by Captain Spencer's account of the Danubian provinces, wherein he tells us that we have the authority of "Herodotus" for saying, that previous to the reign of Trajan &c. &c. ; and afterwards remarks that *other* Roman historians, as well as Herodotus, have informed us, &c. &c. My friend Vox immediately undertook to improvise a history of Greek and Roman Literature as he supposed this author would have written it ; and went on for half an hour mixing up a most amusing imbroglio of anachronisms.

At ten o'clock we turned in, the captain promising us a sight of the Isle of Wight at six the next morning.

13th—When I came upon deck the Wight was

far away, and we were steaming down channel. During the day we caught occasional glimpses of the Dorset and Devon coast, distinctly sighted the Bill of Portland, and believed we could see Start Point. But our chief occupation was a vigorous endeavour to acquire some slight idea of what navigation meant. The captain, like all men who know a subject *au fond*, was tolerant and explanatory. By the aid of a sextant, and diligent perusal of "Norie's Epitome of Practical Navigation," I almost learned to be able to answer the question, "What do you observe?" better than the Shields skipper could. We saw the captain lay down his steering-course on the chart, and came at last to the conclusion, that *after allowing* for the variations of the compass, which it seems are different in different localities, and in different ships built of iron or wood, and in iron ships under different weather; and *after allowing* for currents which are perpetually acted upon by temporary causes, of which the navigator cannot be aware; and *after allowing* for careless steering during the night, to say nothing of fogs, hurricanes, unmarked shoals, and such like occasional dangers;—*after allowing* for these ordinary risks, I say, it seems to me rather surprising that a ship ever does get to her destination; and yet I used in younger days to knock about for a week together among all the sands at the confluence of the Thames and Medway, in rough water and in smooth, in a half-decker of about five tons burthen, and am alive to tell the tael.

The captain promises us that during the night we shall pass out of the channel into the Bay of Biscay, an event which may possibly be attended with a certain *tremblement d'estomac*, for the double-action pitch and roll of that unquiet kingdom of waters is quite different to the ordinary pitchings and tossings to which I have disciplined my inward man. However, we ate our dinner, and we played our game of chess, and we listened to our captain's stories of his adventures when commanding a British cruiser on the Coast of Africa, and to the milder events that characterized his service while commanding the ship of war in attendance upon Queen Adelaide at Madeira. Of course I don't repeat any of these good stories, for a commander in the navy is not a man independent of official people, like a pilot or a merchant-seaman; and Heaven only knows what evils any mistake of mine in repeating the technicalities of a naval anecdote might bring upon his head. I am nevertheless sufficiently convinced, that however glorious the profession of the navy may be, it certainly is not very lucrative in peaceable times. Queen Adelaide was undoubtedly a treasure to the British people, as all truly loyal Britons, such as is the writer of the present journal, must loudly affirm. Yet if the treasure had been in ingots instead of in humanity, she would have been a far more lucrative freight for a commander in the royal navy.

As far as I can gather from the purport of divers anecdotes, it seems that if a captain have ingots he

gets a commission on their value. If he have a queen on board there is served out for her from the ship's stores a daily ration of salt-pork, biscuit, and rum. But as salt-pork, biscuit, and rum would not make a dainty dish to set before a queen, the captain of course furnishes forth a royal table, rushes fiercely into expenses for cooks and cooking utensils, fabulous viands, and wines of costly growth, and, at the end of his edileship, finds himself minus about six times the amount he has received by way of pay, and as far from promotion as ever, unless, indeed, he happen to have for an uncle some Right Honorable Lord Nudgem and Pokem to remind the Admiralty of the hardship of his case.

14th—We had passed Ushant in the night, but too far off to see the light; and when I attempted to dress in the morning, the fact of our being in the Bay of Biscay was quite perceptible. The water was of a deep slate-coloured hue, and the chart told of unfathomable depths below. The breeze was light, and the waves heaved in long swelling masses, but never broke. It was a quiet and contemplative day. Sharp quips and quick rejoinders were by no means kept flying with their usual vivacity: the play of repartee fell like a shuttlecock with the feathers knocked out. We ate our breakfast like heroes and our dinners like martyrs, and we scorned the imputation of sea-sickness. But so it was, we both had an inclination to sit quiet and apart, and cigars were thrown away half smoked, and succeeded each other, like Rabelais' milestones, at continually

lengthening intervals. Vox, whose habit it is to do every thing upon principle, had set up a theory (since yesterday) that smoking before dinner is a pernicious habit. There was not a ship in sight the whole day : the sun was hot, and the heaving ocean objectless. We seemed to be perpetually in the middle of a huge round crater of dark-blue, bounded by a livid horizon. Ever and always this dark-looking indigo-coloured circle seemed to hold us prisoners, and I thought of the mathematician's definition of space, as being a circle whose "centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere." The vessel, however, spun along like a creature earnest in its object. Every morsel of canvas that could be attached to rope, or block, or spar, was hung out to catch the light zephyrs, and her little auxiliary screw worked vigorously. "Go along, my beauty!" cried the captain at least fifty times a-day, rubbing his hands and looking wistfully into the wind's eye. The good ship Lindsay was averaging nine and a half knots an hour : a little more wind, and what would she not do?

The sun went down upon the waters, and I turned into my berth.

15th—I awoke in the night clutching convulsively at the side of my small crib, and maintaining myself, as a climbing-boy does in the chimney, by dint of knees and shoulders. I was exactly in the position of a fly upon the wall of a room. There was a battle of Armageddon going on in the cabin. A chair and a wicker-covered jar were in deadly combat, and a

portmanteau every now and then joined in the fray. That "breeze," which the captain had tempted by his invocation, had come. The vessel seemed to be running a hurdle-race and tumbling down at every fence. It was very hard work dressing on the morning of the 15th, but I felt less incommoded by the motion than when the sea was calm and the roll monotonous. When I came on deck I found the captain in extacy. He had disconnected the steam, "thrown off the smoke-jack," and was running under canvas thirteen knots an hour. We overtook two large sailing vessels, and we also passed a vessel, of about fifty tons, floating bottom upwards. On, on we went. The blue, heaving, sleepy mass broken into live tossing cresty waves, which chased us as we fled along, dashing over our decks, or breaking in our wake. But

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.

"Oh that she were a foot lighter!" sighed the captain; "we'd shew some of the full-power steamers a trick yet." But all that's bright must fade. Our rattling breeze gradually slackened, failed, and died away. We were fain to return to the lately-despised assistance of our fifty-horse, or, as the captain somewhat contemptuously calls it, our "donkey" engine. We had, however, run across the Bay of Biscay in two days, for next morning we saw the dim outline of Cape Finisterre.

16th—We had passed Cape Finisterre, emerged from the Bay, and were running down along the

shores of Spain. But the day was hazy, we could not make out the coast, and were obliged to be content to follow our own course upon the chart. There was no wind, and we had reason to congratulate ourselves that we had even an auxiliary screw. We sighted and soon got alongside a transport. Her poop was covered with officers, who looked disgusted at our evident affluence of space and our superior speed; and her fore-castle was full of troops, whose innumerable pairs of trousers were hung about the rigging. We hailed her, and she turned out to be transport No. 38, seven days from Plymouth, and bound for Constantinople. We had been just four days from the Downs. As we went past them a strong Irish voice cried out from the fore-castle, "Send us some grog aboard," and, this hint not being taken, added, "Well, if ye won't, just tell 'em we're coming." I suppose Government cannot get screw transports; otherwise it would seem a cruelty to shut these poor fellows up double the necessary time, only to save a couple of hundred tons of coal. We went a-head, and in four hours had lost them in the distance. By way of revenge, however, "The Sovereign," a full-power steamer, which had lain near us at Gravesend, and had started some hours after us, now came up and passed us. The captain consoled himself by the reflection that she was half our tonnage and double our power; but still he did not like being passed.

17th—At noon to-day we passed within a few

miles of the Farilhoem and Belingas rocks, the first land we had actually seen with precision since we lost sight of the Bill of Portland. There was a haze at sea, but we saw in the distance two steamers, a little one towing a big one. We inclined to the belief that the large vessel in tow was one of the new floating batteries, but whether French or English we did not pretend to determine. She was a very helpless-looking ship, and although steaming herself and towed by another steamer, she was advancing at a very languid pace. We passed out of sight of them in a very short time, and amused ourselves by imagining the feelings of the captain in command of one of those hideous, unwieldy floating batteries, bound in duty and professional honour to love her, and to believe in her, and to defend her from the world's scorn, obliged to shut his eyes to the unpleasantness of being towed along like a log, and forced to be convinced that if she ever comes into action she will not founder with the weight of her guns, or smother her men by the smoke between decks. There they are far astern: they will probably get to the Black Sea (surface or bottom) some time this winter.

Soon after we fell in with a rough-looking brace of fellows in a small schooner, and hailed her. She was the "Jean d'Arc," from Havre de Grace, and the master asked, "Sebastopol, est il pris?" "Pas encore," was our answer. "Bah! Ca viendra," was the Frenchman's rejoinder, and onwards we sped. We

hoped that our friend had some fish on board, or should hardly have gone out of our way to satisfy his curiosity.

After dinner we had our weak brandies and waters on the poop, and smoked the daylight out, and then watched the lights at the mouth of the Tagus ; and the captain told us stories of Lisbon, and promised us, if we were very good, we should see Cape St. Vincent to-morrow morning. Cape St. Vincent, immortal for Jervis's (or rather Nelson's) victory, famous for the victory of Sir Charles Napier (who, by virtue thereof, is, in Portugal, Count Cape St. Vincent), and conspicuous in ecclesiastical memories for its convent, its saint, and its blessed crows—Cape St. Vincent is the south-western point of the peninsula. After we have reached it, we turn round the corner, and go straight eastward to the Gut of Gibraltar.

18th—Alas ! alas ! no Cape St. Vincent. A strong head-wind sprang up last night, and our little donkey engine is driving at it with all its force, and doing very well for its size. But we are moving slowly. We talk to Mr. M'Culloch. We tell him it's all his fault that we don't go faster ; we offer to make him a cushion to enable him to sit comfortably on the safety-valve ; and we point to a huge steamer far ahead, but in towards the shore, and awaken his emulation by telling him that she is evidently a government steamer, and that it will be eternal disgrace to him if he can't beat that.

"I'm no sure, but I'll just wager she's a full-power steamer of four hundred and fifty horse, and I've fifty horse."

"So much the better for you, Mr. McCulloch: you're lighter in your engine-room, and have less coals to carry."

We were startled at this moment by an exclamation, almost amounting to an oath. It was from the captain.

"By Jove! I'd give something to know who that blessed steamer is. He's coming out of the bight, where it's my belief he had no business to be, and we're beating him by two knots an hour. Shew him your number, Mr. Easy."

Up went the four flags that make our number, but our friend was either sulky, or too far off, or, peradventure, he was like the god Baal, asleep or upon a journey, for he made no answering signal. Some thought it was the "Transit," a full-rigged government steamer, which left England a week before us; but the captain at once put down any speculations of this kind as wildly impossible and derogatory to the service. However, be she what she may, we are beating her. Now she is abeam, and now she is on our quarter.

"Land on the port bow."

Our interest, that had been absorbed by the steamer, was now turned to another subject. There lay Cape St. Vincent right ahead, the point crowned by the monastery and the lighthouse, which seems to be a

portion of the establishment. A look-out man surveyed us through his telescope, and a very lazy-looking soldier did us the courtesy to hoist the Portuguese colours as we passed. Of course we returned the compliment, and I flattened half a dozen minie bullets against the little island rock which stands out off the Cape, and forms the south-eastern point. The blue waters swelled without breaking at the feet of the bluff promontory, and as the sun sank into the sea *behind* us—for we had now turned to the east—we thought we had never seen a more beautiful panorama of far-away stretching cliffs, topped with forts, and villages, and monasteries. From the monasteries I believe the monks have all been recently expelled; but it is a bleak spot, and I cannot imagine they are worse off.

While we steamed on through the deep waters, and watched the scene we were leaving, our unknown friend, the full-rigged steamer, came round the point, about five miles astern of us. This was the last we saw of her. Next morning she was beaten out of sight.

19th—No land in view this morning. We were steaming along the southern coast of Portugal, or rather of the kingdom of Algarvez (the west), for the King of Portugal is King of Portugal, *and* of the Algarvez. To-day is Sunday, and completes one week at sea—a week which has been passed without a moment's tedium, and in constant pleasurable occupation. The observances of the day were of

course but imperfectly performed, and my journal is rather a history of travel than of religious exercises. About mid-day we passed the French war-steamer "L'Aigle," with a floating battery in tow, and we said, "How d'ye do?" in nautical language, by hoisting our respective ensigns. Vox begged hard to be allowed to hoist a Russian flag just for a moment, to see what would happen ; but as the captain's opinion prevails over a passenger's in a ship, this judicious suggestion was tyrannically overruled.

We were at dinner when the second mate appeared at the open door, and said, "Cadiz is in sight, Sir." We all rushed out upon deck, and there, diminished in the distance, shone the queen of the South, a speck of white palaces on the horizon line of the blue ocean. Beside the heavens above and the waters beneath, nothing was visible but Cadiz. She seemed more isolated and sea-born than Venice herself. Covering a promontory running far out from the mainland, her white buildings glanced in the sunlight, and contrasted with the deep indigo base on which she seemed to stand. Gradually, as we drew nearer and nearer, we could distinguish the cathedral, the mole, and the lighthouse, the tower of St. Sebastian, and the mainland behind.

"Ah, Vicesimus," I said, "I wish I could call you out of your name, and say—

'Septimi Gades aditure mecum :'

think of the mighty allurements we are passing.

There lies the Capua of Spain, and our captain, more merciless than Hannibal, hurries us past it. There sings in her beauty the syren of the South, and even as Ulysses was tied to the mast, so are we tied to the funnel and screwed slowly away."

Vicesimus Vox looked sorrowfully and wistfully at the bright city, and told me how well he knew it, and how thoroughly he loved it; what joys it afforded, and what regrets it occasioned. He quoted the poets largely,—and so we passed by Cadiz.

But we passed on to scenes too interesting to allow regrets to linger. A sailor pointed forwards to the next promontory, and whispered, "Trafalgar!" We are passing over waters which have reddened for a moment with the blood of Nelson. It was here he ranged his seven-and-twenty ships, and yonder that Villeneuve lay with his three and thirty. There lay the French and Spaniards in terrible semicircle, and here, formed in two columns, the English bore down—that celebrated signal flying, which, if Longinus could have written in our day, he would have ranked second in the simple majesty of sublimity to the example which he cites from the Mosaic books. With infinite delight we talked over the events of the battle in sight of the shore upon which Nelson last looked. "In honour I have gained them, and in honour I will wear them."—"Those tiller ropes are shot away."—"Eighteen, 'tis well, but not enough; I bargained for twenty."—"Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

"I thank God I have done my duty."—"Hardy, I have not been *very* wicked."

Gradually, the current which sets into the Straits of Gibraltar helping us against the head-wind, we steamed along the coast, and passed the white pillar which crowns the promontory. Apart from its historical and poetical associations—for we do not forget Falconer's "Shipwreck"—

"That sound the seamen hear afar
Along the shores of Trafalgar"—

the coast has intrinsic claims to interest. The shore is dotted with white villages and watch-towers which perhaps have seen Moorish battles, the mountains of Andalusia rise behind, and the whole scene is burnished by the rays of the setting sun.

But when shall we reach Gibraltar? or rather, when shall we pass Gibraltar? Before this easterly wind freshened the captain promised us that we should pass the rock by five o'clock. At present there is every appearance of our passing it between the time of the setting of the young moon and the dawn of day.

Alas! alas! we shall see nothing of Gibraltar. Even as that worthy Englishman, who, when asked how he liked Rome, answered, "Not at all: I got there at night, and the buildings seemed so much out of repair that I changed horses and went on," so shall we be obliged to confess our ignorance when asked about the key of the Mediterranean. Never-

theless we resolved, despite the heavy dew, to remain on deck all night, and see all that could be seen.

It is twelve o'clock : we have reached the mouth of the Strait, and the wind is blowing through the narrow passage "as through a funnel." Standing on the deck one feels like a fly in a blowpipe. Across the dark night we can see a point ashore, and we watch and watch, and come slowly to the conclusion that we are only just holding our own by dint of our steam power.

"Oh for another fifty horse power to force her against this wind!" soliloquized the captain, who seemed to wish to force his way through the Gut, as he would through a line of ships of war, by sheer will and force. Then there was a pause, and another observation, and an exclamation of intense disgust.

"By my sister's cat ! I'll be hanged if the current isn't against us as well as the wind. This is bad luck : it doesn't happen once in a twelvemonth."

I, who played a part like that of a confidant in a French tragedy, and thus overheard the captain's soliloquy—for he was not at all in a humour to be talked to—went below and rummaged among the nautical books. I turned up the sailing instructions for the Gut of Gibraltar. There I found a considerable disquisition upon the celebrated problem, why it happens that the current always sets from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, and what becomes of the water so poured in ; but it wound up

with a remark, that sometimes, though rarely, a strong easterly wind aids the tide to reverse the course of the current. This was evidently our present case. We steamed, and steamed, and steamed, and steamed, just as I have sometimes pulled, and pulled, and pulled against wind and stream in the Rhine, and the objects on the bank remained stationary. We do not pass the Rock to-night ; that is quite certain : so I turn in, and am fast asleep in five minutes.

20th—At five o'clock I awoke with a start, and looked out at my port. We were within four miles of the high rocky shore. Surely, surely, we have not passed Gibraltar while I slept. That would be even worse than the Englishman at Rome. I threw over me a cloak, and rushed upon deck. There stood the captain as he had stood when I left him, but with an expression of deep mortification upon his face. A glance shewed me where we were, for the captain had been looking out for a certain Tariffa light all the night before, and there was a little lighthouse just on our port-quarter. Something grave, however, was evidently in agitation. There are two coal-plates in the deck, like the coal-plates to our London cellars. Both these coal-plates were up, and an irresistible impulse seemed to have seized the whole ship's crew to poke their heads and shoulders down the holes and exhibit the rest of their body to the upper world. First the engineer did it, then the first mate, then the second mate, then the captain himself. Then a small seaman was despatched

bodily through the hole with a shovel, and hauled up again, and then the ceremony was again performed all round. The captain was much too busy to be talked to by a passenger, but I drew my own conclusions, and, knocking at the cabin of my co-voyageur, I sung out—

“I say Vox, old fellow, I’ll bet you a dinner on shore that we are going into Gibraltar for coals.”

“Impossible,” said Vox, starting up in his crib; “why the captain said he hoped to run by Malta.”

“The captain hadn’t reckoned upon forty-eight hours of easterly wind, and last night’s current.”

“Let’s give three little gentle hurrahs, but don’t let the captain hear, or he’ll cram us both into the four-pounder and fire us ashore to get rid of us.”

Our captain is so kind, and so hospitable, and, in the intervals of business, so jolly, that any thing that mortified him ought to have mortified us; but human nature is human nature, and we couldn’t manage to feel unhappy that we were to see Gibraltar. At breakfast the news was formally announced. We were going into Gibraltar to coal, and should probably be there six hours.

I told the captain that I couldn’t for the life of me sympathize with his disappointment; but he damped my spirits a little by—

“Don’t be too much elated. I must fill up my bunkers it seems; but if I get a good westerly breeze behind me I shall run by Malta in five days, and keep my coals for the Archipelago.”

"Never mind,

'Quam minime credite postero.'

Give us the pillars of Hercules to-day, and we'll trust to fortune for our knights at Malta."

Of course it was Vox who attempted this most execrable pun, which dispersed the breakfast-party, and sent us all on deck.

The high rocks of Europe and Africa were on either side of us. Over the starboard bow Mount Arbela rose precipitous from the dark waters; the African pillar of Hercules, called by the Moors "the Hill of Apes;" still further away upon the port bow loomed in indistinct outline the European pillar, the Mount Calpe of the Greeks, Gibel el Tarif of the Saracens, and the Gibraltar of England. Steaming slowly against the rushing wind, (for steaming against a strong head-wind is the weak point of these auxiliary screws, which are rigged chiefly for sailing, and whose large spars offer greater resistance than do the small sticks of the regular steamers, and detract from the effect of their engines,) we were gazing intently upon Arbela, when Vox, pointing to an object about twenty yards distant, cried—

"Look there, captain, what a large porpoise. No, by Heaven! it's a huge brown shark! See the dorsal fin!"

I had never seen a live shark before, but I felt at once the shudder which every one is said to experience at the sight of this anthropomorphous fish.

There he was, sure enough ; his stiff back fin rising from the beautiful sea, and he leisurely and indolently moving forwards in it, destroying its loveliness, and giving a character of treachery and horror to its bright waters. The captain said he had never seen a shark in the Gut before, but he admitted that this was a most undoubted specimen, and of the full man-devouring size. There is an idea among sailors that sharks do not come into the Mediterranean ; but with this proof before me, I shall avoid swimming in the beautiful deep-blue waters, and abide content with my matutinal buckets. Vox was of the same opinion, remarking that he did not intend to make a bait of himself. " Oh, no : *pas si bête.*"

Meanwhile we had come up abreast of Arbela (Gibel D'Zatute), and the Spanish highlands stretching away to the left afford an interval of sea between it and the Rock of Gibraltar Bay, and we could distinguish the spars of many vessels far in.

Gibraltar from the Straits did not impress me with an idea of enormous strength. It is an isolated rock about 1200 feet high, with no hill of equal altitude within eleven miles. The town is built at its base, fronting towards the bay, and there are the usual walls, and embrasures, and fortified defences. But it is not from the Straits that we see the artificial fortifications of Gibraltar.

As we steered into the bay, the captain looking out for a safe berth for his ship, and a little fretful,

perhaps, that he could not steer as he had been wont to do for the man-of-war mole, a boat put off from a hulk with a yellow flag flying, and a very gentleman-like official paid us the compliments of the fortress, making special and particular inquiries after our health. After this polite attention, two touters, one an agent for a coal company, and the other a provision-merchant, came on board; and a bum-boat came alongside, laden with melons, pumpkins, grapes, and tobacco. The captain arranged with the coal-merchant, and the steward with Mr. Cohen, the Gibraltar Jew provision-dealer. The latter took us on shore, as he said, in his own boat, and charged us a shilling each for landing us; a little bit of finesse upon a small scale, which did him honour, vouching for the purity of his lineage as a Caucasian Arab. Upon landing, Mr. Cohen introduced us to "a young man," (whose name we should have guessed to be Cohen); and, rendered prudent by recent experience, we bargained with this youth that he should, for half-a-crown, attend us to all the lions of Gibraltar.

The Israelite set forward as though he had made up his mind to tire us out, and earn his half-crown in half an hour. We passed the drawbridge, delivering up the paper which our polite friend in the bay had given us, and which admitted us to pratique; we crossed the fruit-market, abounding with indifferent grapes and unripe peaches; we made our way at a trot along the lengthy street

which runs the whole extent of the town; we jostled as we went the reverend Jews of Barbary; we nearly stumbled over the Moors and Arabs who sat solitary and grave in the fierce sunshine, bare-legged and cross-legged upon the foot-pavement; we dodged out of the way of Englishmen in straw hats and nankeen clothes, mounted upon trotting ponies; we stood aside as Spanish postillions, whom we fancied we must have seen before at Mr. Gye's opera-house, rattled down the street; we remarked that the Gibraltar women, with their never absent fans, their rich black hair protected from the sun only by a black veil, and their dark eyes sparkling through that veil, were wonderfully alluring; and we regretted to perceive that some of them, if we might without uncharitableness judge from smiles and gestures, were not improved in their morals by living in a fortress-town. Pertinaciously keeping up our jog-trot, we thrust our letters into the post on passing, and arrived at the Governor's office in Secretary Lane. Here we were detained not a moment. Permits to ascend the mountain were given us with a readiness which certainly augurs well for official speed in Gibraltar. Away again speeds the fleet-footed son of Israel; but this time it is along the steep streets that lead up the shadowless white limestone, sun-reflecting mountain. By steps and steeps we have climbed above the houses. We are arrived at a sentry-box and a sentinel. Vox here stops me to point to Gibel al Kadir, the Tower of

the Moor, and to tell me a story of a Moorish maiden, who, having been espoused by a Gur, was carried across the bay on the wings of an Afreet, and placed in the arms of a Castilian noble, who was waiting for her upon the opposite hill, now called the Queen's Chair. I knew that all this only meant that Vox's wind was shorter than his invention; and was about to continue my upward toil, when our Hebrew youth, who had disappeared in front, returned in company with a serjeant of artillery, and a very remarkably smart, active, soldier-like looking fellow he was. Presenting our permit, we followed our military guide at a more regular pace into a cutting in the face of the rock, which he explained to us was a covered-way; meaning, I suppose, that it was covered from the fire of the enemy; for it was thoroughly open to the sun, moon, and stars. After proceeding along this covered-way for some time, a gate barred our progress into a tunnel running into the solid rock, and about the size of a railway-tunnel. Our guide opened the gate, and into this tunnel we went. Presently we came to a hole at the left-hand side of the tunnel, about three times the size of the port-hole of a man-of-war. Looking far down out of this port-hole, we could see the flat isthmus of land which connects the rock with the mainland; the line of English sentry-boxes which denotes the extent of the English lines; the gardens which exist upon "no mainland," and grow vegetables for Gibraltar market; and the line of Spanish

sentry-boxes, which denote the commencement of Spanish territory. In the port-hole was a small cannon. A little further on we came to another similar aperture; then to a passage which led up to a chamber having several port-holes in it, and dark chambers, excavated back in the rock, intended for magazines, stores, and troops in reserve; then on again by similar off-setting chambers, and similar embrasures; then up a winding staircase, still within the rock, to a similar set of galleries above, and over them again another staircase, and another tier. There may probably be a fourth and a fifth, for I am too little accustomed to thread catacombs to be able to thoroughly explain what happens during a dark walk, either at Gibraltar or Vauxhall. Two points, however, are very striking. One is, where we emerged from the galleries upon the very peak of the rock, and stood upon a giddy little promontory, whence we could see far away over the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, over Europe and over Africa, over the spurs of Atlas and over the mountains of Grenada. The other was, where the excavations terminated in a lofty chamber perforated on two sides with embrasures. Looking through these apertures, we could discern that we were within the extreme projecting angle of the rock. The guns in this chamber command, on the one side, the Mediterranean Sea, on the other, the Atlantic Ocean. Here stands the gun with the double-action depressing carriage, invented

by Lieutenant Kochler during the last siege in 1782, and which is, I believe, the most modern military invention in Gibraltar.

Fortunately it is not likely that Gibraltar will have to stand a siege, for if it had, I believe it would be found to be in a most disgraceful state. That precipice which looks towards Spain, and which our ancestors burrowed with such persevering energy, is armed with pop-guns. There is not even a sixty-eight pounder in the whole line of galleries. Gibraltar is full of enormous stores of military weapons, which are to the improved military science of the present day, what the arms of Montezuma were to those of Cortez.

Seeing a target in the flat isthmus below us, I asked our guide whether the artillery had much rifle practice. The man replied, "Rifle practice is of no use to an artilleryman, Sir : we have to fight our gun."

"Yes, but you carry a carabine, do you not, to protect yourselves from being bayonnetted at your guns?"

"If this were to happen, it would be long over before we could fire our carabine. The carabine is entirely useless : to avoid losing it we are obliged to strap it up so that it would take several minutes to unstrap it. If we could exchange our useless carabine for a Colt's revolver, carried in a belt, it would be double advantage : we should obtain a protection and get rid of an incumbrance."

We descended the rock, stopped a moment to

observe the Moor's tower—the only building which survived the bombardment of 1782, and which bears deep indentations in its solid walls from the shot which struck it from the isthmus below. Thirsty and tired, we descended the hill, and betook ourselves to the Club Hotel, in the chief square of the town,—an hotel which may be, for aught I know, the best in the town, but if so, the others must be very bad indeed. There is a table-d'hôte at four o'clock, and the sherry, which is imported free from Spain, is charged the same price as at the Bedford or the Queen's at Brighton. There was a half Spanish half English dinner, badly served and at long intervals. We should have got a much better dinner on board ship.

We had, however, plenty of company. They are English, Irish, and Scotch; and it is not at all difficult to perceive that they are nearly all of them officers of a regiment proceeding from England to the Crimea. The conversation was for some time much of this kind :

“Have you bought any grapes, Popjoy?”

“No : are they cheap here?”

“Oh, ridiculous ! absurd ! twopence a pound !”

“By Jove !”

I ventured to ask what the latest news in Gibraltar was, for the paper we had on board only came down to the 12th.

“That 's the last news in Gibraltar. We none of us know how the last attack on Sweaborg ended.”

"Surely the 'Sovereign,' which passed us two days ago, must have later papers."

"We are come in the 'Sovereign,' and arrived just an hour ago."

"Impossible! You are a full-power steamer, and passed us while we were screwing up our machinery."

"Yes; but unluckily we fell in with a first-class government man-of-war transport, having troops and horses on board, whose expedition was life or death to the horses. She told us that they had started from Sheerness about a month ago, broke down, and went into Plymouth; broke down again, and went into Brest (where, by-the-by, the people fêted her as though she had arrived with news of a victory); and now, for our sins, she fell in with us, and we were compelled to tow her in here."

"Then it was you we passed in the haze the other morning. We took you for a tug and a floating battery."

"No, we were the 'Sovereign,' with the 'Transit' in tow."

"Oh captain! captain!" said I, "are you not ashamed? You who so indignantly repudiated the idea that it could possibly be a regular full-power government man-of-war steamer which we beat so disgracefully off Cape St. Vincent."

"Well," said the captain, "I was right after all. The full-rigged steamer we ran away from at Cape St. Vincent could not have been the 'Transit,'

for the 'Transit' was then in tow. I believe it was the 'Europa,' who is now expected, that all insisted was the 'Transit.'

"Sic Transit gloria mundi," said Vox.

"So then it happens," said I, summing up the evidence, "that a man-of-war steamer, a one hundred and fifty horse power steam-transport, and an auxiliary fifty horse power screw-transport, start about the same time (we will say *at the same time*, in order to give, as is only fair, a fortnight's start to the government ship to allow for the accidents incidental to their peculiar construction and management), and that the little fifty horse screw is first in Gibraltar, carries the latest news there, is first coaled and first out of harbour. At least I suppose this will be, as we start at seven."

"Yes, but you must recollect we had to do duty as a tug."

"That was all as much through the mismanagement of those who charter you, as if you had been kept back from any other cause. Never mind the excuses, we will take the facts as they stand. You will pass us easily enough on the way to Malta, if this easterly wind holds, so that you will have your revenge."

We left the dinner-table, and took a glance at the public gardens, or rather parade ground, which is the promenade of Spanish beauty while the band plays. But the captain had laid his injunctions upon us; so, after observing what an entirely military

appearance every thing presented, and what an erroneous idea of the English nation any one would form who should judge them by what is to be seen in Gibraltar, we turned reluctantly from this beautiful spot, and walked down to the quay. As we neared the Lindsay we saw that the steam was up, and the anchor was being weighed; and ten minutes after we were on board she turned her head to the entrance of the harbour and steamed steadily out of port.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOG OF THE LINDSAY CONTINUED—

GIBRALTAR TO MALTA.

THE sun had set, and the moon was young. Mount Arbela was but a gigantic shadow, and as we rounded Europa Point the Rock of Gibraltar was an indistinct outline, and the town was but a little terrestrial firmament of lights. We bade it good bye, glad to have seen it, glad to be able to estimate its importance as a protection to our path to India, but glad, above all things, that we were not doomed to live there. We wished the old fortress bigger guns, and the town some event to break the monotony of its hot stagnating existence.

“Starboard!” cried the captain, as we rounded Europa Point.

“Starboard it is, Sir,” answered the man at the wheel.

“Starboard, hard a-starboard! Hang the fellow! I’m calling starboard, and he is putting her hard a-port.”

The captain rushed to the wheel, and found the best seaman in the ship there; and it is equally true, that if that best seaman in the ship had been

left alone to steer the ship, he would have run her upon Europa Point. The fact was, John Sailor was drunk. How could it have happened? Not a man had been allowed to go ashore, and the bum-boat had been allowed to sell no liquor, yet the crew were all more or less drunk. Jack, conscious of his good qualities, expostulated upon being sent forwards. He who'd steered the "Blenheim" man-of-war to be told he could not steer a ship like this, as wants no steering at all, and steers like a lamb: he must have it out with the captain, that he must and would.

"Never mind, John," said the second mate, "you're a good seaman, and the captain knows it; but you'd better go and lie down now. It's all along of that Dutch billyboy that lay alongside."

Upon mention of the Dutch billyboy something seemed to strike the conscience of John, for he slunk off to bed, and the next morning he was a sadder and a civil man.

That night the ship was steered by the two mates and the two midshipmen, who had a good opportunity of taking a lesson under the eye of the captain. The elder, whom we call, among ourselves, Mr. Midshipman Easy, is a very superior boy, understands what La Place calls the mechanism of the heavens, and remarked to me that the ancients took seven stars of the Great Bear as indicators of the north, and thence called the north Septentrionalis.

21st—We awoke this morning in the Mediterra-

nean sea: no land in sight; the wind still eastwardly, but fortunately not very strong, for otherwise we should not have run a hundred miles from Europa Point against it by twelve o'clock to-day. I see nothing specially remarkable in this Mediterranean sea, except that the colour of its waters is of a lighter blue, that there is no long heavy swell in it, that the waters are whipped up into a foam by a very little spit of wind, and subside in a moment when the gust is over. The captain hates these light head-winds; they give the full-power steamers their very greatest advantage; and it is of little use to remind him that the poor sailing transports we passed in the Bay of Biscay are probably still about Cape St. Vincent. Vox amuses us by personating some imaginary "Major Sabretache," whom he conjectures to be on board the "Lady Ann." He acts the major's testy impatience and disgust as ship after ship passes him, and he improvises dialogues between the supposed martinet officer and the master of the transport—dialogues which he delights to conclude by making the master confine the major to his cabin with two of his own soldiers to stand sentry at the door. We take these stories up by turns, and bandy them about, but they do not change the wind, and we go but slowly.

The night is beautiful, but the dew is so heavy, that, after two hours on the poop, I was actually wet. I believe, too, these dews are very unwholesome, for I find myself not only wet, but perspiring

profusely. But it is impossible to give up the pleasure of keeping a night-watch. Now and then the ship comes among a shoal of porpoises, which do not roll and tumble as in the day time, but dash away from under her bows, raising a light streak of foam in the track they make, and appearing as if they had been awakened from their sleep by the sudden oncoming of the ship. Then there is the man at the wheel to talk to, and mayhap he is one of the six foreigners who were shipped at the last moment in place of the deserters. I think, by the way, I have found out the reason of this desertion ; for I hear that just before the W. S. Lindsay sailed there was such a demand for seamen, that wages suddenly rose from 3*l.* 5*s.* to 4*l.* a month. These foreign sailors are very strange creatures : two are Frenchmen, one is Greek, one is a Mexican, one a Portuguese, and one an American. The American is a mulatto, with long beard and moustachios, a first-rate seaman, and a fellow of infinite adventure. Vox spends much of his time in hearing and noting down the yarns he tells of his adventures on the African coast ; and there can be no doubt, that if our dark friend and our captain had met in former conjunctures of their respective careers, the meeting would have ended in the former taking a dangle at the yard-arm. One of the Frenchmen is a well-behaved youth, who has served his three years in the French navy, and left in order to earn higher wages ; for he says he has two brothers in the French navy, and a

mother who depends upon her sons for support; and as his brothers can allow her nothing out of their twenty-five francs a month, he works in the English merchant service, and remits her the difference. He is shipped under the name of Louis Peter. His grandfather was an Englishman settled in Canada, and his father settled in France. I left Vox last night explaining to him, that, under the circumstances, he was legally a natural-born British subject—information which did not seem to affect him so powerfully as Vox had anticipated.

The other Frenchman is a ruffian of the most hideous aspect, and of the most reckless conversation, but withal of great politeness—a sort of sea Robert Macaire. His life seems to have been passed in the commission of every crime, but his experience in villany did not prevent his being utterly stripped by the crimps of Ratcliff Highway, and sent aboard in a state of destitution and horrible disease.

Of the others it is unnecessary to speak. For some time we used to take notice of them, interpret for them, and give them tobacco. With the Greek, who could speak a little Italian, we often conversed when he came to the wheel, and amused ourselves by comparing ancient Greek words with their modern equivalents. But our intercourse with these foreigners (always excepting the younger Frenchman, who is a general favourite, and the mulatto, who is a sort of Toussaint of the fore-castle,) is now very restricted. The mates declare they are lazy

and useless, and the English sailors complain that they swarm with vermin. From all that I have seen in this ship, I have no fear that the repeal of the Navigation Laws will induce English shipowners to employ foreign seamen when they can get the real Jack Tar. We hope to get rid of these gentry at Malta.

Of the Englishmen, I believe not one came on board with a shilling in his pocket, or a bit of tobacco in his pouch. There are matters connected with this topic which I cannot here speak of; but no one can have listened to the horrors we heard, without wishing that some man of moral courage and lofty reputation, who can afford to disregard cant, would investigate this subject, and carry out a practical remedy. Police regulations ashore, analogous to those adopted by the French, would prevent a mass of misery in our royal and mercantile navies which is terrible to contemplate, and which few landsmen have ever heard of. Here is work for Mr. Gladstone, which would do him more honour than to have tracked the most devious paths of statesmanship with the most subtle skill.

22d—To-day at twelve, when we took an observation, we had made one hundred and forty-eight miles. There was a head-wind all day. We dined on the meridian of Greenwich, but not quite within hailing distance of the Crown and Sceptre. The African coast was just visible the greater part of the day, and at night we could see fires lit upon the heights. They

were probably burning the brushwood, and making the serpents uncomfortable.

23*d*—Our progress to-day was only one hundred and thirty-six miles. Nothing but head-winds and calms. At half-past four we passed Algiers, but at such a distance, that only the outline of the hills above the bay was visible. I should have recognised these easily enough from the engravings even, without the captain's assistance. It was very tantalizing to pass this city, with telescope fixed upon the haze that hung about, and not to be able to make out a house, or a tower, or any thing to remember.

At night our friend the "Sovereign" overtook us, and passed ahead. "Well may she," said the captain: "she carries half our cargo, and has more than treble our steam power;" but he looked up wistfully at his sails. In vain: there's not enough of wind to stir a feather. But where is the "Transit," which was to come out three hours after us, and which ought to steam twelve or thirteen knots an hour in these light winds? Where is the "Terrible?" The "Terrible" is, in all probability, gone far ahead; for she is the greatest full-power steamer of war in the navy; has eight hundred horse-power, and sixty men in her engine-room.

24*th*—At noon to-day we had made one hundred and forty-nine miles. Slow, but sure. It was a most oppressively hot day. The thermometer, in the shade and in a draft of air, stood at 82. Soon after breakfast we were amused by a little interchange of

signals between two ships. A very fine screw steamer, whose number (218) shewed her to be a transport, and whose name we afterwards found out to be the "Oronoko," was bearing down upon us homeward bound, and hoisted her ensign to a large, full-rigged man-of-war steamer, which lay far off in towards the African coast. After a little spying through glasses, we could make out our old friend the "Transit," who, like Ulysses, had seen many men and cities since she left Sheerness a month ago. Suddenly we noticed the "Oronoko" sheer round, and make towards the ship of war; and a little closer observation, and a reference to Maryatt's Signal Book, enabled us to see that she was obeying a signal from the "Transit" to "come within hail." After standing towards her for two miles, the "Oronoko" made her number by Maryatt's signals, and then made the further signal, "Do you want any assistance?"

"Poor 'Oronoko!' said I. "The 'Transit' is going to play her the same trick she played the 'Sovereign;' going to make her tow her to Malta."

"The captain took his glass from his eye, and only remarked, "I shouldn't like to be an awkward cabin-boy in the way of the captain of that steamer."

"Why? what's the matter?"

"The 'Transit' says, 'No, she doesn't want any assistance.' As well as I can make out, she ordered

the transport within hail because she passed her without shewing her number. She is now allowed to go on."

The "Oronoko" now resumed her former course : the two ships sulkily separated, and the "Transit" kept abeam of us for several hours. Towards evening her great steam power seemed to be utilized, and she drew slowly ahead. If she does not break down again, and go into Tunis, we shall probably see something of her at Malta.

To-night I kept watch on deck, and had a long chat with the first mate about his previous voyage to the Black Sea. He then went to Varna, and returned with a cargo of soldiers' wives, and un-serviceable shot and shell. His account of the soldiers' wives is not encouraging to a bachelor in the ranks who may be contemplating matrimony. He declares that the ladies *would* be always drunk, to the great destruction of all quiet in the ship, although where they got the liquor from, or rather how the sailors managed to pass it to them, none of the officers could make out. They also would be always smoking, to the great danger of setting the ship on fire ; and woe to the officer who went among them, when they were sitting on the fore-castle, or were in their cabin, to make them put out their pipes. They would be very dirty ; and hapless the wight who dared to expostulate. The women's part of the ship was an independent Amazonian kingdom, and any interference from without in the

interest of safety or discipline was at once repelled with great promptitude and fully adequate force. There was one Irishwoman there who was the exponent of the sentiments of her friends, and of whom our first mate speaks with a still-unfaded terror.

Mr. Prentice also spun me a yarn of an adventure he had at Constantinople. His ship was anchored or made fast close into the shore, within a few yards of the English barracks, which had been built of wood, or enlarged by wooden additions. The captain had gone ashore, and left orders that the men were all to be kept on board. Jack, however, did not admire this imprisonment. About a dozen of them went off without leave, and remained away all day. "Some time after sundown," said Mr. Prentice, "I was standing on the poop, and wondering how I should get my hands on board, but not daring to send any men to bring them in, when I heard dreadful shouts, and saw our men rushing down towards the shore, pursued by a crowd of armed Turks, one of whom, coming up with the hindmost sailor, struck at him with his scimitar, and cut him down. Thinking that all the men would be massacred, I called out to fire a gun to alarm the soldiers. In two minutes the mate had put a full charge and a wad into one of our two twenty-four pounders. Bang went the gun, knocking over the mate with its recoil, and rattle, rattle, rattle, down came one end of the wooden barracks. There was

a terrible row. The rappel beat; the Turks bolted; a lot of English sailors boarded us; and an officer, whom I afterwards found to be Captain Christie, leaped upon the poop, and, clapping a pistol to my breast, ordered me into instant arrest. It took a deal of explanation to convince him that the gun was not shotted; that I had acted from urgent necessity, and not for 'a lark;' and that the misfortune had arisen from the second-mate having, in his hurry and confusion, and perhaps from a notion that the nearest gun would be most certain to alarm the barracks, fired the starboard instead of the port-gun."

"And what became of the man who was cut down?"

"He was killed outright, and there was a Turk also found killed. There was a great deal of inquiry, but nothing ever came of it. I believe the row began by our tars killing some of the Constantinople dogs that followed snapping at their heels."

25th—This morning, when I came on deck, I found Vox chanting with a most unjocund voice,

"O quam bonum est
O quam jucundum est;"

and upon inquiring the meaning of this most unmusical matutinal exercise, he pointed to the dim African coast, and informed me we were off the French Algerine town of Bona. The sun is insufferably powerful, and there are no sails to give us shadow

We pass the morning in munching the sweet lemons we bought at Gibraltar, and in looking for the steep rocks of Galita. There is not a sail nor a steamer visible. The captain is engaged taking stock of his coals, and he finds that he cannot pass Malta without coaling. We shall probably make Valetta to-morrow night, and I shall not be sorry to get a night in a good large-sized civilized bed. I can't quite say with Catullus—

“ Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum ;

but the next line—

“ Desideratoque adquiescimus lecto !”

quite expresses my views, after having been cramped, cabined, and confined in a bunk for a fortnight.

At twelve o'clock (but the time puzzles me, for as we are going due east the clock is always being put on, and we only get twenty-three and a half hours to our day), we sighted Galita, a cluster of mountain-rocks twenty-seven miles from the African shore. We passed close by them at four o'clock, and the captain pointed out the spot where, as he believes, the “Avenger,” a steam-frigate commanded by Captain Napier, was wrecked. In the middle of a dark night she drove on one of these rocks, went to pieces in a quarter of an hour, and all hands perished except a lieutenant and a few sailors, who got off in a boat. The sea is now unruffled, and the sun shines brightly, and these rocks, wrinkled with the channels

of a million floods, look more beautiful than any object we have seen during our voyage; but if we imagine what they must be when a storm is raging and the waters are breaking at the foot of these now gilded precipices, and the horrors of a dark night frown around, we can feel that no scene could be more appropriate as the site of a great shipwreck. How little does it! Half a point out of her course,—a few miles out of her reckoning,—a little stronger current than the charts indicate, or the officer on watch has calculated upon,—and the crash comes, and confusion, disruption, and death, finish their quick work!

I regret that I have no book of ancient geography with me. Surely the Romans, in their intercourse with their great granary, must have noted these awkward impediments and told some stories of them. I am ashamed to say, that, in tracking St. Paul's voyage to Malta (if indeed it was upon our Malta that he was shipwrecked) this morning by the Acts of the Apostles and a modern sailing chart, I was a good deal at a loss to recognise Lasea and Phenice, and even Clauda, whereat, no doubt, every wiseacre who has a d'Anville at his side will greatly wonder.

I sat on deck and read, from the first volume of "Chambers' Papers for the People," a well-told story of the loss of the "Thetis" frigate upon a rock marked in the chart, but which the captain, who had been sent to survey it and had returned unsuccessful, refused to credit. He swore that he would sail over

it the first opportunity. The opportunity offered : he kept his vow, and perished. The story is a true story, and the rock lies some way northward upon our beam.

There has been a very large steamer just in sight ahead of us, which has exercised our curiosity all day. She has been standing first upon one tack and then upon another. At one time she altered her course and stood down towards us ; then, after about two or three miles, veered round and stood off again upon the same course with ourselves. Vox says she is a Russian frigate, and talks of our four-pounder, and inquires whether passengers can claim a share of prize-money. The captain tells him they are always allowed enough to pay for a new suit of clothes. I don't know what he means, but Vox appears to understand.

A nice breeze sprang up from the south-east to-night, but as it came from within a point of our course it did not help us. There was a peculiar sensation about it—softly hot, as though some one had caught it and parboiled it. I went below, wet through with dew.

26th—This morning, at seven o'clock, we were close in upon Africa, and an extensive range of rocky coast was spread before us. We were passing the bare island cliff called Zembra, and thence to the eastward lay Cape Bon. Far inland, upon the African continent, rose a very high mountain, not noted in the sea charts, but a mark upon which

Hamilcar, Hasdrubal, and Hannibal must have often gazed, for it must rise behind where Carthage stood. The atmosphere, as far as the eye can reach in that direction, seems transparent from its tenuity, but dry and lurid, as though the image of the hot desert was reflected from earth, and hung midway in the heavens. People talk of the deep blue of southern firmaments, but I have remarked, that for several days the sky here has been of a paler blue than it ordinarily is above Pall Mall.

At eleven we met the "Indus," a "P. and O." steamer, and told her our name, that she may report us in England. The first mate says we passed a war frigate during the night, and that we also passed the mysterious full-rigged steamer which was ahead of us yesterday. She is now visible, blowing a full cloud of smoke, a long way astern.

From Cape Bon we steer away from the African coast direct for Malta. We sight the Island of Pantellaria, which lies directly in our course, at one o'clock ; and hoping to reach Valetta to-morrow, we employ ourselves in getting letters ready, and making out washing bills.

What a pretty island is this Pantellaria, this volcanic crater-crested Botany-Bay of King Bomba, with its rugged sides and its little hillocks and valleys carefully cut into terraces, and laboriously cultivated with vines and olives. These Mediterranean islet rocks are all much alike in character—an irregular cone, jagged with precipices, dotted round its base

with white villages and petty forts, cultivated in the interstices where soil exists, and rising from a sea of liquid emerald.

But we must go to bed early to-night. To-morrow, by daylight, we shall sight Gozo; by twelve we shall be at Valetta. Then, Hey for the shore, for news from England, and for certainty as to the race we have run with our competitors,

CHAPTER III.

THE LOG OF THE LINDSAY CONTINUED—
MALTA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Monday, 27th August—Soon after breakfast this morning the precipitous island of Gozo appeared at the edge of the horizon ; and as our untiring iron slave screwed us along, we gradually came nearer and nearer, until we could distinguish the lighthouse and the town upon the hill, and could appreciate the assiduous cultivation of this hot freestone rock. As we neared it, and plodded onwards by its shelving, northward shores, the glare of the sun upon the white island became intolerable to the eyes, which instinctively sought relief in the soft blue of the rippleless surrounding sea. At the point where the channel runs off between the two islands of Gozo and Malta we descried a fleet of fishing-boats, with all their light lanteen sails spread to catch the gentle air that came from the East. They looked in the distance so spotless and so fragile, that we compared them, as we watched their thin canvas swollen into globules by an air we scarcely felt, to tiny fairy barks, with a nautilus shell for a hull, and half-a-dozen bubbles from the sea-foam for sails. Passing Gozo, we reach and steam along the coast

of the larger island of Malta ; hot, parched, and arid, yet evidently valuable ; for this rocky, soilless piece of stone is divided into very small patches by very substantial fences. In half an hour Valetta came in sight, and utterly disappointed us. The cockney spire of an English church is the principal object from this point of view ; and Valetta looks as much like a second-rate English watering-place as Worthing does.

“Don’t be rash,” said the captain : “reserve your judgment until we get into the harbour.”

In a few moments we came round the point, and the harbour of Valetta burst upon us as a thing of wonder. Two long deep bays run inland. The tongue of land between the two bears the town of Valetta, so that the streets are, for the most part, terminated by the sea at either end. But these terminations are by long flights of steps down the steep ramparts, for this tongue of land is abrupt, and the cliffs are crowned by continuous fortifications hewn in the soft stone, and built up high, with formidable embrasures, where silent cannon lurk unseen, or just peer forth at the sea. I hope they are not loaded ; for in spite of our better knowledge, this sun-blaze looks fiery enough to explode any thing combustible.

The first blue bay we pass. It is the quarantine harbour ; and happily we are not thither bound. We pass, also, the tip of the tongue of land on

which the city stands, and that Castle of St. Elmo, which, nearly three centuries ago (1565), bore the first brunt of the attack of Mustapha Pacha, and was taken at last by storm. St. Elmo still guards the entrance to the two great harbours. But Valetta was not then. The tongue of land was, at that day, bare rock. We are within the harbour. Look to the left, to those deep creeks wherewith that side is indented, and where a complete system of harbours run landwards. There is Bighi Bay, and Dockyard Creek, and the inlet which makes Sangleia an island. There is the Malta of history. Dockyard Creek is now crowded with shipping. Large white houses, which might be palaces, are shewn by tall letters, rudely painted, to be appropriated to the carousals of English and French sailors. "The Golden Gun," with a bad effigy of a ship, and other announcements of similar import, give to suspect that a Wapping exists among that solid masonry; and that those towers and parapets look down on coarser scenes than they beheld towards the end of the last century, when Mr. Brydone saw the knights departing in their galleys to assist the French against the Bey of Tunis.

"There were," he says, "about thirty knights in each galley, making signals all the way to their mistresses, who were weeping for their departure from the bastions: for these gentlemen (uncharitably adds the friend of Vathek), pay almost as little

regard to their vows of chastity as the priests and confessors do.”*

Now there are nine hundred French boys on board the “Teignmouth,” which rides at anchor just before us, and seven hundred more on board the “Empire.” The “Transit” (which, by the way, has only just arrived, and) whose huge bulk seems to oppress the waters, carries within her more men of battle than all the degenerate knights of Malta could send forth to molest the Bey of Tunis, or could marshal to perform unresisting submission to Napoleon. The “Edendale,”—comfortable ship, which lay here for two months idle in this fine harbour, and was paid therefor by how many thousands of Admiralty gold!—is laden, as I hope, with bigger bombs than La Vallette ever saw; and the eighteen steamers which, as I am told by the captain of the port, have arrived within twenty-four hours, bear a large army. Add the fleet of merchantmen, and we may conceive the present condition of Old Malta, and of the grogshops whereby it is much occupied.

Yet here it was that all the events recounted by Von Hammer, and Knolles, and Constable, and so admirably epitomized by Professor Creasy, passed.

* I find a catchpenny edition of “Mr. Brydone’s Travels in Sicily and Malta on board. The dates are carefully omitted, so as to give it the air of a modern work. The book is amusing as shewing how little the author knew of the history of the places he mentions, and how much the world has advanced since he wrote.

It was here that the Turkish galleon, freighted with the gay trappings of Solyman's hareem, was triumphantly towed in by the five Maltese galleys. It was here that La Vallette, the grand master, a hero worthy of the conjuncture, assembled his knights to resist the expedition which came to revenge the insult, and made his soldiers renew those vows which had perchance been weakened by long keeping. It was here that the Christian general replied to the summons to surrender—"Tell the Seraskier these ramparts and ditches are the only land I can give him. Let him and his janissaries come and take possession." It was here that the son of Barbarossa led his six thousand men to the assault, and brought five hundred back out of the fight. It was here the Greek renegade, Candelissa, led on the Algerine galleys to disaster. It was here that the Turkish sailors, armed with hatchets, swam across the harbour to destroy the half-finished stockade, and that the Maltese islanders, throwing off their clothes, and bearing their short swords between their teeth, disappeared in the deep waters, and, coming up among the shoal of swimming Turks, engaged them and slew them.

"Please . . . penny . . . go down . . . dive."

Much meditating on these old stories, I was looking over the side of the ship towards the Dockyard Creek, when I was thus addressed by a swarthy child, paddling a boat something like a rude gondola. There was at least twelve fathom of blue

water under us. Understanding him more by his gestures than his words, I threw a penny into the sea-water. He cast off his only garment, a rag thrown over his shoulders, and slipped in like an otter. He was at least a minute under, but returned with the penny. Whether he had caught it descending, or had gone for it to the bottom, I do not know, but I thought it an excellent practical comment upon the event in the great seige.

The pilot had now brought the ship to her berth ; the bum-boats, laden with fruit and tobacco, and all other necessities of sea-life, were pressing for precedence ; hotel-touters were jumping upon deck ; provision merchants were being loudly ordered out of the captain's cabin ; and—the passengers might go ashore. Ashore we accordingly went, in one of those boats which are evidently degenerate descendants of those old galleys we see engraved in Adams' Roman and Potter's Grecian antiquities, and which, as I have already said, are not unlike the Venetian gondola, but not so finely proportioned, nor of the uniform black colour commanded by the sumptuary laws of the Venetian Republic ; nor are they propelled in the same manner. Four lusty Maltese ply the oars : the man in the bow pulling, and the others pushing, we thread the channels through the large vessels that fill up the harbour, and land at the Custom-house quay, of course at the foot of a high rampart. Here twenty ragamuffins surround us, each wishing to push us into one of those ruinous caleches

drawn up in the road, and looking like the body of a ruined and abandoned cab strapped upon the shafts and wheels of a cart. We surrender ourselves to a guide for protection, rather than from necessity, and tell him to lead on to the Strada Reale, the street which runs along the tongue of land on which Valetta is built, the backbone whence the others rib off on each side, and which contains the principal hotels and public buildings. Up, up we trudge, with panting lungs and moistened countenances, under the archway through the thick walls, up the fruit-market, where Arabs in their blankets, Turks in their loose breeches, Jews in their thick dirty clothes, and Maltese in their various and less characteristic dresses, are buying and selling large and little lots of prickly pears, raisins, and rotten cheese, all of which seem utterly unfit for human food, and give forth odours that make one wonder why the plague is absent; where English soldiers and French corporals are bargaining for grapes, and the purveyors to the ships are buying up the peaches and pumpkins, and other more valuable articles. Up, up we go, up the steep steps of the Strada of St. Lucia, between shops where every thing edible, and potable, and wareable, is exhibited, where we are beset with offers of sea-boots and fillagree silver work, Macintoshes and iced lemonade, and where we step out of our way every moment to avoid treading upon an Arab boy asleep in the sun. It is about two o'clock as we reach the Strada Reale, but there is a little

line of shade on one side of the street. But ever and anon some square occurs, and, as we come near the termination of our protecting shade, and see the necessity of crossing the square, we feel as a tired rower feels who is making his way up the eddy, and sees before him the point whereat the head of his skiff will meet the full force of the descending current. I never felt an atmosphere so hopelessly hot as this bakehouse air of Malta. Vox, whose energy is unconquerable, hired a one-horse caleche, and went out to Civita Vecchia to see Druids' stones and catacombs. I wandered about the town, skulked into the shadows, dined at the table d'hôte, chatted with a Turkish Contingent officer going out, and an invalid officer going home—walked after dinner to the Florian Gardens, and wondered at the fortifications on the land side of the town—did homage to the memory and the statue of La Vallette—strolled in the evening to an illuminated church, for it is St. Nicholas' eve, and the outline of his church is made bright with oil lamps, and a vast concourse of padres and French and English soldiers and sailors, and Maltese of both sexes, fills the street—then came back to Durnforth's hotel, and slept, for the first time, in a bed protected with musquito curtains, and to which a single sheet was thought, and rightly thought, to be a sufficient covering.

28th—I was up early, but the sun was up before me, and Malta was already hot as a morning roll. I am coming back to Malta, so I do not exert myself

in the matter of the cathedral, and the furniture of the governor's palace. Not being blessed with a very ardent curiosity in the matter of palaces and churches, I can wait.

Malta was too hot for man to live in; and having paid sixteen shillings for moderate fare at the hotel, and having bought a few of the articles, such as mittens, collars, and fillagree, for which Malta is renowned, I was not sorry to find my way again to the harbour, and reinstate myself in my cabin on board the Lindsay.

At two o'clock we steamed out of the harbour, the only thing in the island greatly worthy of notice or of memory. The mighty "Terrible," which was to have passed us on the way to Gibraltar, has not yet arrived. The "Teignmouth," with her nine hundred Frenchmen, departed yesterday. The "Transit" pursues her eccentric course to-morrow. As we weigh anchor the "Trent" goes away under steam, towing the "Edendale" after her, and the troops on board make the ramparts echo to their cheers. The "Trent" is a West-India packet steamer of five hundred horse power, but as she has the "Edendale" in tow we hope to keep up with her with our fifty-horse screw. It is strange how soon we learn to identify ourselves with the ship which carries us. At every table d'hôte the merits of the respective ships are vehemently discussed, and every passenger feels bound to stick by his own particular vehicle of transport. Even

the inmates of the "Transit" remarked, that "something more was to be considered than mere shortness of passage, and that the fraternization at Brest, and especially the colonel's French speech, did a great deal to consolidate the French alliance!"

But we are at sea again, and Malta goes down upon the horizon. We are stretching across the wide Mediterranean, and for more than three hundred miles we shall see no land. When the man in the foretop shall next cry "land," it will be one of the isles of Greece that will break the full expanse of view.

29th—This was a day at sea. There was a light air aft, but not enough to help us, for we outstripped it with our steam. The "Trent" and the "Edendale" keep us company, foot by foot, and there is nothing else in sight.

I make up my journal during the day, and I listen to Mr. Penny's, the second mate's, stories during the whole of the first watch.

Penny is a first-rate practical seaman; not much of a quadrant and sextant man, but a small, tight, hardy, firm, sober, industrious, and ever good-tempered sailor; and what wonderful yarns he spins! I used to think that Marriott, and Basil Hall, and the whole genus of novel-writers, fixed upon poor Jack the quality of yarn-spinning, in order to make him a peg whereon to hang their own inventions. But this is not so. Yarn-spinning is as natural to Jack as a lump of tobacco or a glass of grog. I have never yet spoken to a man at the wheel, or

an officer of the watch, who did not immediately open his mouth and commence yarn-spinning. I may perhaps have developed the instinct, for I love yarns, and I am a good listener. It took Penny half an hour to-night to tell a terrible shark story. No circumstance was omitted. We heard how the ship was becalmed off the Bermudas—how a shark swam round the ship but would not take the pork wherewith the hook was baited—how the Swedish captain regretted that he would not be able to give his crew shark-tail for dinner—how a Portuguese sailor rose up and said, as if the captain would give him a bottle of rum, he would give him the shark's tail—how the captain consented—and thus closed the first book of the epic. Then right curiously did Mr. Penny describe the preparations for the combat; how the Portuguese tied a sharp clasp knife to each of his heels, and took another in each hand; and what the ship's crew saw, and thought, and remarked meanwhile, and what the shark did, was all in full detail related. Then came the combat, and it was such as Homer never described, not even in the battle of the frogs and mice. We followed our hero, in imagination, into the water. We saw him dive, and the shark turn and follow him down, for the monster cannot seize his victim unless he gets underneath him. Then we hold our breath as the adroit swimmer, just as the shark has got a little below him, throws a quick somersault in the water, and fixes his armed heels in his back, while he stabs

him in the belly. Then the waters redden, and man and fish are unseen for a minute. The captain shouts to the human combatant to come back, the crew are at the davits ready to lower the boats, when suddenly flop comes several pounds of shark tail on the deck, and a head, risen for a moment from the red brine, shouts, "Here de tail, massa," and sinks again.

"Poor fellow!" the listeners—I and Mr. Midshipman Simple—exclaim; "the shark had bit him."

"So we all thought, and we put the ship in stays, manned the binnacle, let go the mizen, and spliced the stunsel main-deck halliards, and the captain swore he had rather have lost his ship chronometer, which wasn't his 'n, you know, Sir, when, as we were all a looking on, up came the Portegee, with his arm inside the shark's gills, and he following as quiet as a lamb and as dead as a stone."

I must warn the reader that the nautical part of this dialogue has been substituted by me: what he said sounded to me very like what I have written, but as I did not understand what he said any more than what I have set down, there may possibly be some slight difference.

We had made one hundred and thirty-six miles from Malta at twelve o'clock to-day.

30th—All day we journeyed in company with that eternal twin-ship the "Trent-Edendale," which kept exactly on our beam, but, towards evening, diverged to the southward; not caring, as we supposed, to go through the narrow channel, which

separates the Morea from Cythera (Cerigo), during the night.

At twelve o'clock we had made one hundred and sixty-five miles.

At half-past six Mr. Prentice put his head through the skylight, and said, "Land on the port bow, Sir."

Of course we went on deck, and could just discern the dim outline of what must be Greece.

We stood upon the poop and watched it as the sun went down and the moon rose. The wind, which had been freshening, fell to a dead calm. By the friendly moonlight we could see the highlands of the Morea. The country of Lycurgus and Leonidas lies beyond this bluff headland; and yonder, to the north, stretches away the coast-line of the Gulf of Arcadia. Perhaps, if it were daylight and clear weather, even Sphacteria might be seen.

The captain is cautious, for winds and currents are capricious in these parts, and the narrows are near. The moonlight shews us the lofty headland and the low-stretching footland of Cape Tineros, or, as the Genoese or Venetians (who have been allowed to fix their abominable nomenclature upon these holy old places) have called it, Cape Matapan. We passed within a mile of the sharp cape. Impelled by her steam through the soft calm waters, and swept on by a current which runs swift round the promontory, the good ship seems to glide along like a bird in air. The full moon shines upon the Cape; we can see

every crevice in the bare marble, and we strain our eyes and vex our telescopes to discover the ruins of the Temple of Neptune, which are said to be discernible in a cleft of the mountains. In vain: as we gaze upon the fair scene, moment after moment bears it away in distance, and we begin to look out ahead for other objects; but first we cast our long-dwelling gaze inland, and point in the direction where, just forty miles northward, lies the site of Sparta.

Cape Tineros past, we are in the *Ægean* Sea, "patenti *Ægeo*," (what an odd idea Horace must have had of an open sea!) and we watch impatient until the birthplace of Venus shall be seen resting on the waters. How the good ship spins along! It seems to be only a few moments before the look-out calls "Land upon the starboard bow," and over the long silvery undulations Cythera rises in her beauty. What this land may be in daylight, in winter, in rain, or in fog, I do not ask: some travellers have recorded but gloomy and uncomfortable impressions. I see it in a calm moonlight night, and to me it appears to be worthy of all its associations. The light mystery which the moonlight sheds around it agrees with the dimness of its traditions, and harmonizes with its mythic fictions.

Cythera is visible only in outline, and that outline, long and rather low, is not striking. Beauty is not born of sublimity. Let us believe that Cythera consists entirely of secluded groves of quiet beauty.

We know that the turtle-doves still coo in its olive-trees, and we happily have no Muir on board, to tell us unpleasant facts. Cythera, like an uncoy beauty, trends inward to the masculine Morea, and Morea stretches out to embrace her. But a narrow channel separates islet and main, and that we are speeding through. Lo! a twinkling light on the starboard bow, and the officer of the watch, having duly examined it, pronounces that the "Trent" and "Edendale" are just ahead. Confound these ships! I wish they would steam right ahead or drop astern. This ever present monotonous object of a tugged boat and a tug, a laggard and a labouring slave, becomes irksome to the eye, and spoils the scenery.

How grandly Morea comes out to salute Cythera! Cape Malca pushes his broad chest into the unfathomed sea, and we skim past the promontory as closely as we shot by Cape Tineros. But it is two o'clock in the morning, and I must turn in.

31st—I start from sound slumbers, look out of my open port, and welcome a fresh breezy morning. The ship is dancing merrily upon the waters, and playing at buffets with the waves: the crests are curling and scudding, and making little rainbows in the sunlight, and the same line of coast which I saw last night is still visible on the port beam. Light tawny mountains, broken in precipices and piled in peaks, ye should be, as ye look, the safe home of freedom. Man, your wretched parasite, is changed in head, hand, and heart: ye are eternal. Ye nurture

now a race in which the virtues of the old free Greek are transmuted into their cognate vices ; in which all that is despicable in the nature of the slave is cultivated as a gainful thing ; in which honour, and probity, and virtue are known only as qualities which make natural prey of foreigners who possess them ; in which courage, in its true sense, is unknown ; and in which even revenge never rises beyond the point of a safe assassination. Worst symptom of all, your modern Greek knows that such is his character, yet is vain of being what he is. Yet such as you are, you are to be helped by Western force. The honest Moslem has scourged you, and you have cheated and outwitted him : but the modern course of public opinion, formed as it is by the aggregate instincts of many millions of petty traders, runs clearly one way. It is all in favour of the swindler and against the robber.

We are edging away from the coast, and are struggling through the two bare islet rocks, Bello Poulo and Kaivar, the latter a large altar in the sea. I believe hecatombs to Neptune have been offered upon it in old time : at present it forms a capital target for a ship of war which is sailing round it and firing her guns at it as she stands off and on. We are several miles off, and, I hope, out of the reach of any stray shots.

The captain's brow is cloudy. This fine breeze, which makes the sea so brisk and the shores so bright, blows directly from the point of our course,

and we are scarcely making four knots an hour. The great power of the "Trent" enables her to contend with it better, and I am happy to say she is gradually steaming out of sight. But fresher and fresher grows the wind, until it increases to that dreaded north-east gale which they call a gregale, and which has whelmed so many vessels in these false waters. The Lindsay struggles, and rolls, and pitches, but all in vain. We are summoned to dinner, and find the soup-plates on the floor and the soup splashing about. Doors slam—water-casks get loose on deck—the flies, which had formed a horrible pest, are all blown out at the ports—Mr. Peter Simple leaves the cabin with a pale face—and the ship, spite of her screw, is making stern way.

"This won't do," says the captain, hurrying over his dinner and climbing up the poop. "Set all the fore and aft sails, Mr. Prentice, and let her go away."

With much ado our crew got up the sails, and away she sped close hauled upon the wind till we reached the island of Hydra, evidently so called from the outline which its hills present. We go in as near as we dare, and the captain tells us how the "Algerine," ten-gun brig, went down on this spot—blown right over by one of the gusts of the same wind which is now assailing us; and then round comes the Lindsay, and rushes seawards, until she heads the island of St. George. Now we run away again for the passage between Zea and Thermia. It

is hard beating, and with much labouring we make little way. After discussing all the dangers and peculiarities of these seas with the officer of the watch, I go to bed at ten, leave word to be called when Zea becomes distinct, and, holding on stoutly, manage to fix myself in my bunk. In five minutes I am dreaming of swings and Russian mountains.

Sept. 1st—The captain gave me a hail at four. We had got under the lee of Zea, and the waters were comparatively calm ; but the wind was still high enough to catch my cloak, and nearly blew me overboard as I climbed the poop. To bed again. The moonshine only shews a rock, and there is no chance of our being far distant while this gregale lasts. At eight, when I arose for good, we had rounded the island, and were labouring in the sea, attempting to reach the passage that runs between the island of Eubœa and that of Andros. Now that I could see old Ceos (for such is Zea's real name) by sunlight he did not much improve upon his moonlight aspect. How Aristæus could have found sustenance for six hundred steers here I cannot imagine. Even the sole village of the island cannot find a sheltered spot. There it lies exposed to the very blast which is now buffeting us, and three-fourths of the way up the mountain. Yet it was here, probably upon a rock covered by one of those white huts, that Simonides was born. Certainly it is a spot of inspiration for a poet. On the top of the mountain stand seventeen of those round windmills, looking like

something between a shuttlecock and a groom's cockade ; but if Simonides ever walked up there, he must, an' the day were clear, have seen all Attica and all Eubœa. Thence he could see, also, that marble steep of Sunium, which I cannot see, although I strain my eyes in vain endeavours.

I ask Mr. Prentice, and Mr. Penny, and Mr. Midshipman Easy, to take my glass and look along beyond the point of Micronisi, and tell me if they can discern any thing like a cape with marble columns on it. Confound them ! They take my glass readily enough—mere opera-glass though it be—for they have found out that my at first much-despised Chevalier's opera-glass, bought many years since on the Pont Henri Quartre, is the best glass in the ship ; but instead of looking for the temple of Minerva, they turn it immediately upon the coast of Eubœa right ahead. There lies a great fleet of steam-ships, and frigates, and transports, and merchant-vessels. The "Great Britain" is going in with the "Adelaide" in tow, and several Frenchmen who are politely dipping ensigns to each other. There they all lie, clustered under the sheltering land of Eubœa, and thither all our sailors *will* direct their attention. They wonder what this is, who that is, what the other is doing ; but they will not look westward for the southernmost point of Attica. I fancy I see it, and an object upon it, and Penny now says he sees it too ; but I believe he only wants to get the glass for another look at a steamer coming out of

the passage homeward bound, and towing a transport which only shews a fore-topsail even to this favourable gale.

"Sailing by the day, Sir," he says with a grin. "Now if our captain was going home with this bit of breeze behind him, he'd have knocked off his steam, and set all his canvas, royals, stunsails, and all ; and she'd have flown as safe as a bird."

"But Cape Colonna?"

"Oh, yes ; I see him : something like a white tower over there, abaft of that brigantine."

But "our captain" can't force his way up the Doro channel. The wind blows through it "like a funnel." This is the invariable nautical simile. The Lindsay, after one wild effort, must do as others do, and run among the other loiterers in Karysto Bay, and wait till this storm has blown itself away. Already she has had one of her staysails rent, and then, by a second gust, blown into rags. She cannot do it. So, captain, make a virtue of necessity ; and take your telescope from your eye. Come down to the cabin with me, and take the bearings of that high peak, and make it the index-point to my map and your charts. We shall then know exactly where we are, and what the objects on the land are called. Well, if you won't, you won't ; but it would be just as wise as to be constantly looking at the white waves in the passage, or watching the "Great Britain" there, with her eight hundred horse power, making stern-way, and at last obliged to cast off her

convoy and walk through without her. Faithless steamer to desert your charge! See how the poor "Adelaide" now drifts away, while her strong recreant cavalier struggles steadily ahead.

Karysto Bay is at the bottom of the Eubœan side of the Pelati channel, and the Pelati channel separates Eubœa from Attica. We have therefore the best possible view of the Attic coast while we lie to. We can trace, and we can name, every indentation of the sea-line, every mountain that rises behind it. There shews the peak of Mount Parnes, four thousand feet in altitude; and at its foot, between it and the sea, are the Plains of Marathon, marked out to us by Marathon Bay and Cape Marathon, both within direct and easy view. Let us think of this awhile!—and then gaze on. Mount Pentilicus, with his ridgy back, bears away to the left of Parnes; and just across, thirty-five miles from the deck of this ship, lies Athens. The air is so clear, and the shadowy tops behind Pentilicus and Parnes are so numerous, that we fancy we must be able to see Parnassus, or at least Helicon. A mountain of seven thousand feet can surely be seen seventy miles. We know, at least, that we can see the Eubœan Delphi, which bathes its stony majesty in sunshine, and looks big and happy, not far away from us.

We are within a mile and a half of the Eubœan shore, and a little straggling village of white houses seems to invite us to land. Higher up upon a

mamelon stands a larger ruin of some circular building, perhaps an ancient fort, perhaps a temple: we are too far off to ascertain which, but we can see that huge fragments of the broken edifice cumber the sides of the hill, and lie at its base. The chart says, that at the top of the mountain is a temple: if so, we can discern nothing of it.

But not long have we to watch the shore. The captain thinks the wind has abated; but abated, or not abated, he will try it. So with fore and aft sails set we pass under the lee of the Mandili rocks, leave the two French ships of war, the "Adelaide," and fifteen other vessels, in the bay, and pass round into the turbulent Bocca Silota (or Doro passage), determined to beat through it. A steamer with a ship in tow has ventured into it before us: we could not make out her name. If she succeeds, we ought to do it. As we rush off upon the starboard tack, driving through the billows, and with the wind whistling through the cordage, we meet the "Samuel Laing," a transport steamer carrying horses. She is going back to Karysto Bay, probably under orders to tow some transport through the channel. We, however, persevere. We almost lose upon our larboard tack what we gained upon the starboard, and are driven back again almost to the Mandili rocks; but "helm hard down," round she comes, and away she spins to renew the fight. The sun is setting behind the hills of Attica. Far distant peaks, unseen before, now stand out in bold relief against

the purple horizon. We feel sure now that we see the double-peaked Parnassus. We gaze till the short twilight fades: the nearer islets, Andros, Tinos, and Jura, with their graceful outlines, now bound our view, and seem to shut us in an angry lake. Then the stars come out, and just shed light enough to shew how well the good ship battles with the surges. There is no more to be seen. To supper, and to bed.

2*d*—At six o'clock I am called by the second-mate, who bids me rise, for we are passing Ipsara (or Psara), with its high peak of St. Elias, and its harbour of St. Nikolas, and its town of white houses at the top of the harbour, with its traders riding at anchor, and its rough tawny mountains, of that universal colour which the Mediterranean hills derive from their scanty covering of sun-burnt moss, only partially relieved by the shadows of their deep ravines, and their occasional patches of olive plantations and vines. Poor and barren, Ipsara must live by commerce or by piracy; and, with these vessels of war moving to and fro, the latter profession lies under great discouragement. There is a look-out house on St Elias, whence many a rough Conrad has, I fear, when well-armed steamers were more scarce, noted with his eyes an advancing prey; and I fancy that these frequent windmills have often ground corn not honestly abstracted from the holds of grain ships from Eubœa.

Ten miles distant, on the right, lies Chios; but

the vineyards whence the Chian wine is pressed are not visible. Doubtless they are planted on the southern and Asiatic side, where lies the famed city, with its villas, its gardens, and its groves of lemon, and orange, and fig-trees. Of its ninety churches and its cathedral nothing is to be seen. We can only look upon the mountain peak and imagine what sounds were heard upon its sides on that fatal day of 1822, when the Turkish fleet landed its ruthless host upon these shores, slew every Sciote man and child, and dragged the women away to slavery. Of course that mountain peak is called Mount Elias. These monotonous moderns call every mountain Mount Elias, and every harbour Saint Nikolas. I have three Mount Eliases now in view; that of Ipsara, that of Scio, and the third, just distinguishable ahead (Mount Elias of Mytilene), is, shade of Sappho! the Lesbian Olympus.

A strait, through which a promontory of the mainland of Asia Minor is visible, separates Chios from Lesbos; and as the ship steams rapidly through the now calm sea the land rises, and the Lesbian Olympus presents himself in unclouded proportions. The hill is not too high (three thousand and seventy feet). Perhaps the divinity who resided most constantly at Lesbos did not wish to be very far removed from the haunts of men. We discern the inlet which leads to the land-locked harbour of Kalloni; and we envy Lord Carlisle, who, wandering about these waters in a steam frigate which had

no destiny, landed when he pleased, and tarried as long as he pleased. Mytilene is not for us. It is not for us to look upon the features of some Lesbian girl, and imagine that we can trace the lineaments of the inconstant Phaon—perhaps her remote grand-grand sire—or to think over among the Mytilene damsels, the mysterious jealousy of that Sapphic ode,

“Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος Θεοῖσιν :”

but we can choose out a bluff promontory that might have been selected by the poetess for her last leap, without taking the trouble to go over to Leucadia. There are several in sight very eligible for the purpose. Point Sigri would do. It is steep and rugged, and the waters below are as

“Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”

as even Sappho's own *bas de soie*. But I doubt whether the lady, in all her woe, ever wandered upon this side of the island, where the bleak and bare Mount Ordumnus rules. Her taste would lead her rather to the orange groves and fig thickets about Port Jero. As I probably shall never see the Leucadian promontory, I will try to believe that she threw one backward look at the peak of that Lesbian Olympus (who returned her, doubtless, that same hard, stony stare which he now bestows on us), and then plunged headlong from yonder cape, which the chart tells me is called Cape Zeitin, and has thirty-four fathoms of water immediately underneath it.

It is slow work steaming against this re-awakened

north-east wind along the shores of Lesbos, although it is astonishing how we hold our own with those leviathans of steam who consort us on our voyage. That four-masted steamer which left her convoy at Doro yesterday, and steamed on alone, is still in sight. Let us down to dinner.

The dinner is a dull one to-day. The captain and Vox are knocked down by dysentery, and I have not quite escaped. We hailed this sharp breeze, and these more northern latitudes, as means of relief from a detestable affection which caused me huge annoyance—much meditating upon the foreign sailors we had in the ship; until I found that everybody else was affected by it; that it was called the “prickly heat,” and was a rash produced by hot weather; and, as the mate insisted, “decidedly healthy.” It may be healthy, but it is intensely unpleasant; not, however, to be willingly exchanged for dysentery.

The cook's excellent dishes, (and here let me pause for a moment to do honour to the best cook ever entered on ships' articles,) all his roast and boiled fowls, curious vegetable marrows, curries whereof the secret had come with him from Bombay, “country captain,” which is very like “poulet à la Marengo,” and Pillaus, which are capital compilations of fowl and rice and raisins and spices, maccaroni and vermicelli puddings which Soyer might own, and soups which I suspect came from Fortnum and Mason's tins—all these good

things are gently touched upon, or wholly eschewed. Carbonate of soda and ginger is my medicine, and boiled fowl and soda-water my diet.

But while we condole with each other on our woes, the second mate reports "Cape Baba on the beam." Dysentery avaunt! the mainland of Asia Minor is beside us—the Troas is in sight! We climb the poop, and the view puts all our woes to flight. Cape Baba, with its rude fort and scattered town, lay several miles to our right (on the starboard beam, the sailors call it); but I did not regret the distance, for it enabled us to see, over a chasm in the head-land, the peaks of Mount Ida, forty-five miles off, but as distinct as if we were at their foot. Far away on the left appears the Island of Lemnos; and straight ahead, like a pyramid with just a long line of land at its base, Tenedos, yes, Tenedos, rises from the sea.

"Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula."

Vox and I move away from each other, for we each have a thousand things to think of. All Homer comes upon us, and every line that entered our minds with such tribulation long years ago comes gratefully now to yield us recompense.

Κλυθί μεν Ἀργυρότοξ, ὃς Χρύσην ἀμφιβέβηκας
Κελλαν τε Ζαθέην, Τενέδοιό τε ἱφί ἀνάσσεις—

I caught myself saying—suggested, perchance, by unpleasant internal qualms, which led me to think of the sun-struck Greeks.—I dare say the sun does

reign very potently in that flat one-peaked island. Day dies away as we enter the channel between Tenedos and the plain of Troy. The night gathers darkly over us, and the shores on either side are low and indistinct. There are intricate shoals ahead ; a score of vessels come pressing down with wind and current ; and there was a moment of breath-holding suspense while one dark hull, impelled by a crowd of canvas, passed obstinately across our bows, just, and only just, clearing our jib-boom. The captain said we should gain nothing by going on, for we could not, in this dark night, keep in shore out of the current. Down went the anchor, off blew the steam, and in a few minutes all was silent as the surrounding night.

3d—At five this morning the steam was up and the anchor weighed. A fleet of ships were about us in this narrow strait. The leadsman was in the chains, for now, as in the days of Æneas, it is a "*statio male fida carinis*." There are dangerous rocks off this little town and mole of Tenedos, where the Turkish fort flies its red flag, and the little mosque (like Brill's swimming-bath at Brighton), and its muezzin tower, like a small lean lighthouse, come indistinctly through the twilight. The fleet begins to move, and we are earliest in the race. Opposite to Tenedos, and to our right, lies stretched the plain of Troas. Near the shore a solitary tumulus,

"The vanished hero's lofty mound,"

bears its material testimony to tradition, and the black

waters rushing by us remind of Homeric epithets. Now, far over the Asian mainland quick rises the sun, and huge Ida looks for a moment like a purple cloud bank. There are many little heavings in that plain, but, by the chart and the compass, we ascertain that yonder elevated land, about ten miles off, as high, perhaps, as the hill on which Windsor Castle stands, is the site of Troy. Close there must be the Turkish village of Bounar Bachi, and I try to imagine how different must have been the scene when the battlements of the strong city shone in the rising sun ; when the Greek tents clustered along the shore ; and when the Greek galleys covered the waters.

But steam will not tarry, even though this contrary wind and strong current oppose us. We edge along the Asiatic shore, following the gentle indentation of Beseika Bay. We double the small promontory of Sigeum. We pass the Turkish village where ruins exist which Xerxes and Alexander believed to be Troy, and rendered interesting by their mistaken pilgrimage. We pass also other conical mounds, all appropriated by antiquarian guesses to specific Homeric heroes, but none of these tumuli are one-tenth part the size of our own Silbury Hill, which vainly strives to commemorate the existence of some long-perished barbarian name. We leave the low "rabbit island" on the left. We turn away from the rugged Imbros far out seaward, and the loftier Samothrace still further. A low spit of land (which, however, increases to something like a cliff as we

near it) now juts out to meet us. This is Cape Helles. We are now at the entrance of the Hellespont. The land is low on the Asiatic side, and we see across the whole plain of Troy, perhaps better than from Beseika Bay. Two fortresses, not very imposing in their appearance, stand one on either point, and seem to typify Europe and Asia, jealous and in arms. Both, however, shew the same flag. See that slight inlet by the Asian fort: it is scarce visible without the aid of the chart, but it is nevertheless the mouth of the *Scamander*. We pass near enough to the European castle to count the twelve large guns in the huge embrasures flush with the water, and to see the celebrated marble shot, said to be thirty-two inches in diameter, which are piled up in the interstices between the embrasures, and which are cut, we are told, from the marble ruins of the Alexandrine Troas. Turkish houses and Turkish windmills cluster beyond upon the cliff; and following the beach line of a little bay is a plantation, that, from its grove of dark cone-shaped cypress-trees, its fine large obelisks, and its frequent olive-trees, I conjecture to be a Turkish burial-ground, where many a "malignant and turbaned Turk" sleeps within sight of the tomb of Ajax.

We are now well within the Hellespont. I must not attempt to describe every little fort upon the bank, or every indentation upon the shore, or my note-book will be more before my eyes than the scenery. Let us watch those steamers tugging up

the sailing transports against the stream, and the poor helpless, canvasless spars, that are hopelessly lingering under the shelter of Cape Helles, making signal flags to us—"Will you take us in tow?"—and answered by the flag signifying "No," which we keep flying now as an universal negative. As they fade from our sight, so shall we approach that narrowing channel where Sestos and Abydos used to stand. But twelve miles of stiff current must be stemmed before we reach this portion of the strait, and we must pass the still narrower passage where the old castles of Europe and Asia stood. As we follow the windings of the European shore to cheat the current and the wind, and as the leadsman sings his song, "No gro-ound at twel fathowmes," the strait appears like a beautiful river: the lower ridges of Ida rise on the opposite side, still woody as of yore, and over them peer two of Ida's peaks. A war steamer is coming down in mid-channel. We hoist our ensign and make our number as we meet. Up goes the answering pennant. We dip our ensign. The fearful man of war, all terrible with guns, courteously replies. Mr. Midshipman Easy hauls down our bunting, and each ship goes on her way. The "Sidon," if it be the "Sidon," to report us as seen in the Hellespont: we to win our way to the sea of Marmora.

There, where Abydos is supposed to have been, is an encampment of Turkish soldiers: the hill is covered with their white tents. The camp looks cleanly

and most picturesque at this distance and in this scenery ; but if all our sailors tell us of Turkish filthiness be true, it is as well we are not closer.

On our European side the mouth of a broad valley dips gently to the sea, and there is rich verdure and spreading trees, broad fertile fields where unmuzzled oxen are going round and round and treading out the corn, and a road whereon a file of Turks in their red fez caps, white jackets, and full blue trowsers, are walking, with that grand air wherewith a Turk still walks, in company with two laden mules.

The old castles are singularly picturesque. On the left is the European, a large round tower with high battlements, at the foot of a cliff of sandy stone. A little town, with its flat brown roofs and up-shooting minarets, seems to exist under the shadow of its power, and covers the slope of the acclivity behind it. The old tower is in ruins, but in front of it and by its side a long line of fortifications, with flanking batteries, exists, and seems to be of recent erection, and full of guns.

On the right the old Asian castle stands upon a fertile plain. It is a huge square keep within a wider fortified space. This castle is still fortified, and in the batteries at its foot I remark some enormous mortars. A man who stands by one of them looks as though he could make it his dwelling. This Asian castle also has its minarets and its tower.

The strait is here not above a mile broad. With these guns well served on either side nothing

hostile ought to come into the waters without sure destruction. Still I cannot help thinking, that, after a little shelling and rocket practice, some of the termagant-looking craft that we saw walking up and down the strait would get through without any very serious damage.

The town around "Pottery Castle" (for that is the translation of the Turkish name for it), appears to be of some extent. On one side is the wide sandy channel, crossed by a wooden bridge, of a rivulet which comes down from "Ida, abounding in springs;" and naked Turks, who might lave them in the Hellespont, are trying to wash themselves in the tiny summer streamlet. On the other side is a large building surmounted by the union-jack. It is an English hospital, and the English Consulate is close by. Our old friend the "Trent," who came from Malta with us, has brought up there.

Some way above the old castle of Asia the Asiatic shore rises from a shelving beach to a moderately high bank; and upon this bank a mound, perhaps of artificial character, marks the scite, and covers the ruins of the old Abydos. So let us think; but I confess that I look upon it and am unconvinced. At its foot stretches out a little spit of land called Cape Nagara, with its sharp angle and its little fort. But what is this? By the shade of Leander, it is our old friend the "Sovereign!" our acquaintance of the Bay of Biscay, our companion at Gibraltar, the only floating thing that has beaten us throughout our

voyage: there she lies hard and fast aground on the reef that runs out off that treacherous Cape Nagara. How like the unpitying Pharisee do we pass by on the other side! The captain says, "What could I do? I couldn't haul her off that shoal; and there are plenty of government transports going up and down if she wants to get her cargo out to lighten her. It would be absurd loss of time to go down to her."

This is good sense, no doubt, but there is Popjoy of the Seven hundred and fiftieth, and Shako of the John-o'-Groat's House fencibles, and the ingenuous Fitz-Lollypop, who invested a month's pay in Gibraltar grapes—there they are, looking at us through their glasses on the poop, and we, unmindful that we have eaten with them and drunk with them, pass on gaily out of sight. I confess I feel very much inclined to apply to myself the lines—

"Roll on, ye fat and greasy citizens," &c.

Beyond this knoll, which we choose to call Abydos, the strait expands, and Sestos—if that mound do mark the site of Sestos—is upon the shore of comparatively broad waters.

Here Lord Byron certainly caught his ague. Here, perhaps, Leander was drowned. Here Xerxes, perhaps, bridged the strait: that he flogged the *πικρον υδωρ* I believe to be a Greek lie. Alexander probably passed at the same spot, to return, in the name of Greece, the visit of the Persians. And here it was that Solyman Pasha, having dreamt that he saw the moon rise before him and unite the continents of

Europe and Asia with a chain of silver light, while temples and palaces floated up out of the great deep, and mysterious voices blended with the sounding sea, took to him thirty-nine companions and a Genoese bark, and surprised that castle of Zympe on the opposite coast.

Let us expatiate, but in silence, upon the beauty of these wider waters. There are towns upon the coast, nestled in glens which are caused by such rivers as the Ægos-Potamos, or laid upon the hill-side like Lampsachus, whose grapes, no doubt, are good, although it fronts the north, otherwise the Persian would not have made the mayor of Lampsachus butler to Themistocles. Ægos-Potamos, and Lampsachus, and the wide Hellespont between! We remember something still, although hazily perchance, of our Xenophon and our Plutarch, and recall the events of that great slaughter, when the little empire of these land-locked seas was lost and was not won.

It was upon these hills, crossing the headland to Sestos market, that the Athenians were scattered by permission of their careless or corrupt commanders, while their galleys lay unmanned upon the beach. Opposite, in that little harbour of Lampsachus, where a single sloop now rides at anchor, watched the vigilant Spartan. I think I see Lysander now, following the movements of his own lighter look-out galleys, recognising the signal of the hoisted shield, then swooping with his full strength down upon the

unprotected ships, and crushing at one blow the sea supremacy of Athens. Alcibiades, from his castle, which could not have been very far out of sight, may perhaps have seen the catastrophe, and felt his slighted counsels sadly avenged.

Galata, with its flat roofs, is now seen upon the hill, and Gallipoli appears frequent in minarets and imposing in the multitude of its houses—the very metropolis of the Dardanelles.

What does Gallipoli look like? Let me describe what I see as we approach it. First, there is a little bay with about thirty ships in it. Some of them are French steamers, and all are waiting till this east wind will abate and allow them to go up to Constantinople. The back-ground to their spars is formed by some brown fields, with five windmills in them. Then comes the city, a great many houses, and a great many minarets, with a back ground to these minarets of more brown fields, and a broad road over them leading towards a high distant mountain, the name of which I have not yet discovered. Add a river in front, about the width of the Thames at ten miles below Gravesend, but with steep mountain banks, and you see Gallipoli as I now see it. Perhaps, when we get nearer, I shall see some evidence of the great encampment, something which will tell long-distant generations of Thracians of encamping Britons, and set their antiquaries working for Victoria pennies, or for those eloquent coins of France which tell a wild history in a handful of five-sous pieces.

Gallipoli—whose name is now specially appropriate, for I am informed by some sailors who have been ashore there, that the French have taken complete possession of it—Gallipoli is come and past. The tip of the tongue of land, extending in a line along the shore, and upon the root of which it is built, is behind us, yet I have seen no traces of that great encampment which whitened all these hills with tents. I am told that trenches have been dug in some places, but this commanding site is crowned with no fossa, vallum, and prætorium, such as the Romans left as monuments to all future ages of their temporary presence. And the strong men, the vast army which camped upon this Thracian Chersonese, where are they? Xerxes said, “a hundred years.” One hundredth part of that time has not elapsed, and how many are now alive? It is hard to help some thoughts occurring on this matter, but I must not write them down. The subject is worn out; the public mind is sick of it; and, moreover, it is very wrong to revive a topic which has sometimes suggested vulgar abuse of the aristocracy. If Xerxes had lived in our time he would have known better than to indulge in such silly regrets or soft-hearted speculations. Moreover, he had no notion of official irresponsibility, for when things went wrong he always *removed the heads* of departments. Hard as it may be, the classes who govern must endure the odium and responsibility of government. All great men have endured it, and in

enduring it, or in succumbing to it, have earned their immortality. When the Oxford University went up to the Duke of Wellington, beseeching their Chancellor to oppose the measure for the suppression of certain bishoprics, the old duke replied, "The Archbishop of Canterbury has approved the bill, and I think that all business ought to be transacted through the heads of departments." This is the true principle: leave the heads of departments alone, and give them full power over all subordinates when things go right; but make them responsible for those subordinates, and punish the chiefs when things go wrong. You may do occasional injustice, but there is no other way of doing average justice. The chiefs take the rewards of success, whether they contribute to that success or not. Let them take also the odium of ill success. When the Romans thanked Varro, "*Quod de republicâ non desperasset*," it was a theatrical demonstration. They never trusted him with another chief command.

A short distance below Gallipoli two lighthouses mark the eastern terminus of the Dardanelles. We have passed them, and are now in the Sea of Marmora.

I take the earliest moment of leisure afforded by the absence of any close juxtaposition to land to apologize to the mountain whose name I did not know. By investigating the captain's charts, I find it must be that lower range of the Balkan which extends between us and Adrianople. The old He-

brus, or the Maritza (which is a more glorious name on account of the battle—one of Professor Creasy's great fifteen), flows down between its defiles, and goes out on the other side of this narrow Chersonese.

This petty Sea of Marmora seems inclined to vindicate its importance by giving us some trouble. It blows a gale from the east, and the waves foam and tumble as though they belonged to a first-rate aquatic power. It is like Monaco or Brunswick declaring war, but it is very inconvenient, for we knock about all night and make no way.

4th—Our progress is slow against the head-wind, but we are passing between shores haunted by the ghosts of great events. To the right the chart marks the mouth of a little river: that river is the Granacus! There, at the island rock at the east end of Marmora island, stand the ruins of an ancient Pharos. Perhaps Xenophon saw its light when he steered forth with his ships from Cyzicum. The Bithynian Olympus, the highest mountain in Asia Minor, sits in solemn pomp among the clouds; and we know that at his foot lies Brusa, the earlier seat of Ottoman empire—Orchan's first conquest and Othman's burial-place. We are still in the great highway of history. Every hour presents the neighbourhood of some scene where the empire of the world has passed over as the prize of a victory, and now, faintly in the distance, appears the object for which the world is still in arms.

Yes there is Constantinople, at least so the compass and the chart say. Three large, low, oblong buildings, which *must* be barracks, and a few white columns, are the only objects yet visible. Those excessively Saxon and utilitarian forms of architecture disturb my eastern dreams. I'll look no more till the picture grows nearer.

To escape the force of this strong head-wind the ship stands away towards the foot of Olympus, and as we come round upon the other tack, and speed on again towards the Bosphorus, the sun sinks over the western shores of our pert little Sea of Marmora. We get a short twilight view of the entrance of the strait and of the city as we come on. The three oblong buildings we first saw, so like three of Mr. Cubitt's workshops, are now shut out of view behind the hill, and, instead thereof, we behold several objects exactly like those white hulls and masts of ships of war in ordinary which we see in the Medway. With strong telescopes and anxious examination, and with a book knowledge of the principal objects in the interesting scene before us, we attempt to give names to what we see. First, to the left there is a tall column near the water's edge, and a low building at its base: of this we can make nothing. Then a white object, with a flat dome-shaped roof and four white masts rising from it: this must be St. Sophia. Then a single tall column, like one of the stone pillars which are supposed to ornament our good town of London: this must be the fire-

tower of Istamboul. Then another little cluster of masts, and another. Then a jutting point of land, covered with a cluster of spars. This we know to be Seraglio Point: an undistinguishable crowd of brown-looking houses forms the mass out of which these white objects stand in relief. To the right, the waters of the Bosphorus rolling between, we see a large square building, with small spires at each corner; and this we know, from the description, to be the hospital at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore.

While we advance, still gazing, darkness has gathered over us, and nothing now is visible but a large expanse of little twinkling lights, which shew only that the shore is densely inhabited. We come on cautiously, heaving the lead, and giving a prudently wide berth to a known shoal, which, however, diminishes the water, where we pass over it, to six fathoms. We look in vain for the Seraglio-Point light, which, if it be not a lanthorn, like the other items of the galaxy that shine about us, has probably been entrusted to an orthodox Turk, who has cursed the Ghiour, put out his light, and gone to sleep. We steer in among a multitude of shipping anchored in fifteen fathoms of water. We pass under the stern of a Turkish man-of-war, who is so weak in his trust in destiny that he keeps a watch on board; and we drop our anchor in front of ten thousand twinkling lights, we know not exactly where; and we go to bed wondering what the morrow's sun will shew us.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOG OF THE LINDSAY CONTINUED—

CONSTANTINOPLE TO BALAKLAVA.

September 5th — At half-past five this morning we are roused to take our first real view of Istamboul; and as the light gradually strengthens, we see that famous sight which has never yet been so described, and never will be so described, by pen or pencil, as to enable any one, who has not stood where I now stand, to take the scene into his mind. We are in the Bosphorus. Old Istamboul stands before us, upon a coast-line which describes an arc of a circle upon land rising in irregular undulations from the shore. The ancient walls, washed by the—I will not say *blue*—Bosphorus (for I must abide by truth, and the colour is, in this morning twilight, but the cabbage-green of our own channel), seem strong and massive. They extend from that old fortress of square and rounded towers far away to the left—count them, they are seven—to that point far away to the right, where an arm of the sea runs in and breaks (not terminates) the line of city. But there are interstices in this course of fortifications. Once, where a ravine runs down to the sea, the houses

come unprotected to the water's edge; and the most seaward appear, to the eye of a man who insists upon seeing things as they are, and to accept homely similitudes where they are applicable, very like the bathing-houses in Margate Harbour. In another place the line is broken by a small mosque, a group of domes, like the half of Sinbad's roc egg with the halves of a few smaller eggs stuck round it, and little columns and white walls supporting them. Above these guardian walls appear clustered (and sometimes, where the ravines come down, crowded) square miles of houses, all with low, gently slanted roofs, all in divers colours; red picked out with white, white with the windows picked out in black, or of a sober brown. In some localities, but not in all, these houses are faced with cut terraces, gay with gaudy Eastern flowers, and just surrounded with little groves of dark, slim cypress-trees, or spreading plane-trees. Among them, and above them, but always shooting their thin minarets up till they stand distinct with a back-ground of blue sky, appear the white mosques, each a nest of low domes; and one fair tower, the fire-tower of Stamboul, rises higher than all, and a gilded point to the spear which forms its flag-staff dazzles the eye as it reflects the ray of the rising sun. All this is easy to say. But it is not easy nor possible to describe the effect produced by these minute items of various colours, and by these contrasted objects, when seen in miles of mass. The great aggregate must

always produce different impressions upon different minds. As I came upon the poop in the grey dawn, while all was yet indistinct, and the minarets were just growing distinguishable, and I was comparing in my own mind their slender shafts and black, sharpened peaks to the charred pine-tree wherewith Ulysses put out the eye of the Cyclop, I heard a voice behind me, and, turning round, saw Mr. M'Culloch, the engineer, peering through a telescope. He was soliloquizing aloud, "Eh, what a lot of long chimneys in yon town—and no smoke!"

Up anchor. The vessel begins to move. We thread our way through the ships, keeping the sea-wall of Constantinople on our port side. We near Seraglio Point. There, then, is the scene of all our dreams of mystery, and romance, and crime. Under that singular line of roofs, something between domes and chimneys, but still more in shape like great wine-bottles, are carefully closed lattices of crossed laths. Perhaps it is the Sultana's kitchen. But never mind, let us imagine that there are Circassian maids behind those galleries, unwedded wives, who look out upon these prim gardens, and think of their native hills; as a lark may be supposed to look upon the round spud of turf they have put into his cage, and think of the expanse of green over which he was wont to soar and carol. Let us think of eloquent bouquets, which interpret a declaration to the concealed damsel, and of the dropped flower which tells

the smitten Christian, or the grave young Mussulman, that his suit is not rejected. Let us think of all this, and of twice as much more nonsense. What matter that no such things ever do, nor, possibly, ever did happen; that there probably is not a woman in all that pile; that if there be any there resident, they are in all likelihood engaged in the choice of new dresses, or absorbed in a deadly feud with some offending sister of the hareem, or excited by the disobedience or the stupidity of a slave, or just returned from jolting to the bazaar in a little coach, or exulting in a consciousness of maternity; moved, in fact, by the same exciting causes as we find in action among the fair sex in—let us say—Vienna. Vox stands up upon the poop, and puts his hand upon his heart, and bows profoundly; producing, I hope, a sensation in the hareem. There are two gates, two little gates, in the thick walls; and Vox thinks that those horrid gates are the cause why no answering token falls from those closed windows. Those are the gates where, in dark nights, black eunuchs issue forth with sacks on their shoulders, which they throw into the green waves, and which the current takes over to Asia. I have not heard of any such sacks being picked up at Scutari lately; and I tell my friend Vicesimus that the black cook has probably closed the windows to keep the sun out, and that the hareem is probably concentrated at that new palace, smart and Grecian,

and rather like Chatsworth, which has arisen within the last five years on the opposite point of the Golden Horn. However, we steam on until we arrive at the point of land where the battlements end, and light modern summer-houses of the seraglio, rich without costliness, the effect produced by simple means, come down to the water.

We round the corner, enter a long bay or mouth of a river, about as wide as the Thames at Gravesend, and we are in the Golden Horn. The swift current catches the ship, and the captain is far too much occupied in looking for a berth to render it reasonable to ask him to explain to us any of the features of the new world of objects which breaks upon us. Top-hana, and Galata with its large round tower with a nightcap and a gilded tassel, and Pera above upon the hill, all lie upon our right, and designate where Englishmen live just as though they were in Paris; where Greeks cheat as naturally as if they were at Athens; where Armenians thrive; and where Turks are foreigners. On our left is the old Istamboul. Upwards from the Seraglio Point rise the domes and minarets of St. Sophia; and further to the right, in, as I think, still more imposing magnitude, rests the mosque of Suliman. The massive old city, rich in mosques and minarets, and deformed here and there by a long modern building, which was a military or naval school, and is a French barracks or hospital, covers

the side of the shore far inland, as distant as the eye can follow it along the sweeping inland-going gulf. That gulf is crowded with a thousand ships. French men-of-war, with their guns aboard, or unarmed and doing duty as transports; Turkish line-of-battle, flying the red flag with the crescent and star, and mounting their hundred guns; and a beautiful Turkish brig of twenty guns; lie at anchor, scarcely noticeable among the steam transports and tall-sparred vessels of burden that crowd this Golden Horn. The water is so deep, that some lie with their jib-booms grazing the windows of the houses; and the haven is so wide, that multitudes can lie at such a distance from the shore that the transit seems perilous to the unaccustomed Franks, who are stretched upon the cushions at the bottom of the tossing caiques.

Down goes the anchor, and we ride secure in fifteen fathoms. Let us take a long gaze at this city of Constantinople. Let us learn by heart its principal points: the seraglio—the imposing mosques of St. Sophia, and Achmed, and Sultan Suliman, and Mahomet the Conqueror—the broken aqueduct—and the floating bridges far down in the distance; and let us print upon our memory the undescribable whole. We are in the most picturesque spot which the world affords. Let us remember the scene which nor pen nor pencil have ever yet been able to convey to the mind of him who has not beheld it.

It is early yet, and, although Eton and Winchester have agreed to declare that

“Perturbabantur Constantinopolitani,
Innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus.”

few people seem to sleep sounder than the Greeks of Pera and the Turks of Istamboul. It is useless to go ashore before eight, and it is yet scarce six.

Two hours did we enjoy this vast panorama. We had time to remark what manner of boat a light caique is. It is a deep canoe, pointed before and behind, not very broad towards the stern, but very sharp forward—a remarkably crank vehicle. I don’t wonder to hear that a family, which had crowded itself into one was drowned in the Bosphorus the other day. Sometimes there are Arabic characters written upon the bow. It is usually rowed by two rowers, each manœuvring a pair of skulls, if we may call by that name their lumbering oars, lashed to the rullocks, and swelling out towards the handle into large bulbs of wood, intended, I suppose, to balance them. Inside, the lower planks are beautifully planed, and the rowers’ seats and stretchers, and the higher parts of the sides, are lined with smoothly-varnished walnut-wood, carved with grapes and flowers. The sitters recline upon the floor of the caique on a cushion there laid, and two are a fully sufficient load for these unsealike cranky little barks. Since I looked on upon these caiques I have tried them in rough water and smooth. They are

very pretty to look at, but decidedly the worst marine vehicle I have ever seen. They are slow in smooth water, and unmanageable with any sea running. The cushions are certainly full of fleas; and when one sees the sort of people who sit upon those cushions, suspicions of still more terrible dangers haunt the mind.

Into one of these caiques, however, carpet-bag in hand, we now delicately stepped; and having extended ourselves upon the cushion with all due precaution, were rowed to the landing-place at Galata. Here we were, of course, after paying our shilling and stepping on shore, surrounded by little Greek boys and sturdy Turks, all fighting for our carpet-bags. At last we interfered, and selected the happy *hamal* who was to earn the franc. The *hamal*, except that he wears very loose blue breeches, and is of a very swarthy colour, is not unlike our old and almost extinct brother of the knot. But the Osmanli porter's knot has a longer band, so as to allow it to descend to his reins. Our burden was nothing—two carpet-bags only. Another *hamal* was walking off with a dead body, just fished up in the Bosphorus, and a third had a load which would have filled a small warehouse. We sounded in the ear of our Turk of burden, "Missirie's Hotel d'Angleterre," and twenty officious Greeks gave him an unnecessary explanation. Away he went, passing from the landing-place into a street which would be what Greenwich fair and Union Street Seven Dials would

be if the characteristics of the two (substituting wood for canvas in the former) were combined, and if this combination were made to lead up a very steep hill.

Doubtless it is not comfortable walking in this crowded lane over this rough pavement, and up this irregular hill, and in this broiling sun. But let us recollect that Little Thames Street is not quite a Boulevard, that Ratcliffe Highway is not renowned for an elegant neatness, and that the purlieus of the Commercial Docks are not faultless in the eye of an architect. Almost every Englishman I have met judges Constantinople entirely by the street which leads through Galata, the Wapping of Istamboul, to M. Missirie's hotel in Pera. Of course he finds it detestable. Filthy Jews and dirty Greeks, with the shops, or rather stalls, that supply them with their nasty provender, abound. Half way up we pass through the gateway in the wall that separates Galata from Pera ; thence the lane widens a little—not much ; and as we gain the top of the hill, consular residences appear, and you may look through open gates upon terrace flower-gardens. A little further on, and at the corner of a cross street dangles a small sign, "Hotel d'Angleterre Missirie," whereat the hamal stops. M. Missirie, a portly and a pleasant man, comfortable in the consciousness that his is the only inn whereat an Englishman can possibly stop, refers for information on matters of bed-chambers to Mrs. Missirie, an Englishwoman, and an

hat, a thick stick, shaven cheeks, and black moustache. In the course of a short conversation with George, who communicates with Englishmen in the French language, we learn that he has excellent credentials, that he knows every language that mortals speak (*tant bien que mal*), and that he hates the Turks. I inquired in vain for a dragoman who had not the last peculiarity. Every Englishman is handed over to a guide, who makes him listen to Greek lies, takes him to Greek shops, and tries to make him look at every thing with Greek eyes. I am convinced that the Turkish government would advance themselves immensely in European opinion if they would educate a corps of Mussulman dragomans, and make themselves responsible for their honesty, and supply them to travellers at proper prices. Ours, however, is one of the best of his class. I believe him to be honest in money matters, and if you let him have quite his own way he is persevering in obtaining you a proper view of what you want to see—I mean of what he is pleased to shew you.

It was still only ten o'clock when we started for our first day in Constantinople. Of course our first visit was to the Post-office, where the English are allowed to go in and pick out their own letters ; but I would advise no one to be certain that no letters are lying for him, even if he does not find them in the heap of "poste restantes." A bag full of "poste restantes" were sent to Missirie's this morn-

energetic hostess. As to the prices, they hang in the hall. Bed seven francs, breakfast five francs, dinner seven francs, *whether you dine or not!* Every thing else is extra, and on the same scale. Decidedly the Hotel d'Angleterre is not a *cheap* hotel. Moreover, there are no rooms to be had. All Her Majesty's crack regiments have representatives there. I see several gallant fellows here whom I used to see six weeks since sitting upon the rails in Hyde Park, criticising the equipages that passed through the arch, and the horsemen and horsewomen who turned into the ride. They are now lounging on towards Sebastopol; and they talk listlessly of Plantagenet of the Four hundred and fiftieth, and Guelph of the Rotten-Row Rangers. They don't talk much of Sebastopol, or of the war; but there is an evident impression that it is rather a low, disagreeable affair.

At last, after much fighting to avoid being put into the same room, we got a chamber a-piece at a house nearly opposite, kept by some Syra Greeks, and an acute Greek boy is handed over to us for an attendant. For the two rooms, which are comfortable enough, little beds without musquito curtains, a carpet, and an ottoman running the length of the room, we are asked fourteen francs a day, and pay twelve. Now, then, we have a *pied a terre* in Pera.

Back we go to Madame Missirie, and she allots to us a certain "George" as a dragoman. George is a Bulgarian, a short, thick-set man, of very confident and decided bearing, of Frankish dress, a round white

hat, a thick stick, shaven cheeks, and black moustache. In the course of a short conversation with George, who communicates with Englishmen in the French language, we learn that he has excellent credentials, that he knows every language that mortals speak (*tant bien que mal*), and that he hates the Turks. I inquired in vain for a dragoman who had not the last peculiarity. Every Englishman is handed over to a guide, who makes him listen to Greek lies, takes him to Greek shops, and tries to make him look at every thing with Greek eyes. I am convinced that the Turkish government would advance themselves immensely in European opinion if they would educate a corps of Mussulman dragomans, and make themselves responsible for their honesty, and supply them to travellers at proper prices. Ours, however, is one of the best of his class. I believe him to be honest in money matters, and if you let him have quite his own way he is persevering in obtaining you a proper view of what you want to see—I mean of what he is pleased to shew you.

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painted carriages that carry fairies in the illustrations in the books of our childhood, or on foot with their negresses, or in the caiques; and a stranger can judge pretty well, without displaying any impertinent curiosity. Other travellers have said, that "in Turkey women ogle the men." I confess that I am not able to claim any such honour. The "light of the hareem," who rides about guarded by eunuchs and accompanied by female slaves, who allows her beauty to be peeped at through her muslin mask, and who is got up with the best-fitting white Paris gloves, and uses, not undexterously, a fan from Cadiz—she does not ogle you—she certainly does not ogle me. The old matronly she-Turks, who are doing their marketing at the bazaars and elsewhere, will stare at you, and it has happened to me to have a watch-chain gravely examined; but I doubt whether the smartest cornet in Her Majesty's service has nearly so good a chance of a desirable ogle in the Valley of Sweet Waters on a Friday afternoon, as he would have in the gardens of the Tuilleries on a Sunday.

We are lingering on this bridge while our dragoon pays the toll, a matter which requires some arrangement, for you must pay it in Turkish coin; and as Turkish coin is scarce, there are small money-changers near, with their trays of para pieces, to change your English, French, Austrian, or Russian copper coins at a profit. Occasionally a horseman comes along through the crowd; more rarely a carriage full of Turkish women; much more commonly

wooden barrows laden with grapes, or walnuts, or white cakes, which the itinerant merchant offers with indiscriminating toleration alike to the faithful and the infidel.

We shall never get over this bridge. There is a Persian, with his high-peaked cap of soft fur—O how much more graceful than our grenadiers' bear-skin!—and his crimson silk pelisse. There is a Circassian, with his martial bearing, and a costume which is lost among the crowd before I can seize its picturesque details. There is an Albanian, dressed like a highlander in a white kilt. There are all the domestic costumes of Constantinople, from the two hamals who are carrying that huge bale of cotton suspended upon a pole as large as a stunsail-boom, to the grave and hoary pacha in his fez cap and his loose coat, who advances on his horse, surrounded by a little army of officers, and distinguishable from afar by what I should suppose to be a flag furled and cased, if I did not know it to be his bag of pipes. Crowded, and hurried, and bustling as the scene upon this bridge is, we must linger and look, for it is the best spot to see the motley population of Istamboul mixed up together.

At last we are off this bridge. We avoid the arterial causeways where commerce throbs, and turn into the back lanes, not narrower, but quieter, which lie hid between walled gardens of the houses. Constantinople is built upon seven hills. Every step is either up or down hill. We are working towards the Seraglio. We arrive upon a terrace in front of a

large uninteresting building, called by our guide the "Sublime Porte:" that is to say, it is the modern edifice wherein the ministers and the judges hold their courts and councils. We pass on through the old walls of the Seraglio, and emerge in a large space, much more worthy of our idea of the Sublime Porte, in front of the arched fortress gate of the Seraglio. There is a huge plane-tree, so huge that twenty Moslem women are now sitting round its trunk, and all the idlers of the neighbourhood are lounging under its shadow. That plane-tree probably saw the church of St. Helene when it was a Greek church. Now it is the Turkish armoury, is full of guns and swords, and old suits of chain armour, and effigies of chieftains in full array; and the flags of dead Sultans and of disbanded janissary bands hang round its dome, and the golden keys of the mother cities that own the authority of the Sultan are there preserved in the room behind where stood the altar. Below, in the vaults, are stowed casks of gun-flints, the chain which was hung across the Dardanelles when Admiral Duckworth tried to force it, Circasian arms of ancient date, broken and worthless pieces of statuary, shewing how utterly gone was Grecian taste and Grecian art when the Turks came to Constantinople, and some marble pedestals set up by Greek emperors, whom nobody cares for, to commemorate victories in which no one believes.

Outside this armoury lies, carelessly strewed about, some plunder of a better kind. There are altars and a sarcophagus which shew an earlier age of art.

To-day we walk in the outer courts of the Seraglio, for having attempted to enter into the penetralia, we are told by the Mussulman on guard that a portion of the hareem is within the walls: "But," said the submissive Moslem, "if you will enter by force I shall not resist you." We betook ourselves to the plantation under the thick walls; pondered a little over a heap of marble broken into small pieces, the debris of some old portion of the edifice which had been removed for some new erection; took a general survey of the ground-plan of the palace; and then marched off for St. Sophia.

The mosque of St. Sophia is the type of Mahometan conquest, but it is certainly neither the largest nor the finest mosque in Constantinople. The exterior of it is heavy. The buttresses and surrounding walls rise too high, and the whole is of an unpleasant yellow colour. There are faint traces that the chief dome has been gilded, but it is only by carefully looking for these traces that they can be found.

As we approached the entrance, George instructed us that we should have a set of *vraie canaille* to deal with. "Offer them," he said, "a twenty-piastre note. They will refuse it, as they would at first refuse a hundred piastres; but walk away, and they will call you back."

All happened just as he said. A hunchback Turk, in full Turkish tenue, and two assistant muezzins, stopped us at the entrance. The twenty-piastre note (about 3s.) was offered, refused, and taken. The three worst specimens of Turks I have ever yet seen

then unlocked a side door, and led us up a passage in the thick walls to the gallery, whence we could see the inside of the mosque. The interior of this famous building is worthy of its celebrity. Its internal space is unbroken. The large dome and the cluster of little domes which we see outside are but the shell of what we see within. The little domes are the roofs of chapels, divided from the main area only by marble pillars, which are the spoils of defenceless civilization. Ephesus and Athens, Tadmor and the Isles of Ionia, have yielded up their richest marbles and their sculptured fountains, to aid the simple magnificence of this great mosque.

When we entered the gallery there were about a hundred Moslem below at their prayers. A low, monotonous chaunt sounded through the building, and, upon a rude platform, a doctor of Mahometan divinity was expounding the Korán to his disciples. Of the worshippers, some were bowing themselves to the earth, not towards where the high altar once stood, but towards the point where Mecca stands; others were kneeling or sitting and reading the Korán in a full but not unmusical tone. All the congregation were literally turned aside from the old faith. The matting which covers the pavement was all askew. Every thing is directed towards a point in the church which the architect never intended to be any prominent part at all. True, the mosque has very little furniture : it is a simple interior, beautiful from its proportions, and rich from the materials of its columns and its fountains ; but still there is

enough to shew that the point of worship is not where the architect intended it to be. Four huge shields, bearing, in gigantic Arabic letters, quotations from the Korán, supply the place of some demolished Christian ornament; and the blots are still plain where the heads of cherubim have been erased, and stars have been substituted, leaving the painted wings still upon the walls.

As I looked upon this scene, and thought of many things, and strove to graven on my memory what was passing before me, our three Mahometan vergers insisted upon drawing my attention to some bits of St. Sophia mosaic which they had to sell. At first I refused to become a party to any such sacrilege, but the dragoman shewed me that some of the mosaic work of the ceiling was constantly falling, and the bits of glass and stone were lawfully picked up and appropriated as memorials. Such a bargain then commenced! If the atoms had been diamonds they could not have been priced higher than these beadles were inclined to price them. They came down and they went back again upon their bargain; they tried to cheat us in reckoning the money; they continually clamoured for more, even after the transaction had been finished and the money and mosaics exchanged; and we saw them afterwards quarrelling about the division of the spoil. I think they were the three most unredeemed rascals in all Constantinople. It was clear that we might have had a handful of these things for any thing we

chose to give, for they were evidently very plentiful and quite useless ; but the question with them was how much we would give. I met some Englishmen later in the day who had paid a shilling a piece for these bits of glass and stone : we gave a penny a piece, and their value is about a penny a quart. If I might generalize from a single instance, I should note that the guardians of large churches are not favourable specimens of the population of a country. However, I don't quarrel with the hunchback of St. Sophia for asking ten pounds a piece for these things if the English will give it : what I mark in him is the only exception I have seen to that character for faithful adherence to a bargain when made, which, so far as I have observed, the Turks justly enjoy.

We afterwards went below, taking off our shoes at the entrance, and carrying them in our hands ; but I am afraid our intrusion caused disquietude to some of the faithful. An old she-Turk, with her face well bandaged, was much shocked, and came up to us muttering, as our guide temperately interpreted, bad wishes about our mothers. A few judiciously-disposed piastres, however, effected a considerable diversion in our favour, and we left the mosque without any serious demonstration of disgust at our infidel intrusion. If St. Paul's were stripped of its chancel, and delivered over to the Quakers for a meeting-house, it would (apart, of course, from architecture) appear very like what I saw at St. Sophia.

When we left the great mosque, which has been the type and model of all Moslem and Moorish architecture, George seemed tired. He proposed lemonade and the bazaars.

The bazaars are a tempting theme for a traveller. I had read a hundred accounts of them, yet they were as fresh to me as if I had never heard that such things are. But, alas! so they would be to you, indulgent reader, if I were to expend a chapter upon them, and you were to read it. You cannot seize the idea of that interminable labyrinth of arcades, lined with booths. The *passages* of Paris and the arcades of London are not things of the same *genre*. The light comes soberly in from slanting orifices in the roof, and the floors are ill paved, and the booths, on whose low shop-board the grave Turk sits and smokes, and the keen Greek moves and chatters, are not neatly built; but the many-costumed crowd that ebbs and flows, the profusion of silks or muslins or jewellery or arms that hangs about, the violent gesticulations of the buyers and sellers, and the artisans at work in the open booths, give a character to the scene which cannot be imitated in the west, and which words will not enable the Frankish imagination to realize.

I returned often to the bazaars, and bought little matters, such as attar of roses, Broussa silk pocket-handkerchiefs, worked muslins, which no English lady has yet been able to tell me the use of, pipes and amber mouthpieces, perfumed soap and pomade,

of which I would fain have bought much more, for the Turkish scents are the most delicate in the whole world, slippers with upturned toes, and little shawl-bags, and many such like absolute necessities. I always found, however, that I got things much cheaper when I went alone, than when I went with George. George always took me to Greek booths: I always went to Turks. I generally offered about one third of the sum asked, and never found one half of the fixed price resolutely refused.

George was now evidently of opinion that his day's work was done, and we came back to Missirie's rather before dinner-time.

Why will not the Turk condescend to have a hotel in Stamboul? If I go to their capital again I will carry with me a rug and a pipe, and take up my quarters in a khan. You might just as well be at Paris as at Pera. The table d'hôte at the Hôtel d'Angleterre consisted of a French dinner and fifty English officers. The Turkish Contingent is in enormous force, and no body of troops ever wore newer or finer uniforms. The battered invalids who are returning to Europe minus an arm or a leg, and wearing uniforms whose red is faded to a dirty brick-colour, look with astonishment at these beautiful dark-coloured frocks, with their braidings, and their frogs, and their occasional gold-lace cuffs and facings. At first they take them for staff-officers; then, awakening from this mistake, they calculate the amount of their pay, which is said to be some-

thing fabulous—and seeing that one cannot live at Missirie's comfortably under thirty shillings a day, it ought to be so ; then they whisper rumours that the privates of this gaily-officered force are deserting at the rate of a hundred a day, and strive to count the time they have been lounging idle at Constantinople. At last, it seems, the Contingent is ordered upon service; but if the chit-chat of Pera be to be relied upon, the officers are obliged to entice the men on board ship by cunning pretences, for they are said to have declared, that if it once gets wind that they are off for Kertch, the fellows will desert to a man. They attribute this to the Sultan having made over to them a number of militiamen whose proper time is expired, and who think they have a right to go home. Great difficulties no doubt exist, and a great deal of money is of course wasted, but both officers and men, when they get into the field, will fight well enough.

Many of our companions at this table d'hote were soldiers in high command, and some of them said very remarkable things about men and measures: but although a public dinner-table at an inn is protected by none of the sanctity of private society, yet I dare say Major-Generals Brown, Jones, and Robinson did not intend their observations to be printed in large pica, and I draw my pen through this portion of my notes.

As to the dinner, it was a second-rate French dinner: there was nothing on the table to distinguish

it from a table d'hôte at Meurice's, except some execrable Greek wine, tasting very much like slightly diluted ink, and produced in order to constrain people to drink expensive French wines, or English beer at three francs the bottle.

I believe there was an Italian concert in the evening; but instead thereof, we adjourned to the Café des Fleurs, a large pavilion in the midst of a garden, crowded with English and Russian officers, and French officers and privates. There is an orchestra, and plenty of music, both vocal and instrumental, and at least a thousand persons are consuming coffee, ices, lemonade, beer, punch, and all the other luxuries of a French café. Of course the French were all playing picquet and dominos.

One very characteristic group was a little circle of Greek men and women, who were sitting round a stolid-looking Russian prisoner—not an officer. They were treating him to brandy and water, and listening with absorbed interest to the recital of his adventures. The women, who were handsome and well dressed, were specially lavish of their sympathy. It was evidently an impudent public demonstration. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of both French and English towards the Russian prisoners; but many a Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and said scornful things of the Greeks. A zouave, after toiséing the party for some time, muttered, “ Chiens des Indes ! ” and walked away. Prince Metternich would probably call this an *ungeographical* expression.

The Russian officers seemed to me to fraternize rather with the English than the French. Some of them were very young, and all of them looked like gentlemen, and manifested a most lordly contempt for the Perioté Greeks, and their manifestations of sympathy.

6th—This morning I went across to Constantinople, and, following my nose up the crowded street that leads from the first bridge over the Golden Horn, succeeded in finding the baths of Achmet Pasha, an establishment somewhat, in size and architecture, resembling the Panopticon in Leicester Square.

Every man who goes to Constantinople, and publishes his experience, thinks it necessary to bathe through a whole chapter of his book. I confess I do not think the operation deserving of so serious a description. A Turkish bath is a vapour-bath with certain very disagreeable accompaniments. In the full dress of a pair of wooden clogs and a short petticoat, you are taken into one marble-floored, dome-roofed apartment with a suffocating atmosphere, and thence into another still more suffocating. Upon the floor of the second you lie down, and are rubbed, and kneaded, and pulled out, and doubled up, by a little grinning urchin in equally sparse habiliments, who exerts himself to be facetious, and shouts "bakshish" in your ear. Then you are taken into a small, round, marble-walled alcove, where there are cocks of hot and cold water, and

you are soaped all over, and left to wash off the suds. After that, you escape to the gallery of the principal dome, where you are swathed in towels, and put upon a sort of truckle bed, on which you recline, and smoke a pipe and drink sherbet or coffee until you are sufficiently recovered to walk home. I found four English officers in the alcove wherein I was placed ; and after a hearty laugh at our most ridiculous position, we all agreed that a Turkish bath was a thing only to be done once ; that it was an exhausting, weakening operation ; and that the manipulations were decidedly disgusting. One of the Greek generals—at this distance from books I cannot say which—ordered his Persian prisoners to be exposed for sale naked, that his soldiers, seeing the sinewless and effeminate limbs of their enemies, might learn to despise them. A repetition of these baths would certainly have the effect which—I think, Xenophon—describes. They could only be tolerable to a people ignorant of the virtues of cold water and rough towels.

The rest of the day was spent in the Seraglio, whither we were accompanied by a Turkish soldier. We sat under the jewelled canopy of the throne of the Palæologi, wandered up and down the marble courts, sheltered ourselves from the sun under the curious arches of the Byzantine colonnades, and paused upon the scenes of a hundred domestic tragedies which go to make up Turkish history. Then we came down into the Hippodrome, and having

minutely examined the columns, talked over the ancient history of the place, and tried to realize the modern massacre of which it was the scene, returned to Missirie's and dined.

We are only now passing through Constantinople. On my return I shall stay here for some days, and leisurely examine this curiously picturesque, and, to western eyes, entirely original city.

After paying the bill at the Hotel d'Angleterre, we returned to our bunks on board the Lindsay. A hyperbolical and sarcastic Englishman observed, that he could not think why people grumble at the charges at Missirie's; for "if you do not commit any extravagances, such as taking cream with your tea, you can live there very comfortably for five pounds a-day."

7th—Before daylight we were up, and hopeful of a fine passage through the Black Sea. We had reckoned, however, without our crew. At the last moment a mutiny declared itself on board. Three of the men shipped at Constantinople, in place of those who had fallen sick or had deserted, did not come on board, and six of the remainder came aft, and refused to heave the anchor. The captain talked to them in vain: they all went below. Mr. M'Culloch refused to employ his stokers to assist at the capstan. However, we managed to get the anchor up, and steamed away against the current. The wind was favourable, and, but for this small mutiny, we should have made a fine passage up the

Bosphorus. As it was, we went slowly, and had plenty of time to admire the scenery.

The Bosphorus is not very unlike the Menai Strait, if we imagine that strait to be covered with a continuous line of wooden palaces fringing the shore on either side, sometimes advancing upon piles into the water, and sometimes backed by villages which extend inwards up the green valleys. Some of them have their historic interest, or their modern scandal. There is the palace, all closely shut with latticed windows, where, we are told, a sister of the late Sultan enacted the part of Marguerite of Navarre in the Tour de Nesle. Yonder arch, something like a miniature copy of Traitors' Gate at the Tower of London, allows the Bosphorus to enter beneath the palace. The head of a caique now peeps from it, and it performs the modest office of a boat-house. But tradition tells, with gaping awe, that above this water-way exists an oubliette, through which a constant succession of exulting Greek lovers passed from the arms of the princess into the strait. The Mahometan lovers, so the scandalous chronicle of Pera asserts, were dismissed with gold and presents, for the story they could reveal involved no capital crime against the laws of Islam. All this was told me by one Greek, and confirmed by another, who added that the Turkish ladies especially affected the Greeks; and that if the English and French armies were withdrawn, the Greeks would probably be put to death, but, at any rate, every Greek child would

be taken away, and brought up as a Muscovite. English travellers come back completely saturated with these ridiculous Greek lies. As we look back with a half credulous interest upon this common-place wooden house, we pass a spot renowned in the annals of superstition. In that cemetery Stylites had his column built, and pious Greeks assert that it still remains entire ! Another column, nearly opposite, but not visible from the water, commemorates the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which Mr. Urquhart is so proud of having concluded. I may possibly be wrong in this, never having paid much attention to that gentleman's harangues, but I assume that to be their general purport. Here, where the strait contracts, and the current of the " Devil " sweeps strong, we pass the two castles of the early Mussulmans, Anadoli Hisari, built by Bajazet Yilderim, on the Asian shore, and Roum ili Hisar, which Mahomet the Second built preparatory to the seige of Constantinople, and which was the pretext for the war. They are ruins now, and peaceful, flat-roofed houses have their site within the mouldering walls. Again the strait widens, and Beicos Bay, where Dundas so long lay, seems to be as safe a spot as prudent admiral could wish to moor his fleet in. On the Asian side is the palace of the Pacha of Egypt, very like the grand stand upon an English race-course, and opposite is Therapia, the residence of our minister, and the fashionable country-quarters of all Constantinopolitan officials. What is more to our cap-

tain's purpose, there lies Admiral Grey's flag-ship. We cast anchor, and strong application is made to the man-of-war on the subject of our little mutiny. It is happily settled by the intervention of a *Deus ex machinâ* in the shape of a lieutenant, who addresses the mutineers, and induces them to return to their duty. We get under weigh again, and a caique, rowed by eight men, and with the English white ensign flying, passes close by us. It is Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and certain of his suite, remarkable among this fantastic eastern scene by their round Frank hats and strictly Britannic costume. We pass through the fleet, and, as we timorous passengers are fallaciously disposed to think,

“——— nimium premendo
Littus iniquum,

steam close by the Turkish batteries. The ensigns of the cross and crescent courteously dipping to each other, we emerge into the broad mouth of the strait, between the hills whereon ancient mariners reared their altars and sacrificed to the gods for safety through the perils to come, or in gratitude for perils past. A large ruin of the ancient Mahometan castle, with extensive surrounding walls, crowns the Asian hill, and is the last prominent object upon the narrow waters of this beautiful strait. As the mouth opens to the sea, more batteries appear upon the hill-sides, and lighthouses top the points which mark the entrance—no unnecessary warning against those jagged rocks which rise like some monster of prey

from the deep. Many a tale could they tell of shattered galleys and drowning pagans ; though if these be the *Κυανέας Συμπληγάδας* which the "Argo" flew past, they have much changed their colour since the days of Medea, or at any rate since those of Euripides. I believe, however, that *κυάνεος* sometimes means "of a dark ferruginous colour," and, if so, the description is still correct.

While the lighthouses were yet in sight we fell in with "the Golden Fleece," not the "Golden Fleece" which Captain Jason, commander, went in search of, but a steam transport, whom some classical Lord of the Admiralty, or merchant-owner, christened by this name before he sent her into these waters. We hailed her—

"What news from Sebastopol?"

"When we left yesterday the bombardment was going on."

Speed on, good ship. Get over your sulks, Mr. M'Culloch, and increase your present power, which, I am sorry to say, is only three and a half pounds per square inch. Mr. M'Culloch and the captain are rather at variance, because Mr. M'Culloch and his stokers refused to help heave the anchor this morning, and thus gave their moral aid to the mutinous seamen. For hours we are like a log upon the water. The "Caledonia" comes up and passes us as if we had been at anchor. It is not till night that we get up our proper pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

8th—I have heard of sailors presenting to their friends bottles of red and black ink as specimens of the waters of the Red and Black Seas; but I certainly do see, or fancy I can see, great difference between the colour of the water here and that of other seas. It has not the deep blue of the Bay of Biscay, and, when the least haze hovers over it, it looks like water slightly charged with Indian ink. In full sunshine, however, there is the same round, green, circular plain, in which we seem to be continually moving without changing our position, and the same concave semi-globe of light-blue firmament above our heads, much as in other seas out of sight of land. It is cold in the morning, and very cold at night, but I do not feel the moist dews of the Mediterranean; and, when the sun has gained its full power, the day is hot even to inconvenience. At ten o'clock a little paddle-wheel express steamer meets us, working away her thirteen knots an hour. She hoists signal-flags; but as the captain and first officer are engaged in the cabin, and I have not the signal-book, she has gone far away before we can read them. We just make out "Sebastopol;" but the smoke and the haze prevent our reading the next word. Is it "burning," or "taken?" Of course we speculate largely upon this theme.

It was only of the fire of the French and the burning of the two-decker in the harbour that our little fast friend speaks. She knows nothing of the assault which has made the 8th of September a

memorable day. That assault had not been delivered when we saw her signals. It blows hard, and we knock off the steam, with its detestable vibration, and dance away under canvas. I put my head out of the stern ports of the cabin, and gaze half the night upon the big waves following up the ship, and breaking in phosphoric brilliancy under her stern ports.

9th—Oh, this bitter Black Sea! The gale has seemed a hurricane. Our gallant bark is much disquieted. She rolls, she pitches, she slides down great depths of liquid green, pokes her nose into the foam, rises from a mass of waters that seem impossible to surmount, and dashes over it, or through it, in a world of foam. We are wet through, and we feel much qualmish. We go below, and find the foul-weather trays all rigged upon the cabin-table; and while we hold on by the mahogany, and clutch desperately at the eggs and toast, the word sounds aloft, "Land on the starboard bow." It can be nought but Sebastopol; and in a moment we are on deck, clinging to every piece of hemp that offers. The distant coast gradually becomes distinct, and in about an hour this Taurican Chersonese lies stretched in indistinct panorama before us.

How little the greatest events of history must have appeared at some short distance. We suspected, from the signals of all the boats we had met, that the fate of Sebastopol must then be passing before our eyes. Yet how apparently unimportant was the scene! There was a line of

cliffs extending away to the left, and lessening in height until it reached a point on which a round white lighthouse rose. We knew that this lighthouse marked the Bay of Kamiesh, and that the lofty spars that rose over the low spit of land must be the French fleet, of ships of war and transports. Further away over the lighthouse point was another large fleet, which we had no difficulty in identifying as the English squadron, lying off the harbour of Sebastopol. Sebastopol was not visible, nor did, or perhaps could, any sound of guns reach us against the wind. But just inland from the fleet, and extending over the spot where the chart told us that the city lay, dense clouds of white smoke came from the earth, and swept away before the gale. There was nothing very striking in the scene. Every thing was diminished and flattened by the far perspective: a lighthouse, a deep bay crowded with ships, more ships at sea, and a great deal of smoke inland, were all the features of the panorama. Yet off in that smoke flew the power of the Russ. Every puff of white vapour which the wind caught and bore away was a steamer exploded, or a magazine destroyed. So far, however, as the eye could estimate the scene, the dry heather on a hill-side, set on fire by a peasant's pipe, would have produced at least as great an effect.

This was what we saw upon the left. To the right the view was very different. Just in a line with the bows of the vessel the character of the coast seemed

to change. From cliffs of ordinary altitude the shore rose to bluff promontories, and towering precipices, and high cloud-covered mountains. It was as if the coast of the Scotch highlands had been added on to the coast line of Dover. Let us imagine that at the point of junction a little bay intervenes, and that at the bottom of the bay there stands a ruined tower upon a conical hill. This tower is not seen without looking for, because there is a much higher hill behind it, which forms a grey background, and renders it difficult to be distinguished in the mass. Keep the glass steadily upon the spot, and you will see it, even although the day is fading. Behind that tower is Balaklava harbour. Yet at this distance you would stake any possessed thing that there can be no inlet through that apparently continuous rampart of rocks.

So mysteriously is this harbour nestled there, that we could see nothing of the little inland ditch that gave refuge to our fleet of transports, and to the steamers of war that protected this our basis of operations. Forming the right shores of the bay spring up the highland precipices. The bay itself is deep and dangerous; fifty and sixty fathoms deep, iron bound, and bad anchorage. It was in this spot the great hurricane wrecked our ships. It was here that the poor "Prince" and her sister transports lay: hence that the captain wrote his report that his ship was unsafe, and received an answer to obey his orders: here that he was last seen standing calm and collected

upon the forecastle, and directing the lowering of the boats. It was there the gallant ship struck and was dashed to pieces, as well she might have been, against that precipitous rock.

We went in near enough to see all this; but a gale of wind blew on the shore, and the captain, who knew better than we did the dangers of a lee shore, hauled round the ship and stood out to sea.

Forty miles off did we steer away into the short breaking, abominable Black Sea, which, for the first time for many a year, gave me an actual and practical sensation of sea-sickness. Gradually the glare and the smoke of Sebastopol faded away in distance, and I betook myself to unquiet slumbers.

10th—This morning we steamed back again through a full gale of wind, and at about two o'clock we saw again the cliffs on the left and the rough precipitous rocks upon the right. "*Est in secessu longo locus.*" The conical hill, with its ruined tower, became again visible against the background of the high rocky mountain. As we grew nearer there were tall spars distinguishable, hugging the shore; but it was long, very long, before we discovered the little passage in between the receding rocks which leads to the haven for which we were bound. How any mariner first discovered Balaklava harbour is a matter of vast wonder. There is nothing to give a suspicion of it at two miles distance. Aided by his charts, however, our captain stood into the little insecure bay, and, defying all signals from the ruined

fort, jammed the good ship through a rock-bounded passage (marked "Powell Point" on our side, and "Castle Point" on the other, in white paint), which is about as wide as the passage to the London Docks, and forced her into a haven about as wide as the docks themselves. Here we found ourselves in the midst of a great fleet of men-of-war and transports, about three abreast on each side of the harbour, and with a narrow channel about the width of a canal between them; but the water pure and blue, and deep to the edges. Harbour-masters came off and expostulated. We ought, it seems, to have remained at sea in the gale until we were allowed to come in. However, we had come in, and that being so, it was necessary to find us a berth.

While the captain and his crew are laboriously insinuating the ship into her appointed berth, we have an opportunity of seeing the whole of this celebrated harbour. Yes, here we are, in the little deep sea-water ditch which will henceforth be familiar to mankind as having harboured the supply vessels of England during the famous siege of Sebastopol.

CHAPTER V.

BALAKLAVA TO THE CAMP.

THE entrance to Balaklava harbour is two cables length, or four hundred yards, broad. The harbour itself extends inland about a mile, and is, as I have already said, full of ships. On the right shore are tents, and mud huts, and wooden-huts, and a half-finished trumpery Greek church, with a green cupola; and the old tower, upon nearer inspection, expands into an extensive fortification, whose mouldering walls and ruined bastions cover the sides and base of the hill on which it stands. The good ship being now well secured, we hail a Maltese boatman—for these omnipresent Maltese have monopolized the trade of boatman at Balaklava, as elsewhere—and we go ashore; that is to say, we are deposited at the “Ordnance Wharf,” and find ourselves in front of a sentry, and surrounded by shot and cannon and cases of Enfield rifles, and broken anchors, and old chain-cables, and knocking our shins improvidently against the sleepers and rails of a railway. We walk up into the town to make arrangements for the camp to-morrow, and to make our observations as we pass. This railway seems to run about “promiscuously.” It appears to

have neither terminus, nor direction, nor very much traffic, and looks like an unfinished tramway in any of the coal districts of England. There are the most high-sounding titles upon the most uninviting edifices. A mud-hut with sparse whitewash is inscribed "Commandant-in-Chief." The "Ordnance" department is like a toll-collector's residence which Rebecca has visited. The "Post-office" is a wooden shed of that exact order of architecture which we used (alas ! how many, many years ago) to draw upon our slates at school. The bakery looks like a cellar in St. Giles's. The "Coldstream Guards," the "Artillery stores," the "Engineer's stores," and so of all the other departments of the army, are wooden huts, where all sorts of things are piled, and where, I suppose, somebody sometimes takes care of them.

There is a long street in Balaklava, but the Police-office and the Post-office are the principal objects of interest in it. The Government offices and stores are all pell-mell by the water-side, and great is the difficulty in searching among sawing-machines and rum-stores for military knights and commissariat magnates. I must say, however, that considering all that we have heard of Balaklava, of its confusion, its filth, and its wonderful chaos, I was most agreeably surprised at the change that must have taken place. Constant patrols of police-boats keep the harbour clear of every pollution, and you can see the fish swimming six fathom down. The harbour-masters seem to be ubiquitous ; and I must add, as

the result of my after experience, that I have found every official person whom I have called upon (with the unimportant exception of an illmannered boy in the Commissariat office) perfectly accessible, and ready to grant me at once every facility to which I was fairly entitled. When we recollect the enormous amount of shipping in this little hole, and the work that must be created by their constant incomings and outgoings, and loadings and unloadings, it seems to me wonderful that matters are managed so well. Of course I cannot pretend to say who is responsible for the various duties; but every one of the sick officers whom I met returning to Scutari, upon short leave of absence, to recruit their health, was loud in his praises of Captain Heath, of the "Triton," for the kindly zeal with which he forwarded their departure.

I think I was more struck by the costumes of Balaklava than by its edifices. There was the British navvy on his railway; the Tatar with his fur cap and his bare legs, seated in his empty open cart, made of sticks and drawn by two oxen; the Croats working on a broken-stone road; the mounted Tatar in his hooded cloak, leading long strings of mules, laden or unladen, up to the camp: add to these, soldiers of every nation, except only the Russ, turbans and fez caps, shakos, bearskins, Sardinian rifle-caps with their feather cockades, loose-breeched Turks, and breechless Scotchmen: mix all these up together, add cannons, with huge piles of shot, placed

in commanding situations, and huts scattered up the surrounding hills ;—such is Balaklava.

As we walk, we meet a captain of a merchantman, who tells us the news : how the Malakoff was taken by the French ; how the Redan was not taken by the English ; how certain English regiments behaved badly ; but, in fine, how Sebastopol is ours, and the great event of the war decided. Sebastopol then is open !

We ask to be directed to the “Inn,” and beg our salt-water friend to inform us what pass is necessary for the camp ; whether we can get a tent and horses at “the Inn,” and at what times the trains start. If we had asked our friend when the next balloon started for the moon, and what were the distances of the castles in the air at which it stops to take in gas, he could not have been more surprised than he was at our simple questions.

“Inn—tent—horses—train,” he said with a hearty laugh : “there are no such things to be had here. There are grog-shops enough at Kadikoi, and the hills are covered with tents, and there’s a string of five hundred horses going to water, and yonder goes a train of waggons along the rail, and perhaps they’ll be nine hours before they reach the camp : but as to hiring a bed, or a tent, or a horse, or getting a ride on the rail, you might as well attempt to hire the ‘Leander’ there at so much a day, or to engage General Simpson as a guide.”

“What on earth are we to do then ? How are we to get to the camp ?”

"Walk, if you are strong enough to walk there and back again to your ship before nightfall. If not, then do as three Manchester T. G.'s (for they call all the tourists T. G.'s, or 'Travelling Gents,' at the camp) did about ten days ago."

"What did they do?"

"I met them on board the 'Fire Fly.' They arrived at Kamiesh, where there is a sort of inn, and where there's a good restaurant; but they could not speak a word of French, and the French being stricter than we are about letting people up to the camp, they managed to hire an araba, and came across to Balaklava. Here they couldn't find a roof to cover them, knew nobody, and slept one night among the Commissariat stores. The next day they took berths on board the 'Fire-Fly,' in order to have some place of refuge, and started for England the day after, without having been up to the camp at all."

"That's not very promising; but such will not be our case. We'll walk up to the camp to-morrow, and make out some of our friends there."

"You might as well stop the first man you meet in Oxford Street, and ask him where Mr. Smith lives in London."

"What do you advise?"

"Write letters to any friends you have in the camp, and ask them to send you horses. Then seek about till you find a man of their regiment who is going back to camp to-night. There is hardly a regiment without a man sent down upon some

foraging errand. Give him five shillings to deliver the letter. If your friend wants to see you, you will have horses here by to-morrow morning."

We follow this advice, and we read with much fear and trembling the notice at the Police-office that no person is allowed to go into the city of Sebastopol. But as we read we are accosted by a familiar voice. All our doubts are dispelled: our lines are fallen in pleasant places. We answer questions of home, and make plans for the morrow. Then we return on board to our faithful bunks, and hear every ship in the harbour vindicate its independence by striking eight bells at its own particular time.

11th—At daybreak this morning we turned out, and obtained from the captain the loan of one of the boats; for, under the influence of yesterday's sunshine, we had agreed to have a swim in the Black Sea. It was bitterly, and, I believe, frostily cold. However, we rowed out into the harbour, and took our plunge in fifty fathoms, under the shadow of the old Genoese fortress which fired upon Lord Raglan. I got my mouth full of water in missing my spring into the boat again, and I can very confidently assert that the Black Sea is a half-and-half brackish, unsatisfactory sort of sea-water. It was a shivering operation dressing in that open boat, and the Tatar fishermen looked on with undisguised astonishment, wondering, perchance, what new sect of religionists had come among them, obliged to endure so horrible a penance.

At eight we land at the "Ordnance Wharf," and are met by an orderly with a couple of horses. We mount, and start for the camp.

We pass through the thriving village of Balaklava, and, taking the road round the head of the harbour, arrive in about a mile and a half to the village of Kadikoi, or, as it is more generally called, Donnybrook Fair. It is very like a set of stands on an English race-course, except that there is no canvas, and the wooden booths are all in a heap. Here every thing is for sale. Pickles and preserves, salad oil and bottled beer, are exhibited in the windows, and within you find bad cigars and indifferent wine, with every possible thing that a hermetically-sealed tin will profess to preserve. Bottled beer seems to be the staple commodity, and that is sold at eighteen pence the bottle. The ships, however, sell it for twelve shillings the dozen.

We pass Kadikoi, and follow the road which winds up the hill. The plain of Balaklava now lies below us upon our right: its extent is broken by intervening hills, and we must delay our inspection of it. Let us on up the acclivity. It leads to the plateau, the high, undulating table-land, much higher than Sebastopol, and communicating with it by ravines running down from it to the city. Upon that plateau our army is encamped. True, the country through which we are passing seems almost a continuous canvas town. All the hills and hillocks in Balaklava plain are covered with tents. Perched among the crags above Balaklava are the tents of the

marines ; to our right and left, as we cross this broad flat valley, are encampments of our cavalry. At the distant corner of the plain, near where those white precipices rise, Sir Colin Campbell and his highlanders are posted, with some Turks on his right, and the Sardinians (gathered round the base of an isolated conical hill) upon his left. But all this is not the besieging army. Those white precipices are the highlands of the Crimea, where the Russians yet have their haunts, and whence they make their onslaughts. Those are the heights of the Tchernaya, and all this array of camps and batteries is but to protect the position, and to prevent Balaklava being taken, and the basis of our operations cut off. The besieging army lies up above there upon what appears from here to be a mountain, but which will be but a plain when we have ascended to it.

We mount but slowly, for the hill is steep, and troops of cavalry horses are coming down to water, and long trains of laden mules are descending, led by the land-transport corps. Camels and dromedaries also march down with flat, steady tread, and the horses fidget at their sight, and pass them uneasily. We mount but slowly ; but at last we seem to have conquered the steepness of the ascent, for we come upon an open moor, where little is at first to be seen but a white cottage with a low projecting slate roof—a cottage of some pretension to comfort. Jones, who keeps the Chandler's-shop in James Street or Davies Street, Oxford Street, would, I dare say,

give fifty pounds a year for it if located upon Brixton Hill. This is head-quarters. This is where Lord Raglan lived and died. We spur up to the house, for it is necessary to have the adjutant-general's pass to enter Sebastopol.

The office, however, is not at the cottage. About fifty paces distant is a wooden shed, and that wooden shed, being I should have thought but imperfectly protected from the weather, is full of pigeon-holes, and these pigeon-holes are all full of papers, which are folded and docketed with clerkly care. It has been said that many of the Russian armies only exist upon paper. Vox remarked, that if our armies could only live upon paper, what capital rations might have been served out to them all the winter from these stores.

However, the gentlemen who were writing away at this early hour were, I dare say, employed upon very necessary duties. They were certainly very civil to us, and gave us the required pass without delay or difficulty; explaining, moreover, that Sebastopol had been divided into two parts, one held by the French, and the other by the English, and that the English pass was good only for the English side. We accordingly trotted off over the stony moor towards a large encampment on a rising ground to the left, where a telegraph appeared, and where General Pelissier had his head-quarters. We had some talk with several soldiers of the *garde* as we rode through, but found that the French adjutant's office would not be open for an hour. From this point we could

just see a small portion of Sebastopol and a good deal of sea. Upon the hills near the French camp several hundred cattle were cropping the scanty herbage, and the ravine downwards towards the city was thickly strewn with carcasses of beasts. My guide informed me that these were all spoils to the French: they had been taken in the late attack. We now directed our course toward the English camp, and as we crossed down and up the deep, rugged, stony ravine which separates the French from the English left attack, I confess that I thought the continuity of my horse's knees and of my own neck in very considerable danger. As we passed within sight of the white cottage we foregathered with a horseman, whose long beard testified that he had been out through the winter. He was a non-commissioned officer returning from Balaklava, where he had been obtaining some creature-comforts, and he told me several anecdotes of Lord Raglan.

I asked him if he was much liked and regretted by the men.

"He was a good man, Sir; and when he met an officer he would always speak to him, and sometimes ride alongside of him and ask him questions; and, for that matter, he'd speak kind to the men. But then, Lord, the men, not one in a hundred, ever saw him, or he them. A man, Sir, to command an army, ought to be able to tire all his aids-de-camp down, as the old Duke used to do when he was in the field. Poor Lord Raglan, Sir, couldn't do it; he hadn't

strength for it ; and I think, Sir, he hadn't head for it. We did hear in the camp, that at Inkermann he didn't know how far our trenches went, and asked an officer with him whether the batteries in front didn't do a deal of damage in our trenches ; whereas the batteries were our own batteries, and had been pushed further on than the paper he had in his hand told him of. I don't know whether it's true, but that's what we used to hear. We all knew he couldn't help it, and we didn't blame him ; but he got an answer once that he didn't like, and a man told me who was there."

"What was that?"

"Why, Lord Raglan was going through the trenches on an afternoon, and his way was stopped by a man lying asleep, doubled up right in the narrow part of the zigzag. One of the officers kicked the man to get out of the way, but he didn't move ; and Lord Raglan coming up, said, 'Get up, man ; get up, man.' 'I ain't a man at all,' said the poor fellow, not budging a bit. 'Not a man ? what d'ye mean ? what are you then ?' his lordship asked. 'I ain't a man at all. I was a man once, but now I'm only a b—— broken-down commissariat mule.' This was when we used to carry shot and shell up to the front, and half the men dropped down by the way. I've been upon a fatigue party when we brought up five men out of twenty-four we took down. His lordship, I'm told, passed by the man as well as he could, and asked him no more questions."

“And your present Commander ? I am a civilian, as you see, and am ignorant of these things.”

“ Well, Sir, he’s a very good man ; but we don’t see a great deal of him either. People say we are not a military nation like the French, and can’t expect to have the same military science. I can’t tell about that ; but I know that the men will follow anywhere where some of their officers, such as Sir Colin Campbell or General Eyre, will lead them ; but they don’t feel any confidence that orders from head-quarters always give them a good chance of success. The eighteenth of June was much talked of in camp, and if the men had been well sorted and properly sent up, the French would not have to crow over us for being beaten out of the Redan the other day. Pelissier, Sir, when he means a thing, does it. He assaulted the Malakoff with fifty thousand of his best soldiers. We attacked the Redan with five thousand, and most of them were either raw recruits, or regiments that had behaved badly twice before. The highlanders, who have done no trench work all the war, and the marines, who are as true as steel, volunteered for the assault, and were refused. The men talk of all this, and it does not give them confidence in head-quarters.”

“ But you are well off now for every thing ? ”

“ Yes, we’ve no complaint to make. The people in England are very kind to us, and we get the best of rations, and want for nothing. Only when any little success does come, the French get every bit of

the plunder : not that we grudge it them, for they've had hard knocks for it, as we have ; but if a poor fellow of an Englishman picks up any thing it's taken away from him, and perhaps he's handed over to the provost-marshal. We've had trouble enough to get into that place, and we think they needn't grudge us the few things the Ruskies have left there. It's hard to see the French carting every bit of moveable off to their camp, and we not allowed to bring away an old helmet or a fur rug."

I repeat this conversation as nearly as I can recollect it, because subsequent talk with the soldiery makes me certain that this is the general feeling of the army. They do their duty without enthusiasm and without confidence, except in their immediate officers. They have great respect for their general, but they have not the faith which makes an army invincible.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAMP AND THE TRENCHES.

ALL the time I was talking to my new acquaintance we were picking our way over the rocks and gulleys, and down the precipitous descent across to the English encampment on the other side of the ravine. It was about ten o'clock when we arrived at a canvas town, extending away to the top of some gently rising ground, where of course our prospect terminated, and we drew rein before the tents of the officers whose guests we were to be.

Into one of these we now entered, narrowly escaping a trip upon the threshold, for we were not prepared for a descent of two feet. The stony soil had been dug out and thrown up in a bank, and round the outside of the bank ran a little drain. It was therefore a round pit with a conical canvas roof, and the whole was surrounded by a little strip of garden, where some attempts had been made to grow radishes, and mustard and cress, and potatoes. The success of this horticultural effort was not very decided; but seven small potatoes and a dozen very little radishes were afterwards extracted from the soil, and produced upon the table.

The inside of the tent had a great air of comfort now that the sun shone. The tent-pole passed through an upright barrel, which, painted white, and a door cut in it, served at once for a table and a cupboard. This "table" was covered with a piece of Berlin wool work, very excellent in its workmanship, and part of the spoil of Sebastopol, bought, I believe, for a couple of shillings from a Zouave. A few books, a cigar-case, a pipe, and a flask, rested upon this spoliated table-cover. A camp-bed and a folding arm-chair, a canteen washing apparatus, with the severe necessities of the toilette laid out upon it, and two portmanteaux, filled up the floor, which was, moreover, decently carpeted with matting. Round the tent-pole hung spurs and whips, the regimental sword, a race-glass, and a revolver, the two last in their several leather cases.

Such was the tent in which we were received by one of the best fellows and coolest officers who ever chatted vivaciously in the trenches while howitzer shells and "whistling dicks," and "pinging" rifle balls combined their musical tones above his head.

"Glad to see you, old fellows—got your pass? Davis, bring water and towel—you must be prepared to rough it, you know—Johnson, take the horses, and rub them down and feed them—How did they carry you? We'll have a bit of lunch, for you must be hungry after your ride; and then we'll go and see the nut we have been so long cracking."

Such, or such like, was our greeting—frank and hearty and soldierlike.

Perhaps we looked a little curious to know how lunch was to be laid out in this tolerably well-filled tent, for our host said—

“Come with me, and I’ll shew you our mess-tent. There are four of us in our mess, and one goes down to Balaklava generally once a-week, and rows about the harbour, and learns what the ships have for sale.”

I must try to describe the “mess-tent.”

It was pitched in the rear of the particular tents of those who had access to it, and was dug, and banked, and drained like the others. The interior, however, was very different. The step down into it was formed of a Russian naval metal-lined powder-case, whereof I saw a great many afterwards in the Redan. The table, which was the chief piece of furniture, was, when I first saw it, covered with a table-cloth; but, upon an after inspection, it bore evident marks of having been constructed out of packing-cases. The contrivances by which the capabilities of the earth-works were utilized would have done honour to an engineer corps. Where the earth ceased and the canvas began there was of course, a flat solid ledge: upon this rested a circumference of open cupboards, produced by the simple contrivance of sticking packing-cases up on end. These were filled with numerous bottles of preserved fruits and vegetables, and tins of preserved

meats and soups : from green peas to rhubarb, from mock-turtle to Irish stew, from Harvey sauce to pickled onions,—all were there : never was an army so rich in portable and preservable luxuries. Down into the rock a wine-cellar had been excavated, and was fenced off with boards, lest people should tumble in and break their legs—and the wine-bottles. Opposite to the cellar a filter had been let into the earth, and gave forth pure water. Two or three camp-stools and a rather rickety form, completed the furniture of the “mess tent.”

Lunch was quickly served. It consisted of an excellent beefsteak and potatoes, and a cold gooseberry tart. The beef was ration-beef; the potatoes were, I believe, bought at the canteen; and there was sauterne and water, soda-water and brandy, bottled-beer, and exceedingly good ration rum. The only thing that caused any disquietude to our hosts—and I mention it only to shew how infinitesimally trivial the deficiencies of the camp store-room were—was, that we had no loaf-sugar, and were compelled to put up with some brown sugar served out as rations.

I may as well dismiss this subject of camp living at once. There was always a good soup from the tins, and a curry from the same source—for preserved meats require a little disguising—and plenty of potted condiments. There was generally a joint, I mean a large lump, of fresh beef or mutton; and if the bread sometimes failed, we had the biscuits

fried in butter, and they made a very good occasional substitute. With the exception, of course, of the potted meats, which nothing but our presence rendered necessary, the soldiers fared just as well; and I saw large lumps of ice on the way to the hospital-huts in the rear of our encampment. If, therefore, we all felt a little precariousness as to health, and a continual tendency to derangement, it must have been from the nature of the climate, and its sudden changes, or from the insensible vapours which come from the lightly buried dead: it certainly could not arise from the diet. The plague of flies had now almost disappeared, but I was told that it was so bad during the summer, that they literally covered the inside of the tents; and if a man's toe protruded from his scanty camp-bed it was most viciously bitten. It added not a little to the disgust of such a visitation, that these tormenting insects were probably generated by human corruption. A particularly cold north wind had, however, in a great measure freed the camp from this pest, but some of the large, hideous, buzzing things still flew about and lighted upon the food.

After discussing the good things put before us, and also the topics I have just touched upon, we mounted our refreshed steeds, and a large party of us started for the immediate scenes of the war. The tent in which we lunched was not quite out of fire, for a man had been killed by a round shot while asleep in his bed about two hundred yards off. But there is a gentle

rise in our immediate front, and nothing of the works is visible from this encampment. Up that gentle rise we now rode, and, passing through a park of artillery, we came upon a point which commanded a portion of the scene of operations.

Before us lay a rugged, stony, barren moor, stretching away three miles, and the view was terminated by a series of small hills of unequal height. On our left lay a ravine, which ran down through this moor, deepening as it advanced, and throwing off branches on either side. Nothing of Sebastopol was yet to be seen.

Those hills, that looked so hideous even in the distance, with their scarped, jagged, stony sides, are the cannon-crowned eminences which have so long defended the city beyond them.

Let us look at the ominous objects upon the plain that intervenes. See how carefully the accustomed horse picks his way among the cannon-balls that strew the ground, and the thick fractions of hollow globular iron which lie about, having, perchance, contributed to that fearful charnel smell that taints the air. Here, in front of us, is a deep trench, picked or blasted in the rock, and the stone thrown up in a bank on the opposite side. There is a gap down into it, and our horses have just room to move along it in single file. We follow this a long way, then turn off into an involved zig-zag trench to the right, which is still narrower, and sometimes interrupted by gabions—thick, short columns of wicker-

work filled with earth. In intricacy it is like a maze where holiday-folk lose themselves, or chase each other about with merry laughter. But very different sounds, I ween, have been borne by the night winds of winter through this maze.

"It was in this place," I asked of the reckless young subaltern who rode immediately before me, "that you used to sit, up to your knees in water, and watch till it pleased the Russians to come out and attack you?"

"Not here, but further up towards the hill. We had run a parallel further up than this when I came out."

"Was it so bad as we were told in England?"

"Nothing could be worse. The men had to come down that ravine to the left, which we call the Valley of Death, under fire all the way, to their duty in the trenches, and back again the same path; and they were often under arms for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. It was enough to weary the heart out of any man. What gives a recruit confidence is finding himself among a multitude of brave fellows manœuvring in large bodies. But here he found himself, with a few others, stuck in a ditch, dodging shot and shell, and expecting every moment that a column of Russians would come from he didn't know where, and leap into the ditch."

"This was an expectation likely to keep them awake."

"But it didn't. I've seen them hundreds of

times so dead tired out, that they slept through a hot fire of shell and shot, and kicking would'nt wake them. Once I had the curiosity to time the shot that came through one embrasure of a battery over there: fifteen came through in five minutes; yet a howitzer shell fell close to a man who was fast asleep at the bottom of the trench, and the explosion only half awoke him. He was so flat on the ground that the splinters all passed over him."

"It must have been difficult to get immediate assistance when casualties did occur."

"Take care, my dear fellow, that's a live thirteen-inch shell, and if you throw your cigar-light upon it it will certainly blow us all up. As to assistance, every one took his chance about that. When a shell came over, the officer on duty asked, 'Any one hit?' and if the answer was, 'No, Sir,' we went on playing our game of whist, or Van John, or smoking our cigars. Perhaps it was, 'One man killed and one wounded.' 'Bury the dead man, and take the other off on the stretcher.' 'He's all knocked to smithereens, Sir.' 'Put him down, then, till he dies, and then bury him.' These answers and orders were given much shorter than I repeat them, and often in much less time.—One of the very best of our fellows was standing not far from me when a round shot came in and took his leg clean off at the middle of the thigh. He said, without a quiver in his voice, 'By Jove, its taken my leg off. Corporal, is there any man more wounded than I

am? If so, let him have the stretcher first.' He bled to death before he reached the hospital."

It is a very different thing to read these anecdotes in an easy chair, and to hear them recounted in the very places where the events took place. The riding, to my for some time unaccustomed sense, was frightfully discomfiting: now up the steep bank of the trench, over the rough intervening rock, and down again into another deep ditch, the horses sliding on all fours, and bringing down quantities of dirt and stones in their descent: now threading our way among the guns and casemates of a battery, and now spurring over a rough piece of land like a rabbit-warren, the holes having been made by exploding shells: now pricking our way among a nest of rifle-pits three or four feet deep, or still less artificial defences made by piling up about a sackful of loose stones, under cover of which to lie flat.

Then we turned to the left, crossed the great ravine, which is cut up into every species of hasty earthwork, and strewn with every battle relic which will not rot, and pursued our way along a weary labyrinth of French trenches and French batteries, all of which our companions stopped to admire, for these parts of the lines were as new to them as to ourselves, and they could not sufficiently praise the neat workmanship of our allies' approaches. We had several hours of this sort of riding before we came upon the hill cemetery and passed it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST DAY IN SEBASTOPOL.

Now we had a view of the city of Sebastopol. We looked down upon the green domes of its churches, the columns of its temple-like public buildings, the white stone walls of its magnificent houses, its broad blue waters, soft and calm in the sunshine, and troops of mounted officers and pedestrian soldiers thronging the wide streets, and gazing curiously at the place they had won.

Across the harbour, on the heights, not two miles from the shore, were the tents of the Russian camp, and with the aid of our glasses we could readily discern even individual soldiers passing up and down from the forts and batteries to the camp.

Strange to say, the first glance did not shew that the scene below us was a wreck. The soft freestone walls had given easy passage to the shot, and had been perforated, not overthrown. The first striking object of destruction was the sunken shipping. The spars and ropes of the huge line-of-battle ships rose, down to the topmast yards, above the water. The "Twelve Apostles" had heeled over as she foundered, and lay across the inner harbour, marked by three top-

masts and topgallant masts, with their cordage intact, emerging in a slanting direction from the surface of the calm bay. There were charred remnants of the bridge of boats; and in the dry dock, whose compact masonry seemed destined to endure for ever, lay the blackened remains of a steamer, which her masters had destroyed by fire. Scuttled boats and half-burnt craft of small tonnage lay near the wharves and quays, and on the other side we could see some little vessels that appeared to be still afloat.

Thus did Sebastopol present itself to me as I descended the road that leads from the heights above into the town.

One part of the great spectacle below me was specially impressive, but there was something *bizarre* and almost burlesque in the impression.

There was a city rent and sacked. There were tens of thousands of the men who had accomplished the destruction, making holiday procession in the streets. They had scarcely any of them arms in their hands. They were amusing themselves as if they had been on the Boulevard des Italiens or in the streets of Woolwich. They seemed to have no sense of apprehension that any circumstance could possibly interfere with the quiet gratification of their curiosity. Yet about a mile distant from these listless pleasure-seekers stands the huge Fort Constantine, full armed with heavy guns and mortars, and still nearer are long lines of batteries, all manned by Russian gunners,

who can behold the scene below me just as I do. There is something almost ridiculous in this flaunting confidence. One hardly knows whether to laugh or tremble.

My companions were not men at all likely to waste much arithmetic in calculating the chances of the north batteries opening fire, or to care very much whether they did or not. I am inclined to think that the noise of shot and shell grows a necessary to the comfortable existence of some men after a time. I was allowed scarcely a minute to fix in my memory the scene I have attempted to describe, our friends were so anxious to be in the city.

It was not until we got within the vainly-barricaded streets that we saw the reality of the destruction. There was just enough of Sebastopol left to enable us to conjecture what Sebastopol had been. Of the freestone edifices, that still looked so fair at a distance, only three had sufficient interior to render habitation possible. The whole city had been what I am told is technically called gutted. If the rafters and flooring were entire it was a rare exception. A great deal had been razed to the ground by the artillery of the besiegers, or for purposes of defence by the besieged. There was a green-roofed mansion often seen by the English during occasional experimental advances. This was inhabited. The French general to whom the command of the French part of the town had been given had installed himself there, and a sentry was posted at the door. Every other place was open

and empty. We entered a beautiful villa with sculptured lions and columns of polished marble at its entrance gate. The inside was like an empty eggshell. We went into many private houses, and found just enough left to shew what the destruction had been. Housekeeping books were almost invariably strewed about, pieces of gilded carving, plants and flowers, and a piano that had been broken to pieces in unskilful removal, an old tea-urn that had been trampled flat,—valueless things like these always lay about; and almost invariably a dog lingered disconsolate upon the top of the outer staircase, and a cat came and went among the ruins.

These animals afforded some amusement to our pleasant Zouaves. A cat was descried walking upon the parapet-wall of a house near the barracks. A Zouave caught up a Russian musket that lay near, capped it, and brought the animal down with a ball through its body; then rushing up to it as it fell, he cried, "A la bayonette!" charged it in military style, and bore it in much triumph upon the bayonet. This was a joke that found much favour in "Sebastopol destroyed," and is but one of a class.

My companions had a strong conviction that large stores of wine, and especially of Champagne, still exist in Sebastopol undiscovered, and much time was expended in attempting to discover trap-doors leading to private cellars. Unfortunately the theory was not found to be a sound one. Bags of Russian black bread filled the streets, and attracted the flies and the

horses ; but with the exception of a public fountain of rather brackish water there was nothing potable remaining. There were wine caves enough : every large house seemed to possess one, with its mouth opening outside the house ; but these were the store caves for the common wines : the smell was suggestive, and the casks were numerous—but empty. We never discovered where the curious vintages are kept ; and I know at least six British officers who are still firmly convinced that this is a secret yet to be found out.

Sebastopol, in the character of its buildings, is not unlike some parts of Bath or Cheltenham ; that is to say, the houses are all houses of opulence. It was built for dominion, and not for commerce. Its fleets and batteries were there for deeds like that of Sinope. Its palaces were erected by Russian princes who came south for sunshine, or for the military magnates who were there to plot and execute acts of aggression. We must not forget this as we grope among the ruins, and see the wrecks of disturbed domesticities. These bits of torn Berlin wool work—these crushed rose-coloured bonnets—these fluttering fragments of silk and muslin—these playing-cards and dominoes—this volume of an English novel—all speak a language which every one can understand, and suggest events which every imagination can call up. But Sebastopol was created to inflict what she has suffered. It is the queen of violence unto whom violence has been done.

The domesticity that has been destroyed, was the private home of rapine.

No one knows any thing of this wrecked city. Wandering up and down with the stream of loiterers is like walking in Pompeii without a guide. There is a very handsome Grecian building, whose columns have been a good deal knocked about, and whose sides have been pierced with cannon-shot. Some say it was a club-house; some think it might have been a museum. There is a series of terraces and public walks, surmounted by an obelisk bearing a bronze galley on its top and a Russian inscription on its base. No one can read the Russian character, but every one has his theory as to what the inscription means. There is the broken bell of Sebastopol, which, having been fractured by a round-shot, is now abandoned to the gatherers of relics. They are breaking it up unmercifully. Yet there is no reason why this should be specially the bell of Sebastopol. The great church-bell is larger than this, and is still intact. It has been taken down, and its tongue taken out, and a sentry is placed over it. Perhaps Quasimodo will bestride it at Nôtre Dame. As our comrades bent over it and struck it with their whips, one of them said, "Ah, you old villain, many a time have I heard you ringing out some infernal signal, perhaps for a sortie, while I was blowing my fingers in the trenches. Thank God, I shall hear you no more." While upon the subject of bells, I may remark, that in the course of our rambles we saw a very handsome bell, of a smaller size, lying between two

French soldiers, who were discussing some biscuit and cheese upon the ruins of the Quarantine Battery. One of our friends immediately bethought him what an excellent dinner-bell it would make for his paternal home, and he asked the soldiers whether they would sell it.

"Bah! ce n'est rien, mon Capitaine. Tenez. Je vous le donne."

The difficulty was to get it up to camp, for it weighed at least twelve pounds, and, when strapped to the saddle-bow, it rang out lustily as the horse moved. By tying a handkerchief round the tongue, however, the cries were silenced, and "mon Capitaine" rode off in peace, leaving the two Zouaves some metal more easily convertible into absinthe and petits verres.

Passing over a deep trench which appears to run down through the city towards the harbour, and which was now covered by an extemporaneous bridge made of street doors, and drawing-room doors, and broken tables, thrown pell-mell together, and over which the horses stumbled and scrambled (and near which our passes were asked for, and courteously acknowledged, by the French officer on guard), we made for the lower part of the city by the water's edge, and came upon a quay having a beach between it and the water.

"What a horrible smell!"

"And what a horrible sight," said one of our party, pointing with his whip to the beach.

My eye followed the gesture, and remained fixed

in horror. There, upon that beach, lay half an acre of human corpses. Black and gangrened, mutilated and shattered, swollen to frightful disproportion, the mass all festering in the hot sun, lay hundreds of what had once been human forms. They had been at least four days swelling and putrifying in a rank heap, and we were breathing the gases.

We hurried off, and passed by the ruins of the arsenal. It certainly was not for want of cannon or shot that Sebastopol fell. The quantity of new unmounted cannon and the piles of shot, in different parts of the city, seem incalculable; and there are anchors enough to hold all the British navy in a gale of wind. These things would not burn, and were too heavy to carry. Moreover, the Russians seem to have gone off at last in a considerable hurry. I found the cook of the W. S. Lindsay carefully examining some dough which he had discovered in a bakehouse, and was glad to be able to congratulate him upon having far excelled the style of art of the Russian baker; but the presence of the dough shewed that the baker certainly did not expect so speedy a departure. An Englishman tasted some of the baked bread, and remarked that it was not so bad; and I thought with Madame de Sevigné, "*Ce n'est pas toujours celui qui echauffe le four qui mange le pain.*"

The French had posted outposts all along the shore of the harbour, and the sentries were pacing up and down, and the arms were piled, and the men

in the guard-shed played picquet almost within rifle-shot of Fort Constantine. The sunken ships at the entrance of the harbour formed a straight line from us to the fort; and I was giving a light to a Frenchman, when bang went a gun from one of the lower embrasures of the round citadel I was looking at.

I was curious to know the object of that shot, and, under certain circumstances, the probability of its frequent repetition. The Frenchman only answered my inquiry by a shrug, and a "*Ah! ce n'est rien.*" But a second glance shewed me that it must have been fired at an inquisitive vessel of war—somebody said afterwards it was the "*Agamemnon*"—which, being of an inquiring turn of mind, had come within range just to see whether any one was at home. She evidently had no orders to do more, for she leisurely and superbly stood off again to sea. It certainly did appear to all of us that these enormous ships, which were then cruising up and down in the offing, might knock that round tower to pieces in an hour. Perhaps we were wrong, and perhaps it would have been of no use to do so; but one thing was very certain, and that was, that if they had any intention of so doing, we were standing exactly in the line of fire.

While we were looking at the ships, and discussing the chances of an attack by them, a gun was fired from our side of the city, and the shell burst high in air just over a promontory on the other side of the harbour. It was a beautiful sight at our distance.

The dark object noiselessly puffed out into a round white cloud, which rested in the heavens, while the iron fragments fell to the earth. An artillery-officer told me that he could see a working-party throwing up earthworks on the point, and this was a hint to them that such proceedings would not be allowed.

Instead of desisting, however, the Russians returned the shell from a mortar somewhat in the rear of their working party, and the two batteries kept up an occasional exchange of shells all the time we were in Sebastopol. No one, however, seemed to mind them. We still continued to wander about from street to street, and from house to house, and came at last upon a store-house which had escaped the ravages of the French and the mines of the Russians. There were fur-rugs and hawsers, piles of matting, weights and scales, hatchets, official delivery tickets, and an infinite variety of naval stores. There was plenty of "loot," but it was all too big to bring away. I appropriated a very official-looking notice, bearing the Russian arms, and stuck upon the door. At the other end of the building there were some seductive-looking things in small parcels, but one of our companions, an engineer, remarked, that about half-way through there were marks of the earth having been disturbed, and some grains of loose powder were lying about. Several lives had recently been lost by small explosions, and Fort Paul blew up in an exceedingly mysterious manner; so it was agreed by all present that it was scarcely

worth while exploding a mine for the sake of, perhaps, a paper of ball-cartridges.

Turning back again into the city, we came upon a regular French "cantine," established in a house which had been repaired with great promptitude, and equipped from the furniture wrecked from a mansion hard by. We went in, and had some brandy and water and bread and cheese, and complimented the Frenchmen upon the very clean work they had made of their part of the city.

"It isn't all quite done yet," said a little red-breeched talkative fellow, who pulled up his trowsers and shewed me a bullet-hole in his leg. "They are finishing a *bonne maison* close by, only, perhaps, Messieurs will not like to go by the corpses."

In spite of this intimation, our new acquaintance was desired to lead the way, and he took us to the *porte cochere* of a very handsome mansion. The gateway was half open, but a rent in the woodwork shewed that a cannon-shot had probably passed through it before Sebastopol was taken. We were entering, unmindful of what we had been told, when a sickening pestilential vapour made us pause and look back. "Cadavres" indeed they were. A man lay there whose breast appeared to have been blown away, and his head, ghastly swollen, hung back upon the stones: three others were underneath him, and two feet protruded from the frightful mass, which, from their whiteness and size, we judged to have been the feet of a woman. The

clothes were not the clothes of soldiers or of peasants. I fear it was the family to whom this mansion belonged, slain upon their own threshold, and heaped together to putrify in the sun. Beyond, at the end of the court-yard, broken furniture was being tossed from the windows by the French soldiers, and others were examining it as it came out, piling up card-tables, and chairs, and couches, and every thing which was good to use or to burn, and stowing it upon a cart to be drawn away to the French camp. The court-yard was strewed with Russian books, thrown aside as useless. I picked one up: it had a name written within it, and pen and ink scratches of heads and animals, such as children draw upon their school-books. I put it into my pocket, thinking that the name might some day perhaps render it interesting to some friend of these poor people, and I hurried from the spot.

This was the sort of work that had been going on for three days, and it was yet unfinished.

The day was now wearing, and we had supped full of horrors. We rode out at the western end of the town, and up an enormous battery, where the guns still peered from the embrasures, and where an opening led into a subterraneous chamber similar to those we had seen at Gibraltar. The embrasures and guns commanded the surrounding country, and, I believe, a part of the harbour. We did not, however, go into it far enough to look out of the embrasures, for we had been warned that the works in this

quarter had not yet been examined. It was suspected they were undermined and had concealed wires communicating through the harbour with the north side, whence they might be exploded at any moment. We looked about cautiously, and came out again. We ascended to the top of the battery, or rather fort, for it appeared to have been originally of masonry, long since pounded into earth. Pushing our horses through the ruins and over the broken parapet, where the stony soil had been tossed about by a thousand bursting shells, we could see, across a little plain at our feet, a quiet church and churchyard, and what had once been a pretty village. The descent was almost a precipice. The horses slid down upon their haunches, and we wondered how any men could think of rushing up such a steep in the face of the cannon that bristled above us. Yet before we had got far down we came upon trenches, and zigzags, and pits (like small tan-pits), dug for riflemen; and having made our way across them and over them, we arrived at the churchyard just as the sun went down.

The ride home was the most extraordinary I had ever experienced. It was down into the great ravine, and up "the Valley of Death." While it was yet light we could see the cannon-balls and fractured shell lying about, not in scattered ones and twos, but in heaps, certainly, and without the least exaggeration, as thick as broken stone upon a bad road newly repaired. The horses slipped and staggered among

them, and, as the darkness increased, the rocks seemed to rise on each side in threatening masses. As my tired horse lagged behind my companions' faster-walking quadrupeds, I was glad of the assistance of the soldier who accompanied us, and who remained with me to point out the uncertain track. I listened with awe to the stories he told me of the events that had happened in this savage ravine, up and down which our men, in the early part of the siege, passed, morning and evening, to their dreary labours, amid a storm of shot and shell which never ceased to rain upon this valley, and which raked it from end to end.

As our horses' feet splashed in a little moist ground, my military guide remarked—

"That water comes from above, Sir, on the side of the hill. It's a singular thing. The stream was made by a thirteen-inch shell, which fell and buried itself in the ground, and tapped a land spring. The water used to be very acceptable to our poor fellows in their walk backwards and forwards. One of our men, however, took an unlucky drink. He went up the hill-side for a draught, and, as he was stooping over the hole, a round shot came and smashed his head to pieces. He was found next day with his neck and shoulders in the well."

That a fountain should bubble up where a cannon-shot falls is too bold an image, even for a poet who would sing of peace or war. Yet here it happens in sober fact.

Emerging from the ravine, we cantered over the undulating land, passed by the lighted canteens, and found a welcome dinner awaiting us in the mess tent.

The evening passed in jocund conversation, with many an anecdote of the siege ; for our hosts, in indulgence of our civilian curiosity, did not refuse to talk a little upon subjects rather rococo to them. Our lodging for the night was satisfactorily settled. One of our friends was ordered to the trenches, and Vox had his bed. For me, a stretcher which had carried many a poor fellow to his last home was prepared. It was rested upon two portmanteaux in the tent of another of our convives ; and, wrapped in my cloak, after a little drowsy conversation I slept the sleep of the weary.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECOND DAY IN SEBASTOPOL.

Sept. 12th—Awoke at daybreak, shivering. Already the nights upon these steppes are sharp and frosty; but the camp is not without the luxury of cold water, and a tub and sponge, with their wholesome reaction, set one all right for the day.

After a substantial breakfast we rode forth again for Sebastopol. Yesterday we wandered hither and thither, without plan and without note of localities. We proposed now, the first edge of our sharp curiosity being taken off, to examine the place more methodically.

Again we pricked over the rising ground in front of our encampment, and this time we turned a little from our course, to ascend "Cathcart's Hill."

"Cathcart's Hill" has been made familiar by a hundred drawings and a hundred descriptions. The little square enclosure upon its top will be a place of pilgrimage to Englishmen as long as England shall be a country. Here all the principal heroes of the siege, who were slain before the walls, lie buried. Crosses in the white stone of the country—a pillar, which is the common memorial of many gallant men—more costly blocks, brought from a distance—and

marbles, dug in Italy and fashioned in England—are grouped together upon this bleak, bare hill, and imperfectly protected from the incursions of the cattle which will wander over these eminences, by a low square fence of earth and stones. Sometimes the English inscription is repeated in Russian, in the hope, that if the Russ recover his dominion over this spot, he will read the name of a famous enemy, and respect his tomb. It may be well doubted how far the fence is sufficient to guard this sacred cemetery from the beasts that will trample upon the graves, and rub themselves against the monuments. The limb of one of the crosses has already been broken off. It lay upon the ground, and one of my companions brought it away, that it might be preserved, and given to the son of the hero whose last resting-place it had been stationed to mark. I climbed upon the top of the fence, and looked out over the scene beyond. It was hence that those who were not immediately engaged were accustomed to watch the operations of the besiegers. Descending from "Cathcart's Hill," we struck into the Woronzoff Road, whereon we trotted jauntily, until we brought the great Redan in view. The Redan is a portion of a line of natural mounds, which has its highest elevation in the Malakoff; and it is that portion which lies between two ravines (the Woronzoff-Road ravine and the Karabelnaia ravine) that run from the camp plateau down into the city. The fortifications connect these two ravines by a line of earthworks.

Small things are made great by events. The

Cydnus, the Granichus, the Ilissus, and the Tchernaya, are ridiculously small rivulets, yet they are bigger in men's minds than the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi. Primrose Hill and Barrow Hill are infinitely higher than the Redan or even the Malakoff, and our old friend Holborn Hill would be quite as high, and nearly as steep, as the latter, seen from the besiegers' point of view. The Redan is a stony mound, the last undulation citywards of the table-land on which the besiegers sat down. It overlooks the descent down into the harbour of Sebastopol. Approaching it as we did from the south side it appeared a very gentle elevation; but there were abundant evidences that it was an elevation very difficult to reach. For many hundred yards before we arrived at the foot of it the earth was scarred with trenches fortified with gabions, with heavy guns couched between them, allowing us just room to pass between their platforms and the rock. Among these trenches were situate those celebrated "quarries," so hotly contested, and so hardly won. The "quarries" are now indistinguishable from the rest of the trenchwork. We tracked the parallels, and followed the sharp turns of these fatal ditches, and listened with interest to every story which each point suggested.—"Here it was that so and so was killed."—"Just here, as I was posting sentries one night, the Rusky sharpshooters in those pits (about thirty yards distant) fired a volley at me, and 'ping-ping-ping' the bullets sung round me, and I was

obliged to stand up like a hero, and pretend I didn't mind it at all, and couldn't even return them a shot from my revolver, for our fellows would have thought it was a signal that they were coming on in force." — "Many a night have I lain under the lee of that gun." — "It was just here, one night, the Russians got under the bank, and I laid hold of a bayonet that appeared above the parapet. What a pull we had for that musket! I was afraid of getting up on the bank, for I should have been shot directly: the Rusky was equally sure he would be spifficated if he came up; so we pulled and pulled, and the Rusky fired the piece, and luckily missed me; and we went on struggling on different sides of the bank, until some of our fellows got over and took them in flank. But I lost the musket, for the Rusky's purchase was too great: he wrenched it out of my fist, and the bayonet cut my hand." — "Here was where we had to unearthen and run forward to the assault. See what a deuce of a way it is; all swept by those guns. It was here the rascals of the —— stood still and wouldn't come on, though the Ninety-seventh were crying out to them, 'Come along, you cowards, there's nobody here.' Though it's no wonder the miserable boys wouldn't fight in the open. They were raw recruits, who had spent the few days they had been in camp in listening to long yarns about what a frightful place the Redan was, all undermined, and stuffed full of powder. When the —— landed from Malta, last autumn, they were eleven

hundred strong, and they behaved as well as any regiment in the service ; but they got so cut up with fire, famine, and fever, that at one time they had only fifteen men on parade. All sorts of trash came over from the dépôt, and they never ought to have been set at the Redan."

"But why did you not push your sap nearer, as the French did ?

"It cost the French fifty men for every yard of the latter part of their sap, and we could not afford a loss of five hundred men a-day upon this work. It was cheaper, in matter of human life, to assault as we did assault ; but it should have been done with ten thousand men, and with the Highlanders and the Marines, both of whom volunteered, and were refused ; or else with General Eyre's third division, who would have carried the place in ten minutes, and held it for a century."

"Then it was not the difficulty of getting into the Redan which caused the failure ?"

"All that was over. Where Wyndham had got in, ten thousand others might have followed. The simple and disgraceful fact, which all Europe knows, is this—The supports would not move up, and the men in the Redan dodged about, and would not form and charge. When Wyndham cried, 'Now men, form round me and charge,' none came round him but the commissioned and non-commissioned officers."

"John Bull will never believe this : he will rather

lap himself in a fool's paradise and abuse any one who ventures to tell him the truth."

"Of course the generals cannot tell him so. There is no form or precedent for a despatch beginning, 'Sir, I have the honour to inform you that I attacked the Redan with all my raw recruits and least trustworthy soldiers, and found to my astonishment that they would not fight.' Such a despatch could not be written,"

"But tell me," I asked of one of our company, whom I knew to have been in a position to see the whole affair, "what is the history of this attack. Every one says the same thing in general terms, yet I cannot understand it. Our men got into the Redan, were driven out again, and sustained enormous loss; and yet you all say they would not fight. How can this be?"

The officer to whom I thus appealed, and who had hitherto taken no part in our desultory discussion, now said, "The story is a very short and a very sad one. The storming party consisted of five hundred men: the supports were to move into the trenches in bodies of about a thousand each, and to move out of the trenches in the same divisions, to support the storming party.

"At the moment of the assault there were not above thirty Russians in the Redan: the fire was very feeble, and the storming party ran along the open space, and were over the works with no great loss.

“Two divisions of the supports were now marched out of the trenches. There was nothing to oppose them: except a few dropping shots inside, all was as silent as the grave. When, however, they got half way between the trenches and the Russian works a panic seemed to seize them. They did not run away, but they stood still. We saw their officers trying to excite them by voice and gesture to advance. Some even took hold of their coats and tried to start them, as you would try to start a jibbing horse. It was all in vain: they would not move. The men who were inside called to them to come on, and told them there was no one there; but it was of no use: they stood still.

“Meanwhile, Wyndham could not get his five hundred men to charge: if they had done so, the Russians were in such small force, that even with that inconsiderable body of troops he would have driven them down the hill, and found time to turn the guns citywards. As to spiking the guns, he did not want to do that: he wanted them to defend his position.

“The moment of victory passed away. The Russian supports came up in vast numbers: instead of finding five thousand Englishmen on the top of the hill, protected by the Russian guns, now turned upon their former owners, the Russians found only the five hundred men who had first got in, and these engaged in desultory sharpshooting with the scanty garrison which lurked among the traverses.

“The fresh army of enemies did what we ought

to have done: they charged with the bayonet, drove the remnant of our five hundred men towards the parapet, and recovered the guns.

"And now these guns were turned with murderous effect upon the poor panic-stricken devils who were standing irresolute between the trenches and the fort. They were mowed down by scores. They turned round and ran back into the trenches, which were already full of the men who were to have supported *them*. After this the confusion was hopeless. Regiments got all mixed together, and no officer could find his men or men their officer. It was then that Wyndham said, 'Send no more men, unless you can send an army forth officered and disciplined.' The few brave straggling parties that came out were only a useless sacrifice of the good men.

"Then the shot and shell came over into the crowded trenches, and the poor innocent babies, who didn't know a bayonet from a musket, and who were no more fit to act as soldiers than they were to act as parsons, were cut up by balls and splinters, and were got out of the trenches as quickly as possible.

"This is the real history of the attack upon the Redan."

"But"—interposed an officer, whose long beard testified to his having passed the winter in the trenches—"But, when this tale is told in England, as sooner or later it must be told, let it never be forgotten that it was not the British soldier of the Crimean army who quailed before the Russian fort.

I have seen those soldiers worn out with sleepless labour, pale with famine, staggering with fever and cholera; but never heard a word of faint-heartedness or of despair from them. The only complaint I ever heard from them was, in their coarse swearing way, 'I shouldn't care if they would only let us go in at the —— Russians.' The British soldier is as good a man now as ever he was; and woe be to the man of any nation that presumes upon this accident, or this blunder, to cross bayonets with him."

"What says the public opinion of the camp about the responsibility of the disgrace?"

"It is divided. Some say it is entirely Simpson's fault for sending Codrington's division to the assault; others, that Codrington is to blame for the manner in which he made his arrangements.

"And what do you think?"

"I think the man who had twenty thousand veterans, and who yet elected to play the game stroke of the whole campaign with two thousand raw recruits, and two thousand fellows who had jibbed at the very same spot before—deserves—to be criticised by civilians."

"There spoke the *militaire*. But if civilians never criticised, would soldiers care to fight? Where would be your peerages, and pensions, and gold snuff-boxes, and freedom of cities, and swords of honour, if civilians did not criticise? But it is only to unfavourable criticism that you object. Nonsense: we criticise military men as we criticise every other profession. If the lawyer loses more

than the average quantity of verdicts, or shews a gross ignorance of the rules of prudence ; or if the physician loses more than his fair average of cases ; or if a general expends more men than the results justify, or loses the game of war by a blunder which every man of common sense can see ; we criticise, and we condemn.

"But," struck in a subaltern, "the French have no great cause for boasting. The Zouaves failed in the attack on the Inkermann battery in February ; the French storming-party failed in the attack on the Malakoff on the 18th of June."

"On^d which same day our men also refused to come out of the trenches and approach the Redan ; the same regiments, by the way, who were sent to the same work on the eighth."

"The French failed also, on the eighth, in the attack on the Little Redan, and also on the Central Bastion, which, if taken, would have commanded the bridge of boats."

"Yes, but they took the Malakoff, and held it."

Meanwhile we were climbing the fortified mound. A road had been made right through the lines, and baggage-waggons and strings of mules were coming down the pitch. Caps, and broken bayonets, and cartouch-boxes, and ball-cartridges, lay about among the shell and shot ; and there was that fearful pestilential smell of which we well knew the cause. Spurring up the roadway through the gap, we got within this terrible fortification.

To an unprofessional eye one entrenched and

embrasured earthwork is very like another. Seven feet high of earthen bank, or of wicker gabions filled with earth—occasional interstices where cannon are—caves dug in the earth, or driven into the rock, for officers' quarters, magazines, and refuge from the shells—these are common qualities of all the earth-forts I have seen about Sebastopol. Here in the Redan the fortifications were only on two sides; but every thing looked as if an earthquake had upset it all. There were foundations of houses, for a village had once stood where the Redan afterwards was. There were diggings and underground chambers, and a constant succession of little craters, caused, I suppose, by exploding shells. There were barrels lying about, and some ship spars, and broken gun-carriages, and guns burst at the breech, and others with their muzzles knocked away. There were also live unexploded shells.

"Explain to me," I said, "the enormous strength of this place. I cannot understand it."

"You don't understand it because you don't see it. There was a deep ditch here, and a parapet, and, except in some places where the parapet had been knocked down by our fire, nothing but scaling-ladders could help the men up on the other side. Since the place was taken they have buried the dead in the ditch, and thrown the parapet down over them. Moreover, you see how it communicates with the Malakoff, and what ins and outs, and ups and downs there are: then there is so much room for the

enemy to form, and so many holes and corners in which they may shelter. These are advantages. When you are in you are liable to be assailed by overwhelming numbers, and it's plain you couldn't hold it with that Malakoff playing away upon you. The Russians could shelter down in the ravine and in those works belonging to the Malakoff, and come back when their supports arrived. These are disadvantages before you have got the place, but advantages after you have got it; for you also can pour an army in, and being upon an eminence, and having the guns of the fort to turn round, you command every thing; and no human force ought to be able to drive you off, unless you were commanded from some loftier spot. But it was of no use taking it unless the Malakoff was taken at the same time."

"Then why attack it?"

"Because, by assaulting the Redan and the Malakoff at the same time you dominate the city from two points, and cut off the Russian retreat. If our assault had been successful, not a man of the Russian army could have reached the north side. Pelissier knew this well enough. Soon after our attack had failed, Pelissier, who could, from the Malakoff, see what was going on, sent word to Simpson that the Russians were retreating across the harbour. Every one who heard this message felt that it was an invitation to renew the assault. But "to-morrow" is always the watchword of indecision. It had been

resolved to attack "to-morrow," and the Russians escaped."

"Is this the general opinion in the camp?"

"We don't care to talk too much about it. By no fault of ours—by no fault of the veterans of the army—by the ignorance of the commander in not knowing the instruments with which he had to work, we have been dishonoured as an army in the opinion of the world. We can't look a Frenchman in the face without blushing, and they know it, and overwhelm us with their condescending compliments."

"What is that hempen net-work?"

"That's a gunner's veil. It was hung across the gun to prevent our sharpshooters seeing the gunner, and picking him off while sighting the gun."

"What is that sharp rod lying near it?"

"That's a pricker to prick the gun cartridges. I shall take that away as a trophy, for many a cartridge has it pricked that has been directed against my head."

"Where are the strong inner lines which the newspapers used to tell us were being constructed behind this Redan?"

"Nonsense! If they mean any more than these traverses, they might as well talk of constructing lines of fortification to protect Dover Harbour from Dover Castle, or to hold the village of Petersham after you were established at the Star and Garter at Richmond—where I wish I was at this moment."

I looked long at this Redan, which will henceforth be so unhappily conspicuous in our military history. We may shut our eyes to it in England, and the French may courteously ignore the fact in their public despatches ; but the three Crimean armies well know how the reputation of our country suffered on that unhappy eighth of September. It is true that Alma and Inkermann are unforgotten : but we have descended from our great position. In a camp people count from the last great event. Our last great event was one of a very chequered character. Part of our troops stormed a most difficult position with some loss and great bravery ; but, having got inside, were struck with panic, and were driven out again ; another part of our troops displayed an emotion of which John Bull insists upon believing his soldiers incapable.

This is the simple fact, and not to know this at home, or to attempt to ignore it, or to pretend to believe that the attack upon the Redan was a feint, or to talk nonsense about that which was actually taken being utterly impregnable, is merely to provoke the sneers of the world.

I must add to this, however, that if Inkermann was a soldier's victory, the Redan was the touchstone of the valour of the British officer. There was a story mysteriously current in the camp, that one man, who bore the Queen's commission—his name was never mentioned in my hearing—was kicked out of the trenches, having refused to march out. With this

single exception (if the rumour had any foundation), every officer behaved like a hero.

Since we had this long talk (which I have attempted to condense from memory) among the charred fragments, and burst earthworks, and broken guns, and riven rock-work, and infinite confusions of this wild war-seared spot, I have spoken with at least twenty Frenchmen upon the same subject. They will subscribe to any theory, and join in any compliment to the English arms; they will even politely deplore the freedom with which our generals are criticised by our press; but they are always faithful to two impressions. The first is, that "there were great faults committed on the 8th September;" the second, that "if the Redan had been taken simultaneously with the Malakoff, the Russian army must have capitulated or been destroyed."

On the other hand, we hear Englishmen asserting that the French have done badly more than once; that the attack on the Little Redan failed; that the Malakoff was taken by surprise, and the French would never have got into it but for this happy accident. All this does not help our disgrace. It rather shews how real and how disastrous it was, in that it provokes the discussion of such topics.

I believe there is not an officer in the British army who doubts that if the Highlanders and the Marines, or if General Eyre's division, had stormed the Redan, it would have been carried and held. That General Simpson did not doubt it was evident, from the fact

that he had the Highlanders alone in the trenches ready to assault it when it was abandoned.

It is said that General Eyre's conduct on the 18th of June was not quite approved at head-quarters. There was too much dash about it. I can assure my readers that it was very much approved by the men, and that has something to do with it: as we have seen, it is of no use leading if they will not follow. When George the Third was told that Wolfe was quite unfit to command, and was in fact a madman, the monarch replied, "Mad—mad—mad! Wolfe mad! Wish he'd bite some of my other generals."

And now, from the mound of the Redan we again looked down upon Sebastopol. At the bottom of the descent is a square, with a garden in the middle, containing a gay, fragile, green-roofed, pagoda-looking summer house, terribly knocked about with cannon-balls. A chapel on one side of the square has been much maltreated; and some houses on the other side seem to have caught many of the shells which just overtopped the fort. The most prominent object, however, is the long white line of barracks, built of freestone, perforated by a hundred balls, many of which went in at the back wall and out at the front. It is the back which we see from this position. It is fortified by a ditch, a wall, and a battery. The guns are still in the embrasures, and in the dry ditch are planks, with sharp nails driven into them, having their points upwards—a feeble annoyance to a resolute enemy. These guns might

have done some execution upon our men holding the Redan after the Russians had been driven out, and ships in the inner harbour might have done more; but there was plenty of shelter in the inequalities of the ground (inequalities greater than those in the spoil banks of our iron districts), and troops posted on a hill can always be drawn up out of the line of fire of guns pointed upwards, until a breastwork is thrown up, and the guns of the fort are turned upon the rear. I say nothing upon my own authority: I was surrounded by military men, and it is their observations I quote.

We had now descended from the Redan to the barracks, and I gave my horse to our attendant, and wandered through the wrecked interior of this noble pile of buildings. The outer walls are still strong and perfect, with the exception of the shot-holes, and much of the flooring and woodwork remains inside. We went below, and found the lower rooms full of military stores. There were thousands of Russian helmets, most of them already trampled by the soldiery in search of more useful plunder. Hundreds of them had been thrown out of window, and were cumbering the street. We afterwards heard that there was an unexploded mine in this building, which was fortunately discovered, and well pumped upon. When I recollect how people were running about with pipes and cigars in their mouths, I consider our escape was very much against the doctrine of probabilities. Then we turned to the right and ascended to the

freestone wall which is drawn round this part of the city, and we passed through a breach which had been made by some English battery with very little difficulty; for although the wall was thick, the stone was soft and porous. After following this wall for some way, we descended, by a very steep winding road, to those magnificent dry docks, where one blackened steamer lay, burnt in the place to which she had been drawn for refuge. A corps of engineers were sinking shafts all round this beautiful mass of sunken masonry. These holes will be charged with powder: a spark and an explosion, and the sides of the great work will collapse, and all will be a shapeless ruin—the huge blocks buried beneath the soil that will topple over them.

We now turned back along the line of the quays, and leant over the walls of freestone coped with granite, and looked down, not upon the harbour, but upon some huts which had been built between the bottom of the wall and the water. These appear to have been constructed partly for workshops and partly as places of shelter from the iron hail which topped the earthworks above, and fell into this part of the town. The security was not very great. Many parts of the wall had been shot away, and there was scarcely a hut whose roof did not bear evidence of shot or shell. The waters beyond smiled and rippled in the sunshine, calm and peaceful, as if the harbour of Sebastopol had been, from all time, but a nursing nest of halcyons. There are, however, Russian tents

and Russian batteries not far away on the other side, and while we lounge over the wall we can count the little dots that are moving about the hills, and recognise the uniform of an enemy. To give character to the scene, ever and anon a shell from the other side takes its flight in the direction of the Malakoff, and, more distantly, Fort Constantine puts forth a little puff of smoke, and a cloud of dust rises from behind the French part of the town. That pillar of dust marks surely where the shell has fallen.

It is the Sebastopol of the English which we have now been surveying. When the allies took possession they divided the city: the English took the portion on the eastern bank of the inner harbour, and that portion is composed almost entirely of the public works: the French took the inhabited city on the other side. I mean the city which had been inhabited, for I believe only three women and half a dozen men were found in the place alive and unwounded, and these, at least the former, had far better been away.

We had seen enough of the public works of this great city. Docks and arsenals are not so interesting as destroyed domesticities, and we wished to pay a second visit to the French part of the town on the other side of the inner harbour. But as we could not cross the indentations called the inner harbour, we were obliged to go round it; so we rode back along the quays, and skirted the eastern bank, until we arrived nearly at the top of it, where there is a

temporary wooden bridge ; but the French held this bridge, and kept it for the passage of troops on service, and they would not allow us to cross. We were compelled, therefore, to go quite round the head of the bay, and to ride across the low garden grounds, almost up to the point where General Eyre penetrated on the 18th June, and thence double back into the city.

Here we revisited all the scenes of yesterday, except the villa where the corpses lay. The Zouaves have not yet *quite* lost all their gaiety. I saw one dressed in a Russian helmet, the vestments of a Greek priest, and his own red breeches. Seeing that the Zouave theatre is closed on account of some accidents that happened to the principal performers at the taking of the Malakoff, this merry masquerader had not even the excuse of going to a rehearsal. If the camp before Sebastopol is retained, the Zouave theatre may be renewed under great advantages. The rose-coloured pink bonnets, and the fragments of rich hangings, and the Berlin wool work, and the schismatical altar-cloths, will all be very valuable additions to the properties of the theatre. Even the trampled Paris-fashioned silk dresses may be recovered sufficiently to look well by torch-light upon some "walking lady" personated by a Zouave drummer-boy. I must not, however venture upon the topic of the camp theatres, for neither the Zouave nor the naval brigade theatricals were going on while I was in camp, and I know nothing

of them except by the accounts of those who "assisted" at them.

We pursued our ride until we again came to the cathedral, which we entered. It had been entirely stripped of all its internal decorations, and did not strike me as having ever been a very remarkable piece of architecture. A large building, separated from it by the stage on which the bell was swung, had fared still worse. The flooring was all pulled up, but a chandelier suspended from the roof still remained. French sentinels now protected the edifices from further destruction.

The bell was still an object of curiosity, but we were told that the place was not very safe. The Russians have been throwing shells into the city all day, partly, perhaps, for mere mischief, but partly, also, to find out where the allies are erecting their batteries, and with the hope of inducing them to reply. The neighbourhood of the cathedral was a favourite spot for these shells, and one of them had this morning fallen close by a barrister, who was curiously inspecting the bell. Fortunately it exploded without doing him any injury. We laughed at the idea of a barrister with a wooden leg, obliged to confess to every one, as he stumped about Lincoln's Inn, and hobbled in and out the Courts, that he had lost his leg by a Russian shell in Sebastopol. Surely he never could survive the ridicule. This front of the cathedral is perhaps the best point of view for the interior of the city. The principal

public buildings are all here clustered. The theatre, the assembly-rooms, and the Admiralty, are all in the line of view, and a broad street, almost as wide as Portland Place, lined on each side with handsome villas, stretches far away to the ultimate suburb.

We visited a great number of interiors, but they varied very little in character. Some were very much charred, but the majority had their insides torn out by the Russians or the French. This part of the city has been thrice sacked ; first by the lawful proprietors, who, when forced to quit, naturally took as much as they could with them ; secondly by the Russian soldiers, whose mission was to destroy every thing that the inhabitants had left ; and thirdly by the French, who gathered up every thing that the Russians had failed to destroy. We visited, with very particular care, a house which had evidently been a Russian restaurant, for a ruling idea still agitated my companions that there must be a cave somewhere, and that it must be full of fine wines. Upon the long open corridor or balcony on the first story, where the Russian dandies used to lounge, we found a photographer, who, by his potent chemistry, was commanding the ruins of Sebastopol to reflect themselves for the amusement of the stay-at-homes of London and Paris. He was guarded by a French sentry, and was not inclined to shew or to sell any of his drawings. He was quite right ; for if he had been tolerant of intrusion, the crowd of idlers would have stopped his proceedings.

Into the theatre we only just peeped. I imagine some shells must have come through the roof, for the inside was a chaos of ruins, and would have been decidedly unsafe, even if the French sentries had allowed us to enter. This, however, they would not do. The Zouaves are to have this for their amateur theatricals, and they guard it with excessive jealousy. Perhaps a cigar, properly administered, with a little civil chat, might have cheated the consigne, but there was really nothing to see which could not be seen at one peep, and it was very easy to get one's head broken by a falling beam or rafter.

We now mounted our horses again, and proceeded on our rambles. Fort Nicholas is close by. Our view of the fort is the back part of it. Perhaps I can best give the reader an idea of it, by saying that it looks something like a section of the Coliseum seen from the inside—a curve of masonry with arches and apertures. Sheltered from the sight of the Russians by this fort, the French were engaged in constructing a mortar battery in the street, and upon the top of the masonry they had placed two little pieces of iron wire, which, as I was told, are called pickets. These pickets are to direct the line of fire so that the shells may be sent over Fort Nicholas at Fort Constantine on the other side of the harbour, the gunners who fire the mortars not seeing the object which they are bombarding, and being protected by the strong walls in their immediate front. My companions took a most leisurely survey of all these

proceedings. Not that they had not seen mortar-batteries enough, for several of them were in the artillery service; but, as I believe, because it was the most dangerous spot in the whole city. The batteries on the other side kept up a constant dropping fire of shot and shell, thrown here and there. The object evidently was to provoke a return of fire, and thus to discover where the allies were erecting their batteries. The point upon which Fort Nicholas stands naturally presents itself as a very likely spot for such a purpose, and several fishing shells had been sent in that direction in the course of the morning. I could not help feeling that if the Russians, by their glasses, had seen the iron wires put up, or any of the guns brought down to the neighbourhood, every gun and mortar within range would, within ten minutes, send an iron messenger to the very spot where I was standing. My friends knew this quite as well as I did, and I am convinced, although they would not acknowledge it, even to themselves, this was the reason why they chose to look on so long upon the operations of the French working party. All the time I was wandering about in the company of artillery and engineer officers, I observed that there was a sort of involuntary attraction in the smoke of a gun. The long habit of being under fire had rendered it a gentle chronic excitement, which they missed now that the siege was over: like a snuff-taker whose wife has deprived him of his box. I heard several of the soldiers, after rejoicing that

the trench-work was over, complain how dull the camp had become. What they meant by dullness, was the cessation of the bombardment.

Perhaps, however, I did my friends wrong; and they actually promised themselves the amusement of seeing the battery open upon the fort. When they afterwards agreed that the guns might have opened this afternoon, and I suggested that they could hardly have commenced their fire without clearing the streets in the neighbourhood of the thousands of merchant seamen and civilians of all classes—not to speak of English and French soldiers—who were crowding the open space in the immediate neighbourhood, I was told that the French would just as soon have thought of clearing the town of the cats and dogs, as of clearing the streets of the people before they opened fire. They would rather have liked the fun of seeing them helter skelter off.

The French had brought forth great quantities of Russian bread from Fort Nicholas. Upon this our horses made a hearty meal, and a few bits went into my pocket as a specimen and a memorial.

We now moved off along a road which skirts the Great Harbour, and is protected only by a low parapet wall about two feet high. Our company consisted of six officers, two civilians, and a soldier groom. A few French soldiers were sitting on the wall, and a couple of French horsemen were passing us. I was looking through my glass at Fort Constantine, about fifteen hundred yards distant, when I saw three puffs of smoke issuing from different parts of the tower. At

the same instant all the soldiers who had been sitting upon the wall jumped off and sheltered underneath it, or ran towards a large building at a little distance. I heard, also, the mounted Frenchmen behind me galloping off as fast as their horses' hoofs could clatter, and I saw a cannon-shot glance upon the water, and ricochet in an exact line between my eye and the gun whose smoke was still booming forth from the lowest embrasure of the fort. At the same moment a shell rose into the air, and was describing a parabola, which, being produced according to mathematical rules, would intersect a point very near to that on which we stood.

Actuated by a proper sense of my individual importance, and by the examples which I witnessed, I immediately struck my heels into my horse's flanks, and he bounded to the hint. But I had literally "reckoned without my host," for my host was at my immediate left. Just as the cannon-shot dashed into the earth at the margin of the water, and threw mud and sand and pebbles all about—and just as the shell came roaring along through the air, and passed over our heads with the noise of an express railway-train rushing through a station, but fortunately at the altitude of a moderate sized house above us—my friend placed his hand gently, but firmly, upon my shoulder.

"For God's sake, my dear fellow, don't move. Where do you want to go to? These French fellows will laugh at you."

"Want to go to? I want to go out of the way

of these shot and shells. Isn't that the proper thing to do? Everybody else is doing so."

"Nonsense. Here, turn round, and shew the Ruskies they haven't hit any of us."

"It's all very well for you," said I, obeying with a very ill grace, "but I'm not paid for this sort of thing. If you take my glass you'll see a fellow ramming home another charge of that same gun which commands this spot; and if a splinter from that wall tears away my arm, I shall get neither pension nor credit for it. I'm off."

"Where do you want to go to? There's no place within two miles out of the way of that fellow's fire. As to that shell, it's gone over and burst up in the city. If it had burst as it passed us, you would have been rather safer here than a hundred yards off."

"Well, of course I can't ride away alone: but it seems to me a little like bravado to stand here."

"Come along—come along," said one of my friend's military brethren; "there's the old colonel looking on, and he'll either chaff us or scold us if we stand here any longer."

"I don't want to draw any more fire this way," said —, reluctantly moving off at a foot pace; "but I did want to shew the Frenchmen that I don't think it either soldierly or useful to dodge about under walls directly I see a puff of smoke a mile off. By Jove! I'd rather a shot took my head off, than be always bobbing it about in a fright. Besides, if the shot had hit the wall, the stones would have peppered them like grape."

"But they all do it, English and French just alike," said British officer number two.

"Yes; and that's why we were driven out of the Redan; and why the French were once driven out of the Malakoff, and were repulsed the other day at the Little Redan and the Central Bastion; and why those infernal fellows got away to the north side; and why we shall be in this accursed hole all the winter. It's all owing to that ducking, dodging, trench-fighting system."

"I assure you, my dear fellow," he continued, turning to me, and continuing to advance at a most leisurely pace along the open road, "I have made the most careful calculations as to the probabilities of shell practice, and I find, that even if a shell fall under the most favourable circumstances, and you are in the most exposed position, it is eight to one against its hitting you. As to the foolish fellow who fired at us from a rifle, he might as well have shot at the moon."

"Thank you. I shall not presume upon your calculations. What would be a matter of business to you, would be ridiculous in me. I'm content to run the risk of an accident, but have no right to affront a danger. Besides, I have not yet acquired the habit which seems to make shot and shell a pleasureable excitement."

"That's the fact," said another of our *cortége*. "When the men first come out here they look very nervously at a shell as it comes whistling along; but after a few weeks they care no more for

them than if they were balls of worsted or rotten apples."

We had now got under cover of the houses.

The Ruskies did not spend any more powder and shot upon us, but turned their attention to one of the batteries which had just dropped a shell upon the top of the tower.

After some investigations "inside Sebastopol," which were rewarded by no particular success, something—it was not a Sebastopol clock, for they were all out of order—reminded us that dinner-time was approaching. We passed through the middle of the city, up the valley which leads away to the fortifications, by the rear of the garden-battery to the head of the inner harbour, crossed the plain between the hill cemetery and the creek battery, and went by the ruined houses wherein General Eyre and his men so vainly sought shelter on the 18th of June, into the Woronzoff Road. This ubiquitous Woronzoff Road, which runs about everywhere in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, passes up the ravine in which we now find ourselves. They are mending it here *with cannon balls*. There is a procession of officers, soldiers, sailors, and civilians, travelling along it campwards, which completely crowds the narrow pass. On a hill to our right the English are getting some guns into position. The working-party is quite visible on the top of the hill, and one gun is already in its place. The Russians must see them at work. If they had thrown shells across the harbour at this

working-party, every one that missed the hill must have fallen into the valley, and among the long cavalcade of French and English who are advancing slowly along the road. We overtook a wounded man borne upon a stretcher. He had been struck by a splinter of a shell, and was, I believe, almost the only victim to this day's bombardment from the north side. I heard afterwards that several men had been singed by the explosion of little mines, but we never happened to be in the neighbourhood of any of these accidents. If the reader will recollect that Sebastopol covers nearly as much ground as Cheltenham, he will understand how a man may be entirely ignorant in one part of what is passing in another. He will also understand, that, being a stranger in such a place, and having no map, he may very easily make mistakes in his descriptions, and confuse one part with another. In revising these notes, and comparing them with my recollections, some doubts as to small details often creep in and confuse me.

No shells, however, fell upon the gallant crowd which was now returning from the sacked city to the camp. We spurred on, and, passing group after group, followed the road until it passed out of the ravine near the picquet-house, and reached the plateau where our tents were pitched.

Dinner and conversation drew the twilight into darkness, and many were the moving accidents laughingly told, and the plans of campaign gaily

hazarded, as we sat round the hospitable table of the mess-tent enveloped in our cloaks. Our hosts were generally clad in a capital light-furred coat, issued from the commissariat, but the sharp evening air rendered some extra clothing absolutely necessary, even in the middle of September. I am accustomed to live, during the same time of the year, in a little shooting-box in England, with open doors and a loose light shooting-jacket. The climate of England is decidedly milder than that of the plateau before Sebastopol.

It was very dark, and several Frenchmen looked in at the tent to ask their way, generally to Traktir. They had been across to see their friends in the left French attack, had lost their way in the great ravine, and were still long dreary miles from their own camp. We directed them as well as we could ; but, although I knew the way theoretically, I could no more have found it in this dark night, and through these bewildering tents, and across this ravine-broken country, than I could have found my way to Constantinople.

We were about to retire to our respective tents, when our canvas was pushed aside, and two French soldiers, in an unequivocal state of drunkenness, staggered into the tent. They were very anxious to sell some brass candlesticks, which none of us were at all anxious to buy. There was a good-humoured respectful familiarity about the fellows, which rendered it almost impossible to call the guard and

have them taken away, and they very soon got into a most animated discussion of the events of the siege.

I wish I could depict the pantomime, and could recollect the words of the strong Gascon patois in which one of them described the difference between the French and the English attack. The purport of it was, that the English did nothing but bombard at a distance with "*les obus*," while the French advanced "*Crac*," "*crac*," "*crac*," with their rifles, and then swarmed up the hill and over the earth-works with their bayonets. This amused us for a little while; but although we gave them nothing to drink their drunkenness increased; and I am sorry, for the sake of the *entente cordiale*, to say that we were obliged to have the fellows put out by the servants at last.

Again I shared my friend's tent, and slept on my stretcher;—slept so soundly, after the day's fatigue, that I believe the Russians might have fired a salvo of artillery into the tent, and yet bayoneted me in sound sleep. In the middle of the night there was a dreadful row. One of our Frenchmen awakening from his slumbers *à la belle étoile*, stole into our tent, and crept under my companion's bed. He started up, grappled him in the dark, thrust him out, and called his servant. The first I heard of the matter was being called by my name, when I awoke and heard the servant rating the Frenchman in good Saxon English, and the Frenchman's teeth chattering,

partly from cold, and partly with an accumulation of unexploded *sacres*. Poor fellow! why didn't he creep under my stretcher? I should never have known any thing about it, and he might have slept till morning undisturbed. It was an evil demon that tempted him to a propinquity, where custom of strong exercise prevented fatigue, and military watchfulness had formed a habit of light slumber. However, the plundermonger was expelled, and I slept on.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAMP AND THE CITY.

Sept. 12th—I was almost as cold as the vagrant French soldier when I crept from underneath the blankets and jumped off the stretcher.

While I dressed I looked through the tent opening. It was hardly daybreak, but my companion was up, and off to the trenches. The camp was already in nascent activity. The eternal lines of land-transport mules and dromedaries were plodding along in front of the encampment ; officers were riding about, and men were turning out ; martial music was sounding near and distant ; and, conspicuous among near objects, a *vivandiere*, in her glazed hat, her red trousers, and her blue tunic, mounted upon a fiery horse, was riding astride and at full gallop over the steep slope to the left of our position.

Breakfast was yet two hours off, and there was nothing to do but to stroll about the camp. I found a friend who was starting to pay a visit to Mr. Russell, the historiographer of this great army. We walked away to the right, through a wilderness of tents more perplexing than a forest to find one's way among, until we found ourselves upon the brow of a declivity.

Hence we had a mighty prospect. At the foot of the declivity lay a widely-expanded plain, bounded by high mountains on the side opposite to us, and terminated by smaller inequalities to our right and to our left. The sun was just peering over the mountain-tops, and the plain before us was one huge canvas city. I have never seen a sight so beautiful as that Crimean sunrise. At the distance where we stood the sounds which set the inmates of that camp in motion were not heard. Small bodies of men, like square dots, moved here and there ; close by, in the foreground, a party was working at what I suppose was a commissariat hay store, cutting ricks to pieces, and speeding away the trusses. A begging Turk came up to us, looking hungry, and went away joyful with a sixpence ; but these near full-length figures were not redolent of actual warfare, and did not spoil the character of the scene. Nothing could be more calm, and placid, and softly, beautiful than the aspect of that broad plain as the eye ranged to and fro over its glancing white tents, and marked it as it seemed to sleep in the first beams of the opening day. *Le vraisemblable n'est pas toujours le vrai.* The solid strength of war lay rolled out at our feet, and looked like an image of pastoral peace.

Close by where we stood was a stable containing three horses, one of which a groom was assiduously rubbing down ; and behind us was a neat iron cottage, with windows and door all snugly closed. A telescope stand stood near the door in a position

which swept the whole of the extensive track of country commanded from this spot.

This was "Russell's hut,"—a situation admirably chosen. It is hence that, like Pericles, he thunders and lightens and confounds, not all Greece, but all Europe. It is hence that he reflects, as by a photograph, the actions of the army, and catches and transplants into the English mind the public opinion which obtains among its officers.

Of course we talked much among us of the Russell despatches. While I was in camp we got the number of the Times containing his account of the battle of the Tchernaya, and it was read with as much avidity as the despatch from the general. It gave us the first entire and coherent account of the battle, whereof many knew little bits well, but none knew the whole. It told us, also, what the people in England would think of it, and repaired some oversights. This incident naturally introduced the topic; and my experience is, that although many do it grudgingly, there is not a British officer who passed the winter of 1854 in the Crimea who does not believe, that to these letters we owe that the English army was not annihilated before Sebastopol.

On the other hand, in this, as in all other similar cases where a man writes hastily—or even where a man does not write hastily—some injustice must be done. To the mind, as well as to the body, the objects which are nearest appear biggest; and even so active a man as "our own Correspondent" cannot

be everywhere. To give one instance. I think the general opinion in the army is, that the services of the naval brigade have been made to occupy greater space than was their fair proportion in the general picture. No doubt they were a dashing set of sea dogs. They were rollicking, and reckless, and obstreperous, as if they had no heads to be smashed or backs to be scratched. They grumbled that "it was darned hard" if they were not allowed to offer themselves as a certain pot shot at thirty yards to a Russian sharpshooter. They had their own way of firing, and they would stick to it. The naval brigade *would* fire broadsides. There was always something the matter with the guns, until the last one in the battery was loaded; then, with or without orders, away went the broadside, and the gunners jumped up upon the parapet, each to watch his own shot. If the natural result followed, and the reckless salt had his head knocked off, no one thought any thing about it: if it was only an arm, he would look at it for a moment, and then say in an under tone, "I'm blowed if them Ruskies haven't knocked off my fin. Here, doctor, just belay this: make it all taut, will ye:" and then he would go at it again, until the inflammation supervening made him knock up. So Jack would pull up guns into inaccessible positions, and with a cutlass and ship pistol storm any thing. He was in Sebastopol before the Russians were out, and even before the Zouaves got in. He got the first-fruits of the plunder there; and if you

wanted any "curios," such as a cross, or an amulet, or a medal, you had only to go to the quarters of the naval brigade, and, for about ten times its original value, you might get any thing, from a silver medal of the order of St. Vladimir to a grey great coat. The first evening I was in camp I heard one of the brigade cursing himself and others with an energy that surpassed ordinary cursing. It seems he had found a box in Sebastopol, and had put it in his pocket. He was stopped by the sentries, and searched, and the box was opened in his presence. It contained Russian trinkets, and, among other things, a watch and chain. Jack's despair was, not at having been made to disgorge, for that was a general grievance, but that he had been such a fool as not to look into the box: for if he had, he said, he would have naturally put the watch in his watch-pocket and let the seals hang out; and then, who would have had a right to deprive him of his property?

This rattling, dare-devil style makes Jack very popular with the multitude, and very useful upon some occasions; but it should not operate to throw into the shade the less-obtrusive services of the more steady and better-disciplined troops of the same arm. It should not be forgotten—or rather, it ought to be known—that the naval brigade served twenty-one guns at the siege of Sebastopol, and the siege artillery served a hundred and fifty. There is no branch of the service whose deeds require more

notice and acknowledgment, by a judicious military critic, than those of the siege artillery. It is rarely possible for them to distinguish themselves as other men can. They cannot be the first in a rush. The spectator's eye is not upon them. They must be always out of sight, always with their guns. Their deeds are only seen in crumbling parapets, broken walls, and disabled cannon. Yet it is under the protection of their fire that the others do all the work; and it is upon the precision of their fire that success or failure mainly depend. Now, I have no hesitation in saying, that it is of our superiority in this particular arm, and of the precision of fire of our battering-train, that our officers were generally most proud.

Circumstances placed the officers of this branch of the service in comparative obscurity, and Mr. Russell left them there. He did more than this, for he, I believe quite unintentionally, spread a notion in England that the naval brigade did all, or the best part, of the bombardment. Men who have done their duty well cannot bear up against a feeling of discouragement if they are entirely unappreciated. I don't know that this feeling obtains in the artillery, but it would influence me if I were one of them.

All this time we are standing by Mr. Russell's stable, and looking over the plain upon the Tchernaya highlands. My companion has learned from the groom that the historiographer has not been in

bed very long ; that he had been writing nearly all night, and is certainly not likely to be visible at this early hour : so we turned back again, not quite *re infectâ*, for we had enjoyed our walk, and gained an appetite ; but I was disappointed in the expectation of renewing an acquaintance, too slight and too long ago, to justify me in repeating my call alone.

To breakfast—the day is still young—and then, to horse.

We set out, as usual, a goodly company. This time we took a direction from our tents more to the right, galloped across the stony ground, and struck the Karabelnaia ravine, along which ran the course of an ancient waterway, and also a new military road. After many windings between rude rocks, this ravine brought us to the inevitable trenches, and the usual process of jumping down, passing along zig-zags, to the imminent danger of our knees, and jumping up again over parapets of loose soil, recommenced. We were now in the French lines before the Mamelon, and the dome-shaped elevation which had been the scene of so many battles, and will be so famous in the military history of France, was upon our right. The Mamelon is useless now, for it served only as an outwork to the Malakoff. We looked at its earthworks, and we passed on. Before us rose the celebrated hill, still crested with the low ruins of the tower destroyed by our siege artillery in the first bombardment. At the foot of the hill on which the town stands a high bank, pierced with embrasures,

still exists, and right and left this bank extends. There is now a gap and a roadway leading to the top of the hill, and on that top was a flagstaff and a telegraph. There was also a knot of French officers, and a considerable number of French gunners. There was a movement among them, and it was evident that something practical was going on.

A sentinel was walking to and fro before the entrance, and his musket fell from his shoulder, and he gave the peremptory signal "On ne passe pas" as we rode up. Discussion was out of the question, but he was so good as to tell us, that if we rode on some way along the curtain we should find a way through, and could go down on the other side. This we did; and, having made our way over this curtain, and through the ditches, saw an excellent reason for excluding *les curieux* from the Mamelon fort. A gun went off from the top of the hill while we were looking at it, and a shell from the other side of the harbour came whistling and twisting through space, and fell on the side of the hill, sending up a cloud of dust, and scattering its splinters about almost to where we stood. Even our companions, who grumbled that it was very ill-natured of the French to exclude us from their conquest, could not but admit that it was better to keep amateurs out of a fort that was in active fire. Keeping under the earthworks of the redoubt, we now descended the hill, until we arrived at that much-knocked-about group of houses called the Karabelnaia suburb. Lying underneath

the Malakoff, all the missiles which overtopped that fort fell into this suburb, and a most uncomfortable place for a quiet studious man the suburb must have been. The streets here appear to have been narrow and ill-paved, and the whole place was an utter wreck. Even here, however, the dogs and cats still lingered. These dogs and cats were the only living Russian things we saw in Sebastopol; and I know nothing which impressed us so sadly with the idea of destroyed domesticities as the distress and shyness of these poor half-starved animals. We tried in vain to entice one of the cats, and we were still less successful in a chase after them. For the sum of five shillings, one of our party obtained a good specimen of the brown curish mastiff, which forms the staple canine commodity of Sebastopol, and he was sent up to the camp, and, after some feeding and caressing, became, in two days, half, but only half, reconciled to his conquerors.

Passing through the Karabelnaia, and down the steep beyond, we pursued our way through a part of the town at the back of the docks, and thence made our course up to Fort St. Paul, where we had not been on previous days. This was the fort that was blown up in so mysterious a manner after the Russians had quitted possession. Some persons say, however, that there was no mystery in the matter; that common precaution would have prevented the catastrophe; that a Russian boat's crew landed in open day, and within shot of a thousand English and French rifles, if any of the plunderers and lookers

on had had rifles in their hands; and, having staid on shore ten minutes, rowed away and waited at a safe distance to see the explosion. How this may be I do not know, but Fort Paul was certainly now "black with the miner's blast," and useless for present purposes. Having satisfied our curiosity here, we turned back again along the dockyard creek, and passed by the barracks where the wounded and the dead had been found on the tenth, while we were in another part of the city. The place was clear now, and we could only imagine, as we looked at the low rooms whence we were told they had been taken, what the misery of these poor wretches must have been. I did not, however, linger long, for the difficulty of obtaining any reliable information was so great, that we might not have seen the actual scene at all. Among the crowds of sight-seers every one had a different story, and I place no confidence in any thing but what my eyes shewed me in Sebastopol.

While we were standing at the northern part of the barracks a shell from the battery opposite whisked high over our heads. It was evidently directed to the Malakoff, but fell short just inside the wall which skirted the heights above us. There was a terrible flight upwards of dust and stones, and in a breach made in the wall we immediately saw a tall rider upon a frightened horse. He was half way through the gap, and a precipice of some two hundred feet was on our side of him. For a moment we made sure that he must topple over and be killed; but either the horse slipped, or the rider was able to pull him over,

for, to our great relief, horse and man tumbled over together among the loose stones of the gap, and what threatened to be a tragedy ended in a hearty laugh at the scrambling cavalier.

We now pursued our often-trodden road by the margin of the inner harbour, and counted the stores of anchors and cannon, and piled cannon-shot, all of which latter we were told was of too small calibre to be of much use; and we went round again over the flat garden land, at the head of the inner harbour, to the French part of the town, or rather to the city of Sebastopol; for the English part, on the right of the inner harbour, is no more Sebastopol than Woolwich is London. As we passed near the arsenal we found soldiers pitching some packets into a bonfire, and the packets exploded with a considerable report. Some of my companions grumbled and swore a little, but rode on quietly by the fire. I asked what they were doing.

"The idiots are throwing the Russian ball-cartridges into the fire: they'll kill some one presently."

What power a ball may have when exploded from a ball cartridge, without the direction or compression of a musket-barrel, I do not know, but it was decidedly an unpleasant vicinity.

Keeping the outside of the city, we now came upon that building in the form of a Greek temple, which looked so handsome with its cannon-chipped columns, and formed so conspicuous an object of this

city. A party of French soldiers were bringing the timber out of it, and I was sorry I had not more specially visited it before. It is now known to have been the Armenian Church. It is situate upon the incline under the French works and the wonder is how it escaped so well. Among the woodwork now in course of removal by the French was some very handsome carving, but it was all broken to pieces.

Thence we rode on to the forts in the neighbourhood of the Quarantine Bay, and to where a little spit of land runs out, and a bridle-way, having the walls of the fort to the left, extends to the end of the promontory. A French picquet had piled their arms before a small circular guard-house, and were lounging on the floor inside. We must needs go to the end to admire the prospect, and look at the forts opposite. While we were thus occupied, the solitary sentinel on duty remarked to one of our party—

“Pour vous monsieur, c'est votre affaire ; mais pour moi deciderement je ne suis pas las de la vie.”

“What does he say?”

“He says he isn't tired of his life if you are.”

“What does he mean by that?”

“Dans quelques minutes on lancera sur nous au moins cinq coups de canon : et alors vous filerez sans doubt. Mais moi il faut bien que je reste ; et vu que quand cela commence ça dure toujours pour un quart d'heure je n'aurai pas la chance.”

It was certainly true there was a most ominous

movement in the battery opposite, and my friends seemed to feel that if the little guard-house was knocked down, and some of our allies killed "*a notre intention*," bad would come of it. That I know was *their* reason for hurrying away; but for myself, I claim credit (or admit the discredit, as the reader may please) for having felt all along that we were pushing our love of the picturesque to a disagreeable extreme. However, we got away in time, and the Russians saved their powder.

We rode back through the city. We stopped at the steps that led up to the public walk, where the monument with the unreadable inscription stands. To-day Sebastopol was full of pedestrians. The plunder had been, for the most part, removed, and passes were not so strictly required. A sentinel, however, was posted at the foot of these broad steps, and would let no one up without a pass. The reason was curious. A French lady had been sitting in the promenade, and sketching, when a shell tumbled almost at her feet. Fortunately it did not explode, or she would have been blown to pieces, for, of course, she did not think of lying down. Why this event should operate to interdict all persons from the spot who had no tickets I could not quite understand; but so it was.

Somebody has translated the inscription. It seems that it tells the world that the monument has been erected to one Petropaulowsky, or some such famous hero—for I confess I did not recognise, and do not

remember, the name ;—and that it informs mankind that it was erected to him in order that others may emulate him. If he could stand upon his own monument, and look around him, he would see what such heroism and such imitations come to at last.

From this spot I took a formal farewell of Sebastopol. If I lived in it for twenty years I could see no more of it. I had ridden, and walked, and peered into, and explored, the ruins, until they began to bore me—as I doubt not my writing about them has already begun to bore the reader. If this be so, think how they must bore the poor fellows, who, having all the joys and hospitalities of London at their command—if they could only get there—have no other prospect but to look, day after day, a whole winter through, upon these dreary desolations ; and no other occupation but to drag bit by bit of these crumbling remains up to the plateau, to house themselves in !

And yet folk at home wonder that officers have urgent private business to take them to England ! As though any man who has not heard a woman's voice for twenty dreary months—who has been living a round of camp routine in tent and trench, broken only about once in two months by some operation which does not always bring glory to the country or promotion to the officer ; and, if it did, occupies only a portion of the army—as if a man, whose mother, wife, or sweetheart, would hardly know his face again through the beard that has grown since last she saw him—as if any man who has lived

through this, and is threatened with a perpetuity of it, can fail to have very urgent private affairs in England!

If England wants to be well served she must have some bowels of compassion. Fighting is not such a pleasant, exciting well-paid profession as elderly bankers and young apprentices fancy. The monotonous tedium of a camp is, after the first three days' novelty has worn off, something to drive a man crazy if he have no duties; and if he have duties, they can only mitigate the ennui: they cannot kill the monster. Nothing could exceed the frankness with which every one, who chose to communicate his secret thoughts to me upon the subject, declared that it was nothing but the fear of a dishonourable construction, or the inability to give up his commission, which kept him in the Crimea. Oh, how they all sigh for home! Home, if it were but for a fortnight! If the whole population of the Russian empire, serried and in arms, could be drawn up between Balaklava and the plateau, and a steamer with her steam up, bound for London, were fizzing at the Ordnance Wharf, I'd back the officers of the British army to cut their way through all that mass, even if they were convinced that only ten could survive to leap upon her deck.

The men, as a body, do not feel this so much as the officers: they have not so much to tempt them at home; but still they do feel it. Campaigning in the Crimea is not like India or country quarters. If you would have willing hearts and willing hands, you

should relieve, not regiments, but individuals. Every officer and man who has served a certain time in the Crimea, and who wishes for it, should have six months' leave of absence, and a free passage to and fro. Stop his promotion during that time, if you please ; but allow him the option to come back and take a civilization bath without dishonour.

We chatted a little of these matters as we rode home to camp.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAMP AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

Sept. 13th—I was almost knocked up with unaccustomed fatigue. We had a quiet day in camp ; walked about and paid visits ; saw the regiments paraded, and awkward squads in a state of drill ; assisted at an inspection of cavalry, which was a very fine sight, but hardly merits description. Apart from the accident of scenery, the same thing may be witnessed any day in one of our home encampments.

Strolling about, we came upon a little crowd assembled round a hut. An auction was going on. The former occupant of this hut was a man most popular with the men, and beloved by his companions. His saddles, his stirrups, his whips, his horses, his canteen, his clothes, were all brought forward. The value of every thing was canvassed, and sometimes the biddings were very active. A non-commissioned officer—I never could learn to distinguish the different grades and designations of the non-commissioned officers—acted as auctioneer. Perhaps you imagine that every one was sorrowful and sad. What under feeling there may have been I cannot tell : perhaps many a man felt a sadness he was ashamed to shew ;

but none was openly displayed. The jest was as loud and frequent as if they had been handicapping a hurdle-race. Had pity been choked by custom of fell deeds, and dreadful objects become so familiar that no feeling was left among these men? Not so. There was no one of them who would not have recklessly risked his own life to save his companion in arms, or even to rescue his body from the enemy. But "what is done cannot be undone" is a feeling that becomes rapidly common in a plague-struck city, or in a camp where "casualties" occur daily. Human nature could not sustain a constant strain upon its sympathies. I went away almost immediately, for the scene impressed me with a discomfort which reflection afterwards told me arose from my own personal immunity from the hammer of experience which had hardened others.

In the afternoon we went to the encampment of the naval brigade. They were under orders for ship-board, and Jack was trying to dispose of his least portable plunder, but principally of his horses. One fellow had been riding a lean groggy-legged beast at full gallop up and down all day, and when he had well warmed him, and put him on a hill-side, with his head towards the top, would dismount and pass his hand over his legs, and descant upon his excellencies with an energy and eloquence that would do honour to "the corner." He sold the brute at last for thirty shillings. Where he got him from no one knows, but everybody guessed. There were

several mules in this encampment which many of my friends would have bid round sums for, but they were rather afraid that, after the departure of the present owner, some other might turn up.

While we were strolling about, a lieutenant in the — gave us an account of his last Christmas dinner. He bought a goose for twelve shillings, and some sauce for which he paid eight. Then for five shillings he obtained a bason full of flour, and for eight shillings more he got about four pounds of plums. This, in the hands of a mess cook, was turned into a very black goose, and a remarkably sorry pudding. But for eight shillings more he obtained a bottle of brandy : and a very uncomfortable festival it was. I hope my gallant friend—for he was, and is, a remarkably gallant young Irishman—will have a much better dinner this Christmas-day, 1855.

14th—We had resolved upon a long ride, which should end with Balaklava ; and taking leave of several of our mess-companions, whose hospitality and good-fellowship will always be a pleasant recollection, and an agreeable obligation, we rode away direct for the Malakoff.

At the foot of the famous hill the French sentinel still kept his guard. We skirted the short earth-work, and entered the Little Redan, a small enclosure of earthworks and gabions, where broken implements of war were still scattered about, where the guns still looked from the embrasures, and every

presence of a furious canonade yet remained. Here we talked with a French officer on duty, and it tells strongly for the hard work to which our officers had been confined, that we were obliged to ask of him the way to the scite of the battle of Inkermann.

It was not very far off, but we managed to lose our way. As we passed over the incline to the right of the fort the ground was strewed with bayonets, and fragments of French uniform, and broken cartridge-boxes, and with white cartridge-cases. Our senses told us that they who had once used these things were not far off. Some of the Russians had been so lightly buried, that the Frenchman told us, that, in leaning against the parapet that morning, the earth had given way, and he found himself in contact with livid human flesh.

Riding hither and thither, as one object or another claimed our notice, we got entangled in the French lines, and found ourselves on the shore of the harbour near Careening Bay. Here the opposite shore trends outwards, and the harbour is certainly nothing like half a mile across. We fancied we could almost hear the Russians in the battery opposite talk. It had been easy to hear the report of a rifle, and to feel the ball. Our companions to-day, however, had a reasonable dislike to unnecessary danger, and we kept close behind the earthworks of the now abandoned Russian battery.

Retracing our steps, and descending a steep hill, we came upon the ravine of Careening Bay. A fine

bridge of white stone spanned the ravine, and we imagined that this must be the bridge of Inkermann. The scenery was wild and beautiful. But there was no road to this splendid structure. Pathways ran hither and thither, but there was no broad highway. The bridge had been fenced with barricades, but these appeared to have been recently thrown down; and when we got upon it, and rode along in single file, it occurred to us that this was not a bridge, but the aqueduct whence the water had been brought to Sebastopol before the allies detorted it.

A little examination shewed us that this was the fact. Before us rose Mount Sapoune. The country looked so wild and highland, that, but for the presence of an occasional group of French soldiers loitering about, we should have imagined we had got within the Russian fastnesses. A road now extended to our left; but after a council of war it was determined that this did not lead to our destination. We rode, therefore, up the hill, and soon got involved in some of the deepest and most unpleasant trenches that indifferent cavalier ever had to ride among. Scrambling over the loose shingle of the parapets, and jumping down into the trenches, then mounting up again the perpendicular walls of the stony foss, were works too often repeated for our peace of body. Several times I narrowly escaped crushing a leg, and once my horse fell with me. My companion had a still narrower chance, for he was carried under a covered way which just grazed his

head as he entered it, and became lower as he advanced, threatening to crush him between the beams and the saddle. However, we worked our way along, not very certain of our direction, until we came to a battery manned by French seamen. This was the extreme point held by the French, and the valley which it commanded swarmed with Russian sharpshooters. A "*petit quart d'heure*," however, they told us, would bring us to the scene we were in search of. So we went away again over the hills, with heather up to our horse's knees, until at last we came to a road, which, I believe, is that vagrant, ever-present Woronzoff Road. We descended into this road, down a very steep hill, and found that it led away straight for the enemy's country. It skirted the side of a mountain. Below it, on our right, was a deep ravine, and across it were barricades—dry stone walls, which sometimes started from opposite sides, and overlapped each other, leaving a continuous line of defence, and yet a pathway between. Sometimes there were no such intervals, and we were obliged to scramble round them by the precipitous side of the valley. At last the ravine opened, and before us, on the opposite side of a wider valley into which it debouched, we saw a ruined tower and other evidences of a dilapidated middle-age edifice. These were the ruins of Inkermann. The hill to our left was the hill so stoutly held by the Guards; the heights and depths around us were the scenes of the fierce struggle and the disastrous retreat.

Following the road, we came to an angle where the road now ends ; and here we found a small party of soldiers—the first human beings we had seen for three miles—sitting under the protection of the earthworks of a battery.

We asked our way down to the caves of Inker-mann.

“ There they are,” they said, pointing to the scarped rocks on the other side of the valley ; “ but if Messieurs go ten paces in front of this parapet, they will be shot like rabbits.”

“ You don’t mean to say that the Russians are in possession of the caves ?”

“ They have been firing at us from them all the morning. Earlier in the day they were firing cannon-shot half a mile up the road you have just come down. There”—ducking his head under the parapet—“ they are firing at us now.”

There certainly was a distant report and a little puff of smoke in the valley below, but the danger did not appear very great to any of us. I think even my civilian nerves could have stood being shot at for a long time at that distance.

We looked about us, in spite of the riflemen, but there was nothing to be seen except a very pretty valley with bold rocky hills. As, however, our friends the Ruskies might have crept nearer, under cover of the brushwood and heather, we did not look long, but jogged back again the way we came. They did not pay us the compliment of sending any more cannon-balls up the road. Without a guide

who had been present at the affair, it was not very easy to realize the battle of Inkermann. Part of the scene of the retreat the Russians would not allow us to see; and there are so many elevations among these heights, that we could not be quite sure which was the scene of the deadliest part of the struggle.

Following the road, it led us upwards upon the plateau, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the French and Turkish camp—part of that camp. as these were the hills, which we had seen on a former morning from Mr. Russell's hut.

Here we stopped at a canteen and had some bread and cheese, and some bad brandy and water. Everybody seemed very jolly and comfortable, especially the *cantiniere*, who had grown fat and aged in the exercise of her calling. But we must not dally, for we have still a long ride before us, and the horses will not bear to be pressed this hot weather.

We rode through a portion of the camp, and descended to the little river Tchernaya—a brook such as you may see in almost any part of England—with banks generally shelving on one side and precipitous on the other. Thousands of Frenchmen were bathing, or rather dabbling and washing in it. Here at least we were fully under the protection of our allies. We continued in the road above it, until we came to a handsome, new-looking bridge which spanned its scanty channel. This was the scene of the battle of the Tchernaya. There is a

high hill before us, on which the French have now erected a battery ; the plateau rises up on our right : we are, indeed, riding along its declivity. There are two defiles in our front. The road which runs along the bridge leads into one ; the other skirts the hill on which the French battery now stands. The Russians came down these two defiles, attempted to take the hill, to force the bridge, and to establish themselves upon the heights of the plateau, and penetrate into the camp. The bridge is now patrolled by French sentinels, who will not allow us to pass. A very strong force is encamped all about.

After comparing the scene before us with our recollection of Mr. Russell's account of the recent battle, we continued our route by the side of the clear pellucid aqueduct, exactly like an English mill-race, full of healthy weeds and little diving frogs—salad and frogs, and yet a French encampment all around ! Where this aqueduct now debouches I did not remark, but we were riding up its stream, over a tract of low underwood through which it flows—led along a channel much higher than the river which meanders below. Our course brought us to a point where, by damming up the stream, the French or the Russians have formed a little shallow lake, wherein our allies were again disporting themselves. Turning off from the valley of the Tchernaya, we now came upon the Sardinian encampment, and met parties of Italians, looking like Macduff's army as represented by Mr. Charles Kean. Every soldier

was enveloped by a burden of green boughs. The Sardinians were hutting themselves. They were building themselves bowers of green branches, and very picturesque they look.

Nothing can exceed the soldierlike and exquisitely orderly appearance of this encampment. It is the only approach to our old ideas of a Roman encampment which we saw. A low rampart and a ditch are drawn along its front, and the conical hill they defended so well is surmounted by a regular fort which Vauban might have made. The green leaves of their huts, the costume of their riflemen, their neatly-traced lines, and their high fortress hill, lend a peculiarly picturesque character to this part of the great allied camp.

There is great cordiality between the English and Sardinian officers, and more frequent personal friendships than between any other of the allied nations. The Sardinian officers are all gentlemen, and frequently of high hereditary rank. The habits of the English and Sardinian officers suit each other, and that is the true tie of intimacy. We were delayed some time by our companions' visits to their friends in this camp, and we had much difficulty in escaping from their hospitality. Nothing could have been pleasanter than to stay among them for a week, if we had the time; but the day was wearing, and we had other visits yet to pay.

Separated from the Sardinians only by a shallow dell, upon a slight elevation at the mouth of a defile

which runs away into the mountains, with the steep cliffs of the Mackenzie heights in his full front, with a lofty hill behind him, and with sheep and oxen grazing on the sward which spreads at the foot of his encampment, stands Sir Colin Campbell and his kilted host. He looks like a highland chieftain guarding the pass into his native fastnesses, and surrounded by the booty gathered in some recent lowland foray. The bagpipes are playing in full dissonance, and the Gaels look stout, and red-haired, and happy. Sir Colin is there to guard those defiles whence the Russ may come down in strength at any moment, and spread havoc and dismay over the plain of Balaklava; perhaps appropriate the honest earnings of the conscientious storekeepers at Kadi-koi, but certainly burn the shipping in Balaklava harbour, and cut off our communications with the sea.

From this spot is best seen the weak point of our position. The Mackenzie heights, as precipitous as the St. Vincent's rocks at Clifton, and bristling with batteries, protect the Russians in Sir Colin's front, the highlands harbour them upon his right. Unless we have enterprise enough to advance and drive the enemy before us, we must be here always on the defensive, employing a large and trustworthy portion of our army to close the exit from those mountains.

All this was admirably pointed out to us by the gallant soldier who did the honours of the camp to us—one of the very few officers I met in the Crimea

who said he had no wish at all to go home, that fighting was his business, and camp life his natural state of existence. He gave us some ration rum and a biscuit, and advised us to go up the hill behind, and see the military character of the country, and to gallop five miles towards the Baidar district, to see a magnificent villa which had belonged to a prince Somethinkoff, but now to the allies by right of conquest. We looked at the sun, and we looked at our horses, and we trotted away modestly over Balaklava plain.

Over Balaklava plain we rode for more than two hours. We tracked every incident in the Balaklava battle and the fatal charge. The men were of course buried at once, but the horses lay upon the plain all the winter. Some of their bones may yet be seen whitening in the sun. The cannon-balls are frequent in the field. We rode to the Fedukhine heights. We looked at the Turkish redoubts. I cut a stick from the vineyards which impeded the first impetus of the charge of the fourth dragoons: it is a very little stick. The vineyard is now but a tangled brake: the rich plain of Balaklava is trampled and wasted, and war-blighted. It bears nothing but batteries now, and the grape you find there is large, and heavy, and solid, and tastes of death. I tried to bring a nine-pound shot away, but it was an awkward rolling load upon the saddle, and tumbled off as I leaped the nasty ditch which runs or stagnates in front of Kadikoi.

It was night when we delivered up our horses to be led back to camp—alas! there was no shelter to be obtained for them at Balaklava—and threw ourselves upon the hospitality of the “Lindsay” and her captain.

14th—This day was passed upon trodden ground. We lived on shipboard, and we walked all over Balaklava plain. We re-visited the Sardinians, and we mounted their hill. One of the field-officers of the Highlanders—and no one could have had a better opportunity of seeing the action—described to us how beautifully the Sardinians retook their mountain after the Russians had gained possession of it by surprise at the commencement of the battle of the Tchernaya.

The Ruskies had come from the defile which the hill overlooks, and had crept up the precipitous side which commands the river and faces the heights beyond. Their supports were swarming up, and a very important post it was for an invading enemy. No one who has not felt what it is to walk up this hill, taking it quietly, stopping frequently to rest and draw breath, under pretence, probably, of admiring the prospect, can imagine what it would be to march up it at a charging pace, and with a strong force of Russians blazing away at you from five hundred feet above you. The Sardinians advanced in compact masses, and the Russ thought he should drive them back with ball and bayonet over the steep sides of the cliffs. Those steep cliffs, however, favoured a little Italian stratagem. One by one, and two by

two, and three by three, those smart, active, bandit-looking, sharpshooters, stole away from the rear of the Sardinian columns, and sheltered themselves beneath the precipice. I dare say the spike which protrudes from the butt of their rifle, which passes under the arm-pit, and steadies the weapon when taking aim, and which, thrust into the ground, supports it in an upright posture out of danger of the moisture of the earth when it is out of immediate use—I dare say this iron spike helped the Sardinian rifleman to climb. The Russians were fully occupied in preparing for the charge in front. Little detachments of light infantry were joining the riflemen who had skulked round to the Russians' flanks. Then the mass of Italian troops marched steadily up through a heavy fire ; the riflemen and light infantry, having climbed the steep, emerged from their ambuscade and attacked on each side ; the Russians were driven over ; and the Sardinians recovered their hill. It was after this lesson that they built the fort upon the top.

We left no corner of the plain of Balaklava unexplored ; and I think my friend the captain of the "Lindsay," who was my only companion this day, will admit now, as he loudly asserted at the time, that I fairly walked him off his legs. As we stood upon a hill above Kadikoi, a mighty and familiar shout echoed among the mountains. "Hark ! Tally-ho !" There they are, away they go. Such hallooing, such cracking of whips, such reckless riding over

the rocks. Off scampers the "kishtar," the name which the camp has given to the ownerless dog of these wilds. It's a strong field and a rough country. The French officers, with their straight legs and long stirrups, ride very gallantly down the steep. The English officers seem to think they are on a turnpike road. The soldiers and camp-followers turn out and scramble after as best they can. "Kishtar" makes for Kadikoi and the houses, but being headed in that direction, he turns off to the left, crosses the rail and the ditch, and makes for a stiff earthwork with a foss, and a parapet studded with holes and spikes, to prevent cavalry from riding up it, guns in the embrasures, and buildings behind the earthwork, in which an unfortunate dog may hope to find shelter. Vain is thy hope, O kishtar! Half-a-dozen horsemen have taken the lead of the crowd. Their short stirrups, and that unmistakable gathering up of the reins, and settling down in the saddle, are unpleasant symptoms for a hunted beast. It is no joke to be hunted by horsemen who ride short and handle their reins with both hands—as Frenchmen do not—and settle down in their saddles. They gallop over the pitfalls, which are supposed to be impassable to cavalry, and up the parapet, and over the guns, and turn poor kishtar before he could reach his skulking-place. They seem to think no more of the impediment than they would of an earthen bank in Pembrokeshire, or a wide gap in a Leicestershire

fence. Then the chase is lost to eye, but not to ear. Let us climb up higher. Our Gallic friends are tailing off, the Britannic nimrods are still at the tail of the kishtar, and urge his speed by their wild halloos. Now he turns, and runs for yonder hill, where a French force is encamped. The red breeches turn out to see the fun. They do not shoot him as they were wont to do, for they now understand that these good offices against the enemy are only rewarded by British curses; but they scream and shout, and frighten the kishtar away from their inhospitable camp. He is a game dog: he bounds away with renewed vigour. We see the select field ever and anon as they rise over the eminences, and we lose them as they descend into the hollows. He is making away for the Sardinians and the Highlanders. We judge, from faint distant shouts, that he is still afoot, and that he has turned down the defile towards the Turkish camp below. The light breeze brings us ever and anon a far-off echo of the still-enduring chase: but it is gone for us. Whether the kishtar will stagger and die, with lolling tongue and bursting veins, upon some hill in front of the Mackenzie heights, or whether he will lead his pursuers within the Russian lines, and make them fight their way back again with their hunting-whips through a squadron of Cossacks—weapons wherewith Greeks were wont to quell and fright armed slaves—we cannot tell. We also are "as tired as a dog," and, halting home

to our cabin, drink a bumper after dinner to the honour of the game kishtar of Crim`Tartary.

I forgot to mention, that in the early morning we visited the long lines of burial-places that skirt the road which leads from Balaklava. I forgot, also, to mention, that we lunched at a Sardinian canteen, where absinthe, and orvieto, and vermouth, and lemonade, and such like unintoxicating beverages, are articles of common consumption.

16th—It is Sunday, and we land at the Leander Creek, and walk over the mountains to hear the monks chaunt the Greek service at the monastery of St. George. It is a fine breezy walk over these high hills, and the toil is rewarded by the most commanding view we have yet had of the allied possessions in Tartary. Hence we can see over the plateau, as well as over the plain. Judge, reader, what this view was in the early morning. Fortunately the sun had not attained its full power when we climbed these mountains. It was pleasanter to follow the curvings of the valley which we descended to in our way to the monastery. But the Turks had once encamped about this spot. There were green barrows which told of the doings of famine and cholera in the winter past, and the way is still strewn with rotting beasts which taint the air, and fester in the hot sun.

Then we rise again, and we pass through a village of hospital buildings. They are of wood with roofs of zinc or iron sheeting, which a storm

has in some places rolled up, and in others blown bodily off. We look in as far as delicacy will permit, and we note that all is comfortable and clean, and that the kitchens are preparing light diet—"chicken fixings," as a Yankee would say—for the sick. Half a mile on is a church, with its green cupola, and around it is a churchyard. Then a long line of buildings, the greater portion of recent erection. These are the quarters of distinguished invalids, and also the habitation of the Russian Governor of Balaklava, whose little children are running about, and make friends with us and with two French chasseurs who have been shooting hares and small birds with a Russian musket. A little passage through this line of habitations leads, by a short descent, down to the internal court of the monastery. Thence onwards a few yards, and we emerge upon a terrace. The Euxine is before us—a boundless field of emerald. Even this Euxine cannot choose but look beautiful in such a day as this. The waves swell, unbroken, to the base of the wild crags whereon we stand. At a thousand feet below us they are rising and falling in gentle undulation, perhaps doing homage to the temple of Diana or the chapel of St. George.

The chapel of St. George is at the end of the terrace, with a representation of the saint quelling the dragon in Tartary, just as he does in England. We entered and heard the service. The monks are more ill-looking and dirty than monks

generally are, but they chaunted well. Two of them did the honours of the more private monastic chapel, and were pleased to receive an English half-crown. One of our party cruelly shewed them the reverse of a George the fourth sovereign, with the effigy of their patron saint upon it. The holy man's eyes glistened, whether at the sight of his saint or the sight of the gold I know not ; but the sovereign went back into the Englisman's pocket. He was a Roman Catholic, and looked not lovingly on these schismatics.

Below the terrace on which we stood there are others cut among the rocks, and going step by step down to the sea. Some of the interstices are cultivated, and the produce affords vegetables to the monks, and also, perhaps, to our invalids. The whole of this establishment is under the protection of the French.

We returned home, and dined with the hospitable commander of the "Dinapore," whose acquaintance I was happy in making, and to whom I am indebted for many civilities.

17th—To-day we managed to get horses, and rode to Kameish. It is a Balaklava of a French fashion. The wooden huts are somewhat less rude in construction and in plan than those of our seaport, and there is a café and restaurant of tremendous pretensions and of mammoth size. We got a capital dinner and very tolerable wine there, but it cost us sixteen francs a head. It was necessary to go to

Kameish; and I can understand that it is pleasant to our officers to vary their rations by a good dinner of three courses. We, however, should have had our creature-comforts on ship-board, and hardly thought Kameish worth the ride.

18th—We should have liked to do a little touring in the direction of the sea of Azoff, or even to Eupatoria. This, however, was impossible. I must now be off on our way home. This is my last morning in the Crimea.

At four o'clock on this 18th of September I took leave of the "Lindsay," of our good friend her captain, and of Mr. Prentice, Mr. Penny, and the midshipmen. It was like leaving a home to go forth among strangers. But I will say no more of this, for public acknowledgments of private feelings are seldom in good taste. Enough to say, that if by reading this journal any dyspeptic London idler should be induced to renovate his constitution by a run to the East, I promise he will be well content with his trip, if he meet with half as good a ship as the "Lindsay," and with one half the comfort and good fellowship which I experienced on board her.

It is a usual courtesy to grant to any British subject, wishing to return home, an order for a passage to Constantinople in one of the government transports, the order, however, specially, and very properly, providing that it is "subject to there being places in the cabin not required for persons in the public service, and that the government be put to no expense for messing, or otherwise."

I obtained a berth on board the "Albatross," which was going back to Constantinople for cattle. It was not quite a palace, but then it was intended to carry cattle, and not to accommodate "Travelling Gents." The captain is a hearty seaman, who made me as comfortable as he could. As we steered from Balaklava bay he pointed out to me a shell just bursting high over the Inkermann heights. It was the last act of Crimean warfare I saw.

CHAPTER XI.

BACK AGAIN.—CONSTANTINOPLE REVISITED.

AT daybreak on the 20th of September we sighted the lighthouses of the Dardanelles. The object of my journey was accomplished. Henceforward this journal has no special object of interest. Those, however, who have gone with me thus far, are, I think, bound in honour to see me safe back again.

I staid a week in Constantinople, and I saw all the sights of Istamboul. I mixed them up also with historic fancies; for I have always thought that the chief pleasure of travel consists in connecting oneself with historical events by the tie of locality. I rode along under the shadow of the walls which form the base of this great triangular city. I scanned the heights from which thirty armies, at thirty different periods, have threatened and assaulted this home of dominion. I tried to fix the spot where the great gun of Mahomet the Second battered down the crumbling empire of the Palæologi. I tracked the valley across which he drew his galleys to the head of the Golden Horn. I paused over scenes of fratricide, and mused upon the spots where passed the more-remembered instances of eastern falsehood. I did homage to a great man in the mausoleum of Mahomet the Conqueror, and to the poetry of a moslem miracle in

the mosque of Ayoub. I saw also all the vulgar sights of Constantinople. I saw the dancing and the howling dervishes, who debase a religion which, although destitute of the vital saving faith of the atonement, is, so far as it goes, a theism as pure as man can attain to without a revelation. I went to the Valley of Sweet Waters on a Friday, and beheld how rationally the Mahometan keeps his day of rest. The valley is not so picturesque as an English park, and the sweet waters are but a turbid and a scanty stream. I am afraid, also, that the songs which those gipsy women sit round in circles, and chaunt to the accompaniment of clapping of hands, and which the Turks listen to so complacently, and reward with ten-piastre notes, are not decent recitatives. But the families in their quaint costumes, gathered together in little groups, and cooking their coffee on wood embers, look tranquil and happy. The Sultan's garden, which our friend Jones of Oxford Street would not think by any means neatly laid out, is flowerless and weedy; but as a few paras are paid for admission, the company it holds is, I suppose, of the more pretending classes of Turks. There is positively a crowd round those Frankish singers; and, *proh pudor!* there is a drunken Englishman helped along by two Turkish soldiers. This Valley of Sweet Waters is a great lion at Istamboul. It is the valley of the little, lagging, discoloured river which comes down from the Thracian Belgrade, and falls into the top of the Golden Horn. The scenery in the

neighbourhood is bare down—very like the aspect of the down districts of Sussex, Wilts, or Dorset. Along the margin of this rivulet are a few plane-trees and cypresses, which offer to the crowd a scanty shade. Sellers of sweetmeats, of melons, and of sherbets, circulate about, and water-carriers offer you water which they procure from a well hard by. Drink, for these are the sweet waters. I came to this gay junketing in a caique impelled by two brawny Turks, who beat a four-oar gig quite out of sight. But all the company did not so arrive. Some of the Turks have ridden across upon those beautiful little horses, which shew such Arab blood, and amble so prettily, and look so sleek and clean-limbed and happy. These horsemen are galloping hither and thither, and are shewing off before the belles of Constantinople. Others have come by land in the tiny Queen Mab carriages, which are so quaint and picturesque and uncomfortable. There is a long string of them winding round the hill, and a respectable pasha is riding before them. He looks like a full-blown turkey-cock at the head of his troop of hens. The pasha you see is a family man. He has brought his wives and their black women out for a day's rural enjoyment. How late these people stay in a spot which, except on Fridays and Sundays, is abandoned to the geese of the downs, I cannot tell; but as I go back upon the winding surface of the muddy stream the swathed females are still squatting or standing on the banks, and look more like ghouls than women.

Two days were necessarily given up to Scutari; to the immense wood of cypresses where the great cemetery is; to Chalcedon with its badly-chosen site, but its picturesque aspect, and its all-excelling view over sea and city; to the Sweet Waters of Asia, an ill-recompensed seven miles ride; but, above all, to the English hospital.

Who does not know the English hospital by sight. A picture, however, can give no idea of its extent. The long ranges of buildings are lofty enough when you stand near them, but look low at a distance, because they are so long. As I before said, they look like Cubitt's workshops, with four square towers with turreted tops. I went over them with an invalid officer, and accompanied him through all the forms of reporting himself—being handed over to the guardianship of a corporal—being conducted through the open corridors, thronged with maimed veterans rejoicing in the warm shade—being introduced to the principal medical officer—and undergoing a searching rib-poking, and tongue-investigating, and pulse-feeling professional examination. My gallant companion had been half cured by his voyage, and was allowed to lodge out of hospital. I left him at his new quarters, with four other invalids. They had a tolerable common mess-room, but only three bed-rooms for all five. But the change to this beautiful climate from the cold steppes of Tartary will compensate a thousand times for any small discomfort.

I did not see Miss Nightingale. I had no good

excuse to intrude upon her fully-occupied time. I heard, however, much about her. I was rather curious to know whether there was any feeling of sectarian propagandism mingled with her benevolence. I am told that it is not so; that she is tolerant to all, and intolerant only of intolerance. She trained herself for her great mission in a German hospital on the Rhine. She took out with her female assistants of every denomination; and she managed her happy family with infinite tact and steadiness of purpose. Strange to say, the chief difficulty she had was with the Quakers, who would not at first consent to associate with Roman Catholics; but even this was got over. On the other hand, she recently deprived herself of the valuable co-operation of Miss Stanley, rather than submit to any undue pretensions on the part of the Catholics. All this betokens that Miss Nightingale is the woman of single and holy purpose which the world believes her to be.

Living at Missirî's, much of my time was necessarily spent at Pera, but it is not a place to be loved. The French cafés, which cluster in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Bezance, the restaurant and billiard-rooms in the High Street of Pera, Messrs. Hanson's English reading-rooms, and the banking establishment—whereat I found it expedient to cash a 40*l.* bill upon England,—these are the principal haunts of the English birds of passage, which perch for a little rest, and fly on again from Constantinople.

I did not much affect these places. I used to like to rise early and ascend the tower of Galata—not to

the very top, for it is full of pigeons, and the pigeons are full of fleas—and to look out from the windows upon the great European and Asian panorama. Then I would return to the hotel and hear the talk of the breakfast table, remarking much the difference between the officers going out to join and those going home invalided. In the officers going out to join there was the absence of education, reading, and thought, which are but too evident in all our very smart regiments, redeemed of course by not unfrequent and remarkable individual exceptions; and there was also a depreciatory tone about the war which looked like an exaggerated and distorted reflection of something they had heard in especially “good society,” where the war against Russia is sometimes thought to be a crusade by democracy against the principle of conservatism in Europe. The invalids going home had none of this nonsense left in them. They had lived a long time in a few months, and had acquired a faculty of talking upon other topics besides horses and London society. How much nonsense is talked and written about the aristocratic character of our army! With the exception of a few well-known regiments, the pure aristocratic element hardly enters into our army. Young Irishmen, and Scotchmen, and sons of middle-class Englishmen, make up the bulk of our officers. The worst of this talk about aristocracy is, that these young gentlemen, in country quarters in the piping times of peace, sometimes find it necessary to ape a tone and bearing to which they have no real pretension.

After breakfast we used to repair to the leads behind the *salon*, and smoke a cigar, and look out upon the prospect over Constantinople, the Dardanelles, and Scutari; and then we generally separated for the day. I for the most part wandered about Istamboul, and perhaps sat in a coffee-house and smoked a hookah, speculated upon the Turks who squatted silently beside me, and conjured up stories from the "Arabian Nights." On Friday the Sultan always goes to prayers at one of the smaller mosques in the neighbourhood of his new palace. I went to see him; but, not having set out till the signal gun was fired, arrived too late. We waited, however, in the narrow street till he came out. He mounted his horse, all caparisoned with jewels, and formed one of a simple patriarchial sort of procession, which filed away down the narrow street. The father of the faithful is a dark, mournful-looking man, with an expression of evil fate upon his features—some such an expression as that we see in the portraits of Charles the First. He passed on unbending amid the salaams of the Turks; but as his stirrups almost touched the clothes of three Franks standing in an angle of the wall of the mosque—of which three I was one—he responded to their salutation by a low grave bow. There were very few soldiers with him: he was preceded and followed by the officers of his household, and by far the most bumptious and important person in the *cortège* was a black eunuch, who rode with a white attendant at each stirrup.

I delivered some letters of introduction in Pera, but availed myself of the facilities they afforded me only sufficiently to gather from the regular residents some opinions upon Periotte society.

The society of that place may, they tell me, be divided into three or four classes: the first is a mongrel class, consisting of the descendants of Genoese porters, and Venetian pedlars, and other such settlers. These people having been forced in past time, by circumstances of poverty or crime, to remain under the Turks, have intermarried with the Greek and Armenian rayahs of the country. We may add to these any other stranger who, flying the arm of his country's law, sought an asylum in a kingdom where no one thought of following him, and a residence which was then looked upon as its own punishment. These go under the general name of Franks, though, in fact, they are rayahs. As necessity usually sharpens the wit, and as circumstances have made these people aware of the tricks, and, in a measure, conversant with the language, of the country, the most accomplished scoundrels amongst them were employed in former times as dragomans. They were protected as subjects, and treated by the Turk, who was perfectly aware of their various merits and of their usefulness, with the respect due to them. They are all related, and form a species of corporation of sin and iniquity, which will be nowhere equalled probably in Europe. Unfortunately for Europe, the Turks have judged of Europeans in general by this sample.

This amalgam is proud, and calls itself noble !

The next class is the Foreign-Mission class. These rule European society, and rule it with a high hand. To them alone the Perlots bow, chiefly because the others take every opportunity of shewing their contempt for them. The Perlots, conscious of their inferiority, but jealous of the distinction of the notice of people in power, seek it, and pocket the affronts so unsparingly heaped upon them.

The third class consists of travellers, lionizers, and other adventurers of all nations and descriptions. Many of these have managed to get employed by the Turkish government, and some of them have received handsome salaries for doing nothing, the greater part being incapable of rendering services of any description.

The foreign merchants form a fourth class. Many of these, however, are becoming mixed with the first class.

Such is that *refugium peccatorum* in which there is much dough and little leaven.

A few words upon the four nations—Turk, Greek, Jew, and Armenian—which are supposed to supply population to this place. Of the Turk I need not say much: his vices and his virtues are tolerably well known. A fine race, with an utterly corrupt governing class. His strong honest prejudices, his state-holiday courtesy, and his habitual every-day roughness, his love of the strong hand, and his position with regard to the subservient nations, make him resemble, in some strong points, an English

country gentleman of the old school in the hands of Jew usurers.

The Fanariot Greek of days before the revolution was the secret spring of the empire. The grand vizier was formerly always covertly governed, or had recourse to the advice of, the dragoman of the Porte, or some other Greek of consideration who possessed his confidence. If the Turk fell, then the Greek probably fell with him: if the Turk did not succeed he often made the Greek his scapegoat; but he could never do without him. The style of Greek now existing is a different man to that of former days. Most of those were destroyed or scattered at the revolution, and their property seized. The magnificent palaces of Ipsylandi, Mourousi, Macro, Jeni, Soulzo, &c., are now to be seen mostly in the hands of Franks at Therapia. The Greeks of the present day are lower in character. Their swindling is not upon the large scale which, in the eyes of the world, makes it respectable. The Greeks of Turkey are about two millions and a half.

The third nation belonging to Constantinople is the Armenian, generally a rich, and always a well-doing class, supplying what is, in other countries, the office of the Jew. The Armenian is submissive, humble, nay, grovelling to his superiors, especially Turks: to inferiors of his own class, and where he dare, proud, overbearing, and insolent; capable of petty intrigues alone, und not aspiring to high ones. He occupies himself with the practical part of arithmetic, never laughs or returns an insult,

and hates his fellow-Christian, the Greek, more, perhaps, than the Greek hates him, and infinitely more than either hate the Turk, of whom, indeed, the Armenian is the jackall. So long as an Armenian exists there can certainly be no rich Jews. He monopolizes their trade. There are no original Turkish Jews. They are all of a later date, being descendants of those driven out by Ferdinand and Isabella, and these still retain the language of their origin. They are poor bodies, occupying themselves with the lowest branches of hawking, the respectable pedlars being Greeks. The poor Jews will sit at the door, on the ground, in all weathers, patiently waiting for some one to buy a flint and steel, a dram of punk, a little thread, or perhaps a bad padlock, or a pair of garters ; or he will follow the stranger—for he knows all old faces perfectly—for a whole day, through Constantinople, in hopes of assisting him in buying something in the bazaars. To get rid of him is impossible, so he usually succeeds in his object of earning a shilling or so. Frank merchants have usually a Jew broker, or a Jew cashier, attached to the counting-houses. In former days the Sultan, or his grand vizier, when in want of money, were in the habit of cutting off the heads of the richest of the Armenian bankers, as was supposed by all the world to this day, unjustly. But this was far from being always the case. The active master of the mint—was he an Armenian—in striking the coin would add a little more alloy, make the gold go further, and embezzle the balance. This nation possessed im-

mense houses on the Bosphorus, painted as two or three to avoid the searching eye of the Sultan as he passed along in his state barge, or that of his shadow, the grand vizier. When they received their countrymen, the sofas would be covered with shawls and costly stuffs; but a poor, dirty, dark, and mean chamber was set aside for receiving Turks, lest their riches should be betrayed and a pretence found for their changing hands. The politics they left to the Greeks, as the Greeks left the banking and petty larceny to them. They never clashed in those days. But now that the Greeks have, for the most part, lost the politics, they have fallen back again upon the petty larceny.

These things, as old Herodotus would say, the priests of Periot society told me.

As I rowed to and fro across the Dardanelles I had long consultations with myself how I should go back to England. By Trieste and Vienna is the cheapest and the quickest route; by Malta, Italy, and Marseilles is the most interesting. Germany is to me a country utterly destitute of interest. Italy is half unknown.

So I pay 14*l.* 2*s.*, and receive a ticket, for a second-class cabin and fare, all the way from Constantinople to Marseilles, with liberty to stop at any place on the route, and go on by the next weekly steamer.

CHAPTER XII.

CONSTANTINOPLE TO MALTA.

Sept. 27th—To-day I took my last stroll through the streets and bazaars of Istamboul, drank my last glass of Turkish sherbet, ate a bit of honey-cake, pocketed some sweetmeats, bought a pipe and some atar of roses, wandered through the jewellers' and armourers' bazaars, and watched the Bashi-bazouks cheapening the pistols and short swords which they stick in their scarfs; looked in at a mosque or two, and stood at the entrance of a khan and saw the travelling merchants bringing in their merchandise. I also nearly drowned a Greek, who jumped at the same time I did, when the bridge was swinging to let vessels up into the 'bove-bridge part of the Golden Horn; and walked back up the steep hill of Galata at a pace which brought me hot and faint into my room at Missirie's.

Then came the settling; but I have written too little purpose if the reader does not know what that was at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

At two o'clock, preceded by a hamal, and accompanied by George, I retraced my steps to Galata, and, with the aid of a Maltese boat, got on board the

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Towards the hill we now wended our way. We passed through the quarters of the Armenians and Greeks, separated by the Homeric river Meles, which forms a little brook in the middle of the street, not deep enough to prevent the strings of camels making its bed their highway, and splashing the pedestrian as they pass. We met the Turkish women bearing burthens on their backs; and they were much more closely veiled than the damsels of Constantinople. Down to the mouth they wear a mask of black crape, and only one of them was kind enough to remove this disguise just far enough to enable us to see a large, lustrous, black eye, and eyebrows carefully cultivated into two continuous arches. She seemed to think she had done something very rakish; for she waited till Theodore had passed, and then nodded her head to us, and ran, or rather waddled, quietly away.

Passing a corn-mill, which the classic Meles is

I went on deck, and found we were at anchor off Gallipoli. The Turks were disentangling themselves from their blankets, and gravely at prayer, swinging their heads gently to and fro, and reading or reciting their religious exercises. The French looked on with a polite smile, and the Greeks grinned insolently.

After two hours at Gallipoli this fast packet-boat sped at the rate of twelve miles an hour down the Hellespont, and passed scenes that came upon me like old acquaintances. Off Abydos we now cast anchor, and we saw the English standard flying over an encampment of cavalry. A string of camels was going up the hill towards it, and a Bashi-bazouk, sitting all of a heap upon his little horse, and bearing his long lance upright, was passing in front of the unfinished mansion of our Consul.

Abydos passed, and our *déjeuner à la fourchette* despatched—it was as good as the dinner of yesterday—we hurried on our way, bidding good bye to the scite of Troy and the tomb of Ajax, and looking our last upon the heights of Ida.

The fore-deck was fertile in talk and observation. The Turks squatted upon their mats or sat like kangaroos upon their heels, and ate melons and grapes and bread: the French soldiers sat round a huge vessel like a camp-kettle, and, each armed with a spoon, ate mutton porridge in common. After breakfast the Turks went to sleep and the Frenchmen to cards.

I met with a north-country captain on the poop,

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wards turned into the bay of Smyrna, I turned into my couchette.

29th—At four o'clock this morning the boat was in an unquiet state. The Turks and the Greeks began to swarm, and, as sleep was impossible, I turned out, dressed in the dark, swallowed a cup of coffee, and went upon deck, to find myself off the good city of Smyrna. Half a dozen dragomans were touting on deck, each with his credentials in his hand. One had a laudatory character from Lord Burghersh; another had made the tour of the cities of the Seven Churches with an eminent divine; and all were, no doubt, equally great rascals.

After due deliberation we chose a little loose-breeched, fez-capped Greek, who had travelled as Theodore Inglese, with one English nobleman, and as Theodore Apostolos with another; and with the aid of a Maltese boatman, I and my new acquaintance landed in what the Turks are pleased to call the Queen City of the East.

Apostolos proposed that we should wait at the "Hotel des deux Augustes" for breakfast; but as it was hardly daybreak I overruled this proposition, and, instead thereof, hired two mules, and rode off upon an excursion to the "tomb of Homer," passing through the village of Bournabat, where the merchants of Smyrna have their villas, and looking carefully to the caps of my "Colt" as we involved ourselves among the mountains. Apostolos assured us that the brigands, who lately took captive some Englishmen, and held them to ransom, had all been taken, and

sent to Constantinople ; but as the last newspaper I saw gave an entirely different account of the state of affairs here, I was not quite without a suspicion that it might happen that the English consul (who probably never heard my name, and does not care twopence whether I live to the age of the patriarchs, or die as soon as the querulous old gentleman who pays me a small annuity could wish) would receive a polite intimation, that if he did not remit six hundred pounds to a gentleman with a Greek name and conscience, he would receive my head in a bag by early consignment. At one time I was inclined to take a long shot at three very suspicious individuals—men in Albanian costume, with pistols and swords and daggers, of every possible pattern, thrust into their girdles across their bellies. Theodore, however, advised me that these three ruffian-looking warriors were policemen, put there to scare the robbers ; and, as they allowed us to pass unchallenged, he was probably right. I would, however, trust a chicken with a Bashi-bazouk as readily as an unarmed traveller with these policemen, and among these hills, at night.

The object of my ride was to see the “tomb of Homer ;” for of course it was very important to settle for ever the question of the existence of this poet in the flesh ; and how could the shade of Wolffe, even with a hundred German universities to back him, venture to twit old Homer in Elysium, and say he was only a *nominis umbra*, when there was a living man on earth that had seen the actual tomb in which the man Homer was buried ?

Very much to my satisfaction, I arrived, after a hard ride, at a large sarcophagus on the side of a hill. Theodore declares that I then stood beside Homer's tomb, and the *primâ facie* case being thus launched, I submit that the onus of proving the contrary now lies upon any one who may feel called upon to dispute the fact.

But where is the library, the temple to Μελοισιγένης, with its court of colonnades, and its shrine and statue of the divine poet? These existed in the Smyrna which we now see, for Strabo describes them as existing in his time, and the Meles then flowed by the city walls. Where are the brass "Homers" which they used to pass as current coin? These Ionians knew how to honour a poet.

We hurried back to a capital breakfast at "les deux Augustes," where we found three Yankies disputing as to the best way of ridding the world of the Greek race. "Would it answer to shoot them?" suggested a very little old man of the party, who was eating a melon with cayenne pepper and salt. I spitefully suggested, that shipping them and the black eunuchs of Constantinople to South Carolina would probably answer the same purpose, and be a more profitable speculation. But the Yankies all objected that no power on earth would get any hard work out of a Greek. An Armenian told frightful stories of "ces canailles des Grecs," but quite in an under tone. After discussing mine host's *café au lait*, fish of the Ægean, devilled kidneys, omelettes, côtelettes, and Smyrna wine—a dry, astringent, and flavourless

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now induced to turn, we followed a road that passes over this same river by a bridge called the Pont des Caravans. Here the faithful assemble, in the café on the bank of the river, or in the cemetery by the sides of the road, and, when the day's work is done, smoke the chibuk, and watch the caravans as they arrive from Anatolia with corn, and dye woods, and the produce of the further East, or depart with cottons and other manufactures of Europe. We sat for half an hour smoking a hookah and sipping Osmanli coffee, and watching the never-ending train of horses and camels. Decidedly Smyrna is *plus Turc que Constantinople*. There is nothing in the City of the Sultan so un-European as this Pont des Caravans. The large camels, with their long necks and their bales of merchandze, their patient eye, and their steady, untiring tread, the young ones following unladen in the rear—the occasional interval of a laden ass—sometimes a horse-caravan, the favourite prey of the brigands, as they are supposed to carry specie—the guards, with their sashes stuck full with an armoury of heterogeneous weapons, sometimes marching on foot, sometimes stuck high up upon the hump of a camel, or nearly as high, on a sort of pyramid of a saddle reared on the back of a horse—all this we sat and smoked at, and then we turned round, and began to mount the Castle Hill.

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of a strap; his long robe descended nearly to the earth; and his cotton breeches, which loosely hung about his thighs, would have been torn into ribbons in ten minutes in a shooting country I wot of. His preparations for a hard day's shooting were completed by a long pipe, which reached from his mouth to the ground, and he passed us gravely smoking. We wished him good sport, and he returned a benevolent aspiration; but whether it related to our shadows, or to our mothers, I could not interpret. We heard him popping away at the fieldfares and quails from time to time during the rest of the day.

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and the heat was furious. Oh, it was a desperate climb! As the brown lizards glanced about, and as the musquitoes hummed, and as the bits of potsherd, or marble, or common hill-stone, rolled beneath our feet, we thought of *coups de soleil*, and said that the view from the top ought to be very fine indeed to give a fitting recompense for so much toil.

And the view was fine. Smyrna lay flat below us. It seemed to be divided into two distinct portions. One half was a mass of roofs of the Turkish houses, varied by a mosque or a minaret or by the long red hospital which now holds British troops. The other half consisted of houses surrounded by well-trimmed fruit and olive gardens. These latter belong to the Greeks and Armenians, who, living in a faubourg, could expand themselves; whereas the poor Turks are crowded within their

own central district, and the rich Turks live away in the village we passed through in the morning.

We looked down, also, upon the Gulf of Smyrna, and the vessels of war and of commerce which lay there at anchor; and, following both shores of this deep and narrow bay, we could conjecture the names of the islands out at sea, and attempt to understand what Apostolos told us of the names of the forts and cities within ken.

Walking round to the other side of the ruined fort (and taking care not to fall into those deep vaults that go down into the bowels of the rock) we have a most magnificent view of Asiatic highlands.

The Due Fratelli, between which winds the road to Ephesus, form the highest background; and immediately upon our right, just without the ceinture of the ruined fortification, lies the scite of ancient Smyrna. It probably extended some way down the hill. Nothing, however, now remains but a shapeless piece of masonry and three arches of a crypt. Tradition relates of the first that it was the gate of the old city; and of the last, that it was the church where Polycarp preached, and near which he suffered. Perhaps so: but at present the sheep use the lump of mortared stones for a scratching-post, and the shepherds use the vaults as a refuge from the heats of day and the dews of night. There is a small mosque, also, within the circuit of the castle walls, but it is locked up, and no one uses that at all.

Over the scite of old Smyrna we see the valley through which the little brook Meles glides, and the aqueduct which crosses it, and conveys from those high mountains down to Smyrna the waters which supply the grateful fountains that abound in the city. Above all, we see from this spot the scenes that Homer saw in childhood. These scenes of placid beauty—this blue bay and fertile valley—this landscape with its tiny stream—these savage highlands, rolling away peak over peak in cloud-topped distances—combined to attune the intellect that brought forth the *Iliad*.

Having enjoyed our day dreams, we slipped and scrambled down into the streets of Smyrna; drank some water from the fountain in the court of the Greek church, and lemonade at the corner of one of the bazaars.

Refreshed by this potation, we continued our walk through the city. The shops in the Quartier Juif were shut up, and the Israelites were lounging about, or sleeping upon the protruding counters. At a point where their quarter joins the Turkish, Theodore turned into a narrow passage, and passed into a quadrangular court, of a mean and ill-repaired appearance. There was a coffee-house at one corner, and the place had very much the general appearance of a khan.

On a bench lay a young Nubian boy, probably about fourteen years old, sound asleep; so fast asleep, that you could hear no breathing from his

flat nostrils. His limbs were slight, but well rounded; and his feet were bound round as though he had just ended a long foot pilgrimage. A Turk came up while I was looking at him, and scanned him over without waking him; and, in answer to my question what he was worth, said, "About three thousand piastres" (£25). Another black boy was sitting apart cleaning a hookah. This was the slave-market of Smyrna, and these were the only *articles* for sale.

Slavery, however, is, in Turkey, mitigated by stringent laws. It is by no means impossible that one of these boys may some day ride about with white attendants at his stirrups, and guards around him.

From the slave market we went to the bazaars.

I bought a fez cap of one grave Turk, and a tassel from another (a poor wretch who was evidently an opium eater); tried to get a gigantic sponge, and found that all Smyrna did not contain one as large as could be had at any saddler's shop in Oxford Street; bought a drum of new figs for eighteen piastres, and one oke ($2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) of tobacco for twenty; voted the bazaars shabby, the supply bad, and the charges high; and returned to the hotel. Oh, unhopèd-for luxury! we found there facilities for an European warm bath.

Having successfully resisted an attempt at extortion on the part of our Maltese boatmen, who, having agreed to take us ashore for a shilling, wanted to charge us two shillings to re-convey us on board, I

wound up the day with a capital dinner, a little work at this journal, and a sound sleep.

30th—Daybreak shewed us the harbour of Syros. We were at anchor among a hundred ships which are lying off this commerce-born town of Syra. Like all the other isles of Greece, this is a rock: the Greek town lies along the shore, and the Catholic town covers a conical hill, having a monastery on its apex. There is a quarantine of twenty-four hours here, and we are consequently confined to our deck; but boats come off filled with men and women, and chat for hours with their friends on board. We all agreed that this specimen of the Syrote inhabitants was almost unparalleled for ugliness.

Tenos and Andros, and the little rocky Delos, lie within view, and we read the English service among the Cyclades.

It is a spot redolent of dim memories. Andros, with its old stories of the Temple of Bacchus, and its fountain that flowed naturally with wine on the festival-day of the god—Andros, whither Themistocles sailed after the battle of Salamis, taking with him his two powerful divinities, Persuasion and Force, to contend against the two Andrian deities, Poverty, and Impossibility. Tenos, whose only act of virtue was an act of treachery to the Persian. This Scyros, where Achilles skulked to avoid the Trojan war. Paros and Naxos and Cythnos and Seriphos, all of whom have their history, lie huddled together in undistinguishable cliffs and peaks.

“—— Pelago credas innare revulsas
Cyclades, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.”

These Cyclades are supposed to be ranged in their circle round Delos to keep guard over the vagrant island, and prevent it from floating about, as it did when it rushed to the assistance of Latona, and afforded birthplace to Apollo and Diana.

There, when Delos was yet called Ortygia—after its quails, by persons who believed more in the quails than in the miracle—clustered the ships of Æneas.

“Linquimus Ortygiæ portus, pelagoque volamus,
Bacchatamque pigis Naxon, viridemque Donusam
Olearon, niveamque Paron, sparsasque per æquor
Cycladas—”

which quotation I copy from a pocket Virgil I bought at Malta, and find much to pleasure me in these waters.

I regretted that we had passed the city of Scio in the night; but this evil of missing some of the finest objects in these seas is inseparable from the advantages of the plan adopted by the French line. They go from point to point during the night; and, when there is no quarantine, the passengers pass the day in sight-seeing, and the sailors in disembarking and embarking cargo. We know nothing, therefore, of the intervening scenery; and I had reason to congratulate myself that we had seen so much of these islands from the deck of the “Lindsay.”

October 1st—Sapienza and the highlands of the old Messenia were in sight. We took our last look at

Greece and—went down to breakfast. If the Messenians and Spartans had been still fighting, and we near enough to hear the shouts of the helots, it would not have induced the steward to alter his breakfast hour, or our French officers to delay for a moment the careful spreading of their napkins upon their knees.

We are now in for six and thirty hours of open sea, and, for want of other distraction, I must return to discussion with a certain short, rotund abbé, who is going to Rome, and who is bent upon the conversion of a little knot of English who gather round him upon the quarter-deck. My point of difference with him is upon the liberty of conscience which I have contrived to put under the protection of the doctrine of free will; and our fencing always ends in his goodhumouredly calling me all sorts of hard names. The good man understands his own language, the modern Greek, thoroughly, and he has given us several very valuable lectures upon the pronunciation of the ancient Greek, which, however, if followed by an Oxford undergrad, would infallibly secure his being plucked for his little go. In other matters, however, Monsieur l'Abbé is not erudite. He is not strong in Homer, and was not easily convinced that the present church of Polycarp, in the new city of Smyrna, is not the ancient church of that venerable father. He had heard, however, of our Protestant dispute as to the eternality of punishment, and shrewdly remarked that the Protestants had begun by resisting purgatory altogether, and had ended by substituting purgatory for hell.

At breakfast I talked with the French officers about the Malakoff and the Redan. They were civil and reserved; but they all said, in periphrase more or less polite, that the English generals had committed enormous faults in the attack; that the assault was not properly sustained; that whereas the French had twenty thousand (they were all confident there was no more), the English had but five thousand; that as to these "ils ont hésités;" and that if the Malakoff and the Redan had been taken at the same moment, not a man of the Russian garrison would have re-passed the harbour.

There is nothing to be said against this.

"Pudet hæc opprobria nobis

Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."

I gathered some information also about the "Thabor." She has three hundred and seventy horse power, and burns forty tons of coals a day. Her engines are beautiful to look at and to work; but the lieutenant told me that the engines were made at the factory of the company, but that other vessels on the same line, which were built in England and Scotland, are of greater burden, burn less coals, and go equally fast. Some of these carry coal enough to last from Marseilles to Constantinople. We have already coaled at Smyrna and Syra.

Towards mid-day the south wind began to blow, and the "Thabor," which is the most "tender" of vessels, began to roll. At half-past five the English

had the dinner-table nearly to themselves. Only two French officers out of fifteen ventured to sit down, and even these, for the first time during the voyage, passed the *côtelettes aux épinards* and the *haricots au beurre noir*.

Our friend the abbé, who is a native of Syra, withstood all sea-sickey influences, and shewed himself so kind and self-denying, so industrious in assisting every one who was less robust than himself, that I could not help being won over to him, and allowed him, as we walked the deck together at night, (after all the others had been driven below by sickness, or by the clammy Mediterranean dews,) to expound to me the reasons why it was impossible that any Protestant, who sincerely examined the matter, could help becoming *Catholique, Apostolique, et Romain*.

Mais prenez un cigar, mon cher Monsieur L'Abbé, et parlons de la digamma Grecque.

2d—This day we spent out of sight of land, and chiefly in conversation with an elderly lady, who had been staying at Constantinople upon a visit to a Turkish harem. Her description of the scenes she witnessed there were exceedingly graphic. The pasha had twelve wives, and in the evening they all assembled together and chatted, without rivalry and without jealousy, until, at a certain hour, a black gentleman entered the room and bowed to one of the ladies. The "wife" immediately rose and left the apartment. The others then looked at each other just as ladies do in England before they leave the

dining-room, and then separated for the night. One of our co-voyageurs ventured to ask whether the black gentleman always bowed to the same lady. "We were there ten days, and the same lady was never bowed to twice," was the answer.

At eight we arrived at Malta. I took leave of the "Thabor," got my luggage ashore, and went to the Hotel Imperiale, where the people are much more civil and the rooms better than at Dunsford's. The opera was going on; and, after a warm bath and a cup of tea, I turned out for a stroll.

It struck me that the damsels of Valetta, notwithstanding their voluminous black hoods, are not careful to conceal their full dark round faces, and are not all inhospitable to strangers; but perhaps that may not be so.

3d—*Viséing* passports, buying mittens, and other matters of serious business, consumed the early morning. King Bomba, it seems, has been reasoned with by an English squadron, and has removed the quarantine, so we can land at Naples. This madman is filling up the measure of his folly. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is following close in his footsteps. Sardinia has some very pretty ships of war, and might hold Sicily. If England and France looked on with favour, Sardinia may yet make Italy something more than "a geographical expression."

When I was last at Malta I neglected both the cathedral and the palace of the grand masters. I

was very wrong in the matter of the cathedral. I was not very wrong in the matter of the palace.

The cathedral ought to be better known. For gorgeous elaboration it does not yield to any church in Christendom, or to any mosque in Islam. Its floor is formed of mosaics of rare marbles, recording the achievements and the virtues of defunct knights. He who does not remember that the Italians have a proverb, "He lies like a toothdrawer, or a tombstone," must believe that the knights of Malta consisted of prodigies of valour, piety, and virtue. The columns of this church are as rich as rare materials and faultless workmanship can make them: the monuments vie with each other in elaborate and costly chiselling. The chapel of St. John is in itself a study of many days; and the painting therein of the beheading of John the Baptist is a picture the mind carries with it and dwells upon for ever. I am not a great enthusiast in churches, and I detest second-rate pictures; but this cathedral and this picture move me. The cathedral is a wonderful memorial of art, and luxury, and arms, the fit relic of a society of which religion was the pretence, of which the younger sons of the great families of Europe were the members; which could sometimes do heroic deeds, and could always cover licentiousness with a grave bearing and a refined appreciation of art; where vice existed without grossness, and even hypocrisy was gay and gentlemanlike.

To my mind, one of the most honourable traces of the history of these modern knights (for their history in this island is almost of yesterday) is the epitaph of Matthias Prati, the painter who ornamented the roof of the cathedral.

The epitaph tells us that the high-born knights elected the artist an honorary (*ex gratiâ*) member of the order; and the tombstone goes on to say, that having acquired immense wealth by the exercise of his art, he left it all to the poor: an example which Matthias Prati, from his tomb, recommends to all future artists. I beg to draw the attention of Sir Edwin Landseer and Horace Vernet to this pious admonition.

The palace of the grand masters, now the governor's house, is too modern in its air to be interesting. There is a picture, by David, of Louis XIV., which is worth looking at; and a portrait of Calvin's wife, which makes me wonder he did not go back to the doctrine of clerical celibacy. The armoury has some interest, from the effigies of the grand masters. Isle D'Adam and La Valette stand in the bullet-dented armour, and hold the swords, they used in conflict with the Turks. The old leathern gun brought from Rhodes has its interest; and the pictures of the Rhodian siege, in the drawing-room, has a *couleur locale*. But modern taste has stepped in and has obliterated the frescos of the siege of Malta, which once adorned, or, as some great man has thought, disfigured the ball-room. It is a fine

house, but its history seems to have been carried away by the upholsterers.

After all this sight-seeing, we dined badly at our table-d'hôte, and afterwards repaired to the *Café du Commerce*, where we found three French vivandieres, with their glazed hats and their amazonian uniform, disputing with the waiter about their reckoning, and talking about regimental matters. We then followed the crowd to see an illuminated saint, who had several thousand variegated lamps and a band of music.

CHAPTER XIII

MALTA TO ROME.

Oct. 4th—THE “Phillippe Auguste” steamed out of the Quarantine harbour of Malta this morning at ten o’clock, and very nearly left me behind ; for a certain Miss Bennett insisted upon shewing me and my travelling companion all the mittens and mantillas in her shop ; and my friend was so taken with the manner in which she exhibited herself in the tortilla and the mantle, that we staid beyond our time. I recommend Miss Bennett and her shop.

We sighted Sicily just as the bell rang for dinner. I lingered on deck a little while, and thought about Polyphemus and *his* dinner. No cyclop, however, waded out to meet us, and the clatter of knives and forks soon tempted me below.

The occupants of the *salon*, who consisted of the captain and half-a-dozen English, betook themselves to their meal. I found myself in the second-class cabin, in a much less select, but more interesting society. I had two Maltese dames, one on each side of me, my old friend the Greek Abbé opposite, and by his side another ecclesiastic in a fez, bound round with a coloured turban-cloth. Our new acquaintance was a Frenchman, and a Jesuit ; and he was

returning to Rome from a mission in Syria. He described to me the cedars of Lebanon as a scant remaining vestige of the ancient forests; and he spoke learnedly of the difficulties of the Arabic tongue, and of the still greater difficulty of so dealing with it in preaching as to make it understood by the people.

Meanwhile my curiosity was excited by my neighbour on my left. When I spoke to her in French she turned upon me a pair of large dim eyes, and answered in Italian: when I offered her wine, she refused it; and, as the dishes came round in succession, she passed them. A very handsome young Maltese served her to any thing he pleased, and what he gave her she ate with no bad appetite. Once she turned round to me and spoke rapidly, and, as I thought, incoherently, in the Arabesque Maltese—not a word of which did I understand. “Poor woman!” I thought; “she is mad—and so handsome!”

The young Maltese now helped her to wine. She took it, and something in the gesture with which she put down the glass made me look again in her face. The young man seemed to follow my glance, for he said, in a strangely un-Frenchlike accent—

“C’est ça, ma sœur a perdu la vue.”

There was a cloud upon those large black eyes; but I dreamt not that it was a cloud which shut out the sun.

We are now very good friends, and I explain to

her in bad Italian the nature of the dishes, and she helps me to a word, while I help her to a *plât*. Meanwhile my old friend the Abbé of Syra, who is as busy and benevolent as an old tench, and as innocent as a lamb, has taken possession of my glass, and is so absorbed by his enjoyment of a new plaything, that I cannot get it out of his hands to offer it to an English lady, who certainly has a better right to see Passaro Tower and the city of Noto than an ecclesiastic vowed to self-mortification.

I may remark, no one on board knew the name of this city. The captain thought it was Syracuse, and the lieutenant thought it might be Catana; the mate, after a good look at the chart, declared it to be Vindicari. A glance at my newly-purchased map of Italy, and at the ship's compass, settled the question in all English minds, and the crew gradually came over to our opinion. It is quite evident that the problem had never been mooted before on board the "Phillipe Auguste," although she passes the place once a fortnight.

Night closes in, and the stars come out. We skim the coast of Sicily; but a lighthouse and a few faint lights only help us to verify the map's statement that we are passing Syracuse. To-morrow will bring Messina, and until then we may as well sleep as look out into the darkness.

5th—Somnus, and not Venus, should have this time gone to Eolus, and said—

"Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor."

Never was there such an unquiet boat as the "Phillipe Auguste." There is, at three o'clock this morning, as stringent a noise of descending anchors and chattering "humans," as if we were all going to the bottom. It is a waste of one's powers of suffering suffocation to remain sleepless in this cabin ; so up, and on deck.

The moon shews us that we are in a large, tranquil harbour, not overcrowded with ships. She shews us also a line of white houses stretching along the base of an amphitheatre of hills—a young moon upon the margin of the waters. This is Messina. The clocks ring out the hour in excellent unison, and the cocks of Messina crow defiance to past time. It is four o'clock. I note up this journal by the light of the binnacle, and I wait to see what the sun will shew me. He must rise over the mountains of Calabria, and I expect him to shew me Etna.

Twilight begins to make the moon to pale, and to paint the white houses doubled in the glassy waters. The convent bells tinkle ; and moment by moment the details of this aggregation of stony cones come forth.

The houses do not fringe a tenth part of this capacious harbour, the deep blue of whose waters seem to indicate that mighty navies might here ride. But behind that white line, in which the Palazza di Citta and the Victoria Hotel stand con-

“ The Redans and Mamelons rise, sometimes

crowned with forts, sometimes cut into walks and topped with trees ; but always picturesque. All is shut in by the regular amphitheatre of high volcanic rocks, whose angular tops cut the bright blue sky in sharp relief.

The sun is risen over the hills of Calabria, but does not shew us Etna. A little trace of smoke tarnishes the firmament away to the south-west, and I must be content to know that that is the smoke of the volcano, and that we have passed the mountain in the darkness.

My new acquaintance is arguing with an Italian, who seems to be rather of the Giovane Italia school. The Jesuit is a scholar, and a man of the world; and with the greatest good humour he carries his antagonist out of his depth, and ducks him well.

The city begins to move, the police have given us *pratique*, and the boatmen press round the "*vapore*," and try to drive a hard bargain. "What! three francs to put us two ashore and bring us back? No, no. Here, Signor Policeman, arrange this matter for us." "Si Signore;" and then a torrent of Sicilian, and an intimation to give the man a franc. And so we row about two bowshots to the shore. We do not take into account that the policeman, on our return, will demand a boteglia, and receive half-a-franc, for his interference in the matter ; but so it happened.

Messina looks best from the sea. The Strada Ferdinanda is the backbone of the town, and there are many little ribs running out from it on each

side. The Hotel Victoria is a very good place for a breakfast, and the *café au lait*, omelettes, fried anchovies, filets de bœuf, grapes, green figs, and Sicilian wine, are all good of their kinds, and capable, in their aggregate, to fortify an Englishman for a sight-seeing walk, even in this hot city. The Sicilian *vin du pays* is capital: it is like a petit Bordeaux, with a slight but not unpleasant sweetness.

The cathedral is a fourth-rate affair, and I shall say nothing about it, except that I spent half an hour in examining it. The convent of St. Gregorio is the lion of Messina. The chapel is a rich mosaic of marbles, and the lattices to the galleries and confessionals are by no means so closely woven as to prevent the faces, and even the features, of the nuns from being visible. Some of the damsels who peered through these lattices were young and pretty, but none of these wore the black veil. We penetrated, also, into the parlour, which is an open public room, where several of the nuns were conversing with visitors.

Some of our fellow-passengers went to the prison, and talked with four of the prisoners, confined "*per opinione*." I am sorry I missed this opportunity through the stupidity of my cicerone; but my informant reported rather favourably of the accommodation of the prison. The beauty of the spot in which the prisoners were walking is undeniable by any but one obliged to look at it.

A very curious circumstance connected with this

visit was, that the two soldiers who shewed the visitors over the prison were offered money, and—*refused it!*

There is evidently something acting upon the mind of King Bomba. The police were civil, gave us no trouble about our passports, (although not viséed for Messina, as in strictness they should have been,) and we met with no annoyance, except from the beggars.

Tired with six hours of sight-seeing, we returned on board, and steamed out of the beautiful harbour into the strait of Messina. Our enormous steam power enabled us to fight successfully with the strong current, which here runs five or six knots an hour. We had the mountains of Calabria upon our right, scored with deep ravines, but cultivated with grapes and olives to their tops, and bearing upon their cliffs, or at their bases, towns and villages, which, at this distance, seem clean and flourishing. On our left we had the shores of Sicily, not quite so high, but equally well cultivated; and a village and a tower terminate a low promontory, which runs out Calabria-wards, just ahead. In the bay formed by that promontory there is an unquiet battling of short-crested waves. The current, shooting round the point, whirls in eddies into the bay, and thence out again to the opposite shore. Just as I had gone forwards, the better to enjoy a scene which is, I think, superior to any single scene in the Hellespont, the head of the vessel was turned suddenly

round by the strength of the current, and she was directed towards a high bluff rock on the Calabrian coast. This stolid rock is Sylla. It is surmounted by a building, which, perhaps, may have been a rude temple, and perhaps may now be a rude church or monastery. It shields, by its rugged protection, a little town which comes struggling down to the sea under cover of its crags. "*Incidit in Syllam qui vult vitare Charibdem.*" We had been caught by the currents of Charybdis and were being driven towards Sylla! A shout of joy arose from two of us, who had been watching for some manifestation of the powers of Old Charybdis, so contemptuously disdained by modern charts and modern sailing instructions. To our stout ship and strong steam power the impulse of the old whirlpool was a deflection, not a danger: a turn of the wheel, and she recovered her course. But it was plain enough, as we watched from the forecastle the troubled waters and the threatening rock, that there were real dangers in the strait to the light galleys of the old Romans. It was not without reason that they paused at yonder cape, called it the *promontorium vaticanum*, and sought to enter the straits under favourable auspices.

We drive against the stream, and emerge from the straits into the Tyrrhenian Sea. The Lipari Islands now rise, like great misty blocks of granite in our course. An hour, and we look back and see Etna in strong, distant outline, sitting upon the

highlands of passed Sicily. Etna looks much like any other mountain-peak, and, from this point, is regular in its conical form. But it is very, very far away ; and as we look at it for minutes together through the glass, we sometimes fancy that we can see a white smoke—something whiter than the little haze that hangs about it—form and float away.

But whatever doubt there may be about the smoke of Etna, there can be none about the smoke of that high rock which comes up in the sea right ahead of us. It is suggested that there is a very large gipsy-party on the other side of the rock, and that they are making a very large wood fire to boil a very large kettle. Those gipsies have been boiling their kettle for a weary while, for that rock is Stromboli. It is the *Στρογγύλη*, or round island, of ancient days. We pass within a mile of its base : we discern plainly the hollow wound, just under the easternmost of its two summits, whence the light white smoke issues forth, which hangs a little round the topmost bend of the mountain, but floats away, leaving the tops clear and untarnished in the sunlight.

After passing Stromboli, we see no more land, except as masses of highlands in the distance ; and we turn to our own little microcosm.

The greater part of our evening was passed in listening to the tales of suffering of two political *proscrits* on board our vessel. There was a piano in the cabin, and an English lady had been

induced to sing. She sang with power and taste; and among the Italians who gathered round the windows of the saloon I saw one leaning his face upon his hands and sobbing. It was the first circumstance, he said, that for many years had reminded him of a home. He had been "out in the forty-eight," and had returned to Naples in reliance upon the amnesty. He had been then thrown into one of those dungeons which Mr. Gladstone has so well described, and he remained chained till the irons ate into his flesh. "If what you charge against me was a crime, I am guilty. Bring me to a trial, and shoot me; or shoot me without a trial. Put me to any death, so that I am relieved from this horrible torture." Day after day, month after month, year after year, he importuned for death. But this was too merciful a fate. He lay rotting in his dungeon, neglected, and perhaps forgotten. At last an examination of the prison took place. The official who found him in his noisome cell, accustomed as he must have been to strange sights, revolted at this. "It is not a place for a man, nor even for a beast," he said; and the prisoner was removed to a somewhat less detestable place of confinement. The man's sufferings had become known to a few, and were told by them to others: even foreign ministers made representations in his favour. His escape was contrived and executed—perhaps it was connived at. He is established now in Genoa, in a humble position. "But," said he to my friend, who had

been recounting to us his visit to the prison at Messina, "I would willingly take the place of those men you saw to-day, if I might once more see the only being that remains to me—my mother. To go to her would be certain death. The Neapolitan *coups de fusil* are heard at night, and all who hear them well know what they mean. She would come to me, but she is the mother of a *proscrit*, and no importunity can obtain for her a passport to leave the kingdom. We are as surely separated as if I was still chained in my dungeon."

"Why do you not make your case known? Surely European opinion would shame the King of Naples into allowing your mother to come to you,"

"How can I address the European public? My case is the case of hundreds. We have not a hundred Mr. Gladstones to speak for us. As to the press, the editors of newspapers have something else to do than to print the miseries of a lot of poor devils like us."

I believe this man spoke the truth.

6th—At six o'clock the rattling of the chain cable gave note that we were approaching our anchorage; and, upon reaching the deck, I found we were steaming direct into the Bay of Naples. We were just passing Capri. Vesuvius (with a little smoke, apparently not nearly so much as issues from the funnel of our steamer, steaming forth from the rounder of his two peaks) rises upon our right. Ischia and Proceda lie upon our left. The bay

circles like a strong bow before us ; but the sun is not quite risen over the lower mountains that lie tumbled together to the south of Vesuvius. A mist drags along the shore, and—the Bay of Naples disappoints me.

As we draw nearer, the castle upon the hill, and the Chillon-like old fort that steps out into the bay, distinguish themselves through the mist, and form, no doubt, striking objects. We stand upon the roof of the cabin, and vainly strive to cudgel our admiration. We look at Capri, and talk of Tiberius, and wonder whether we can see the rock from which he intended to pitch his astrologer. We remark the domes of Naples, and try to make something out of the gilding and reticulated work of some of them ; but they are too small. The great extent of the arc of houses is a topic to dwell upon ; but there is no peculiar character about these houses : they are dingy and trumpery, and might belong to Boulogne Harbour. One particular tower, with the name of a Roman saint, makes itself conspicuous ; but it is only for want of competition. Well, we must fall back upon the great extent of the bay, the castle upon the hill, the houses embedded in foliage which cover the acclivities, the mountain scenery to the north and south, and especially upon the unexpected proximity of Vesuvius, which seems able to throw a stone into the town. Still I cannot help the conviction that the Bay of Naples has been over praised. Without Vesuvius it would be *tant*

soit peu common place. With Vesuvius, and viewed as a whole, it may be a great recollection to a man who has not seen, or has utterly forgotten, Constantinople.

I dot down these notes upon the roof of the cabin, and with the city before me; for the police are leisurely in their proceedings, and keep us here for an hour and a half before they give us *pratique*.

One of our countrymen will not be allowed to land, the reason being that he embarked at Messina. A man can, it seems, only legitimately come from Messina to Naples in a Neapolitan ship.

At length two very smartly-dressed agents of the police take possession of the gangway, with a list in their hands. This list has been carefully compiled from the passports, and our *visas* being all in due form, we are allowed to land.

"What is the proper fare for landing, Mr. Police Agent?"

The distance is about a hundred yards.

"A franc and a half each."

The tariff price, fixed at an exorbitant rate, we found to be one franc each, which we paid.

I note this, to shew how universal is the spirit of extortion among these people. Even a man in a respectable public position cannot forego the opportunity of cheating a stranger, and that although the result would not advantage himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

NAPLES TO ROME.

I MUST not dwell very minutely upon Naples. The fact was, we did not see Naples. Naples cannot be seen in a day. It was one continual rush from morn till evening.

We hired one of the fifty guides who importuned us, and agreed to give him as much *less* than five francs as we pleased. We were then rowed ashore, took a cab and, drove off rapidly through the street which skirts the bay, and which was already crowded with vehicles, to the railway-terminus. Fortunately a train is just about to start. We take two first-class tickets for ourselves, and a second-class for our guide, paying about eleven francs—three railway tickets to Pompeii!

The environs of Naples, in their capacity of environs, are not characteristic, and are not picturesque. The costumes of the people are the costumes of Brixton or Muswell Hill, and the houses are certainly not so good, and in no respect more interesting. Let us shut our eyes as we stop at Portici and Turre del Greco ; or rather let us fix them upon that mysterious mountain around whose base we are travelling at no rapid railway pace. The smoke

seems to dwell more upon the top than it did in the early morning, and we are told this is a sign of fine weather. The fine weather of Naples means, I suppose, this heat of eighty-five degrees in the shade. This fine weather produces the large fig-trees, the festooned vines, the wild aloes, and the great hedges of cactus which appear now and then among patches of Swedes and cabbages, and are the only unfamiliar features of the houses and gardens we pass. We journey through a deep cutting, and notice that the stratum is not lava, and then some one calls Pompeii (or rather Pompayee), and out we jump.

From the railway-station we walk along a road very like an ordinary French road, until we reach a "Restaurant Français," or, as it is in other letters more magnificently styled, "Hotel Diomedé." It is almost ten o'clock, for the *trajet* from Naples to Pompeii has consumed nearly an hour. We are inclined to breakfast; but breakfast is a time-requiring matter at the "Hotel Diomedé." Milk is a most scarce commodity, and *café au lait* will render it necessary to search the country all round. Theodore, our accomplished guide, who has told me that the event which submerged Pompeii occurred just two thousand six hundred years ago, suggests that we had better go into Pompeii first, and breakfast afterwards.

So we go into Pompeii first.

We turn out of a wide modern road, planted with trees, into a little gateway, which leads into an enclosure of ornamental gardens. We follow a pathway that leads up a green mound; and we are

joined by one of the official guides, who leads us into a tunnel. "This is all original," says the guide in his best English. We recognise the Roman brickwork, and pass through into a narrow paved pathway, having little cells on one side, and a lava-built wall on the other. All is now ancient. The tunnel we passed through is the ancient gateway leading from the sea; for, before the eruption, the sea occupied the flats below, and washed the walls of our buried and unburied city. The cells to our right are Roman shops; and where those wine-jars still remain perhaps Virgil and Horace may have hobnobbed together. That they used to travel together we know right well. May we not quote, with a new reading—

"Qui locus à forte Diomede est conditus olim,
Flentibus hic Varius discedit mæstus amicis" ?

One of these sad remaining friends was Virgil; for Horace had before said—

"Plotius, et Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque
Occurrunt; animæ quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
O, qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt !
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico."

This seems to me to prove, without controversy, that Horace and Virgil got very jolly together at the house of Diomede. If any dull fellow choose to gainsay this hypothesis—why, let him. I shall do, as every other theory-builder does, laugh at matter-of-fact geography, and go on believing.

Turn we to the right. We are in the Temple of Justice. For the first time we become impressed with the feeling that the most interesting sight the world can offer is before us. We have seen the pictures in Gell, and read descriptions without end; but pictures and descriptions give no idea of Pompeii. We compared our expectations, and found that we had both believed we should see some imperfect specimens of a city, into which we should enter as into a cave. But here is actually a large city lying before us—in ruins, indeed, but not so ruined as to prevent our imagining it exactly as it was, or to spoil our enjoyment of the exquisite proportions of its public buildings. The stucco still remains on the brick columns of this Temple of Justice. We descend into the prison underneath, and we try to imagine the offence of the four Pompeians who were placed there for trial seventeen hundred and ninety-two years ago, who were “remanded” for rehearing, and whose bones were brought forth from these dungeons almost yesterday.

Thence we cross the street of the sea, and pass into the Temple of Venus, ascend the broad staircase to the altar, and look thence over the city. We emerge from the home of Venus into the Forum. The guide hurries us along; but although we have long since been occupied by the thought that we were rushing by objects upon which we could dwell with enthusiasm for days, still I insist upon remaining stationary for a quarter of an hour in the Forum.

I never have before, and I never shall again, see

any scene which affects one with the same *genre* of sentiment as Pompeii does. We wander over the plains of Waterloo, or ride over the heights above Inkermann, or stand among the tombs on Cathcart's Hill, and we are impressed: that is to say, the locality fixes the memory and the imagination upon a particular event. But Pompeii is not the memorial of a fact: it is the fact itself. With the exception of what the King of Naples has carried away to his museum, the whole city is about us. Here is the Pantheon, with the pedestals of the statues of the twelve greater gods: the altar discoloured by the blood of the victims; the dining-rooms and bed-rooms of those grateful priests who set up a statue to their washerwoman—there are the fresco paintings of the Horatii, of Ulysses and his wife, of Venus and Adonis, shewing that these stories were household tales with them as they are with us—all existing just as when the last priest sent his surplice to Mrs. Eumachia to be washed, and perhaps remarked that he must set on foot a subscription, or obtain a state grant, for his temple was getting out of repair.

There is no appearance of digging, or of burying, or unburying here. The sun shines fiercely down upon us, and Vesuvius looks close and clear, and perhaps quite as threatening as it did when the four prisoners were remanded by the magistrate in the Temple of Justice.

We look on at the Temple of Mercury, where some of the fragments stolen from the other temples are inconspicuously piled together. We hurry along the

street of the merchants, and the street of the Cornucopia, and mark where the carriage-wheels of the old Romans wore ruts in the lava-block pavement. We look in at the barber's shop, and, remembering the length of our Crimean beards, and our return within the bounds of civilization, doubt whether it would not be well to sit down and be shaved; but the barber does not happen to be in. We walk down the street of the theatre, just as we walked down the Strada del Teatro at Valetta when all the people were gone to bed; and we enter an open theatre, such as Valetta cannot shew, but such as Verona can. We come back out of the theatre, for there seems to be no preparations for a performance, and look in at two or three houses on our way. If the eruption had been long delayed, Drusus must have repaired the stone coping to his well, for the rope had nearly worn the soft stone. His bed-rooms were not large—only twelve feet by nine; and I am afraid, from the paintings of Venus and Adonis, and Pan and the Nymph, that Drusus was a loose fellow.

We turn into the musician's house, and admire his oratoire, with its little marble Hercules and its charming fountain. A Neapolitan soldier now keeps guard at his door. "Here, my man, are some bajocchi for you—not for uncovering that fresco of the satyr and fawn, but for covering it up again."

These excellent public baths look delicious. The large marble plunging bath only wants the water turned on, and we may surely shut the door and take a header. The pipes, it seems, have been out

of order for some little time. Well, well, we must do without.

It was just the same in the French steamer; only in the steamer the stewardess had taken possession of the bath-room for a cabin, and declared that she always slept in the bath, it kept her so steady.

We hurry down this street of Mercury, and cannot go into the Temple of Vesta, nor stop to examine all the strange signs that the people here put up outside their houses; but upon a general view of them every little want seems to have been provided for. We run along the street of the consuls, where the signs are equally demonstrative, and we go out at the gate of the city. We visit the sentry-box where the Roman sentinel was found dead at his post; and we walk down the street of tombs, and think what a wiser, more cleanly, and more poetical mode of burial it was to evolve all the gases of the body at once by fire, rather than allow them, as we do, to escape gradually, and infect the breath of the living.

The old Roman hotel upon our left has naturally run to ruin from being near two thousand years without seeing a knight from Rome, or a bagman from Sicily. Let us turn into the house of Diomedes—Horace's friend, you know, according to my un-geographical and unhistorical theory. Here is his bath, just as he left it on the morning of the little event which prevented his taking it again. Here are his bed-rooms, and his charming little gardens stretching down to what used to be the sea. How perfect and how compact are these Roman houses :

how exquisitely finished in every detail; and how they contrast with the rude, vast, comfortless barracks of the middle ages. I saw upon a modest house in the Flaminian way an inscription, "*Parva domus magna quies.*" The Pompeians evidently knew this truth, and, but for Etna, would have proved it.

We have one more visit to make: we must go down into the wine-cellar of Diomede, where the affrighted family took refuge, and where the skeletons were found. The cicerone moves his little flaring taper to and fro over the wall, and pretends to shew upon it impressions of heads and breasts. Diomede and his family would die of suffocation, and their forms would doubtless moulder from the walls against which they rested; but I should require closer inspection than I could obtain by this flickering light to convince me that these stains are portraits of the people who died here.

And now we must be off: I am fainting with fasting, and with the heat of the sun, and with running about almost as fast as the innumerable lizards which are constantly flitting by our feet. I wish the streets still flowed with constant streams, as the fountains and the solid stepping-stones shew they did in former times.

When the Yankee was told that he had nothing like Vesuvius in his country, he answered "No, we arn't no fire-hills in our country, but I guess we are got a water-power at Niagara as would put 'em all out." What might happen if the St. Lawrence forever thundered headlong into that crater, Dr. Lardner

only can tell, for he can measure the power of steam so accurately as to foretell at what force of steam and speed of flight the resistance of the atmosphere will increase to such a point as to bring a carriage to a standstill in mid career ; but Vesuvius, though he might succumb to an American river, has beaten off the sea.

The modern Neapolitans, notwithstanding all the pranks Vesuvius has played, seem to think him as harmless as a kitchen fire. They have built their white villas half-way up his sides, and appear to believe that the heat of his soil is only intended to ripen the grapes. Yet by heavings from beneath, or by lava torrents from above, he has driven back the sea ; and as we go down to the old beach we have a flat before us, covered with gardens and houses, and making a capital bed for our friend the "Via Ferrata."

We have done with Pompeii, but we still have a smart walk to the new "Hotel Diomede," and we have just twenty minutes to breakfast and get to the railway-station. If we miss our train we miss our boat.

Our host had a very tolerable breakfast prepared for us, with coffee and a very good wine of the country, fish and flesh and fruit. Unluckily we had no time to eat it.

We breakfast rapidly but magnificently, and he charges us exorbitantly. We pay him about half his extortionate demand, that is to say, we pay him six francs a piece. He follows us with turbulent expostulations ; but finding we will give him no more, he

becomes civil, hopes to see us again, and wishes us a prosperous journey.

I shall not pretend to say any thing of Naples. We hired a cab, and drove about the city for two hours. A man has no right to affect to describe Naples upon such an experience.

I should like to have seen the standing miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, for Sir David Brewster says that modern science cannot tell how it is performed. But the fête day of the Saint is far distant.

I have no doubt that this miracle is the traditional descendant of the pagan miracle spoken of by Horace and by Pliny as existing in the South of Italy—

Dehinc Gnatia lymphis

Iratæ extracta dedit risusque, jocosque ;

Dum flammâ sine thure liquescere limine sacro

Persuadere cupit : credat Judæus Apella

Non ego. Namque Deos didici securum agere ævum ;

Nec, si quid miri faciat natura, Deos id

Tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto.

There is a convincing coincidence between the liquefaction of the frankincense without flame and the liquefaction of blood without heat, especially when we add that the place of the pagan and the Roman-Catholic miracle are almost identical.

Tired with our day's work, we went on board, and dined, and talked, and slept.

7th—I was on deck this morning just in time to take off my hat to the mouth of the Tiber. The Jesuit asked whether it was an act of respect to the

river of the Cæsars or the river of the Popes. I said it was an act of respect to the river of the Consuls; for if I had said to the river of the Cæsars, I felt that I was laying myself open to an awkward rejoinder. Half an hour, and we steam into the mole of Civita Vecchia. The walls bristle with Papal cannon, and the church-militant, in red trowsers and with folded arms, stands sternly contemplating "*il vapore*." The place is strongly fortified, and the town looks clean, fresh painted, and prosperous. There are two steamers and about twenty ships in the harbour. We cast anchor near enough to the shore to read through our glasses the inscriptions, which tell that Clement the Thirteenth "P. O. M." built that gateway, and that Benedict the Fourteenth constructed that fountain.

At last we are allowed to go ashore, and, after a great search at the Custom-house in quest of books and arms, we breakfast, and start by the diligence for Rome.

The impositions at Civita Vecchia are so very extraordinary, that I must note them down. We paid in that important port, where we staid just two hours, as follows :—

For boatmen	Francs	2
Porterage to the Custom-house		5
Breakfast	5
Passports	10
For plombéing luggage	7
Commissioners	2—31

Of course these were divided into Pauls and

Bajocci, but this was the amount in French money; and upon comparing accounts with the three Missionary priests who are our fellow-travellers, we found we had not been much more plundered than they were.

Seated high on our slight diligence, and drawn by two horses, we pursue the road along the sea-coast, having an undulating heath, very like our Cannock chase, on our left, and the tideless Mediterranean on our right. When we reached the milestone marked "Via Aurelia Roma xxxvi," a bridge had been washed away, and was being leisurely repaired. Half a dozen English labourers would have planked the bed of the little stream across in a few hours. The traffic has here been interrupted ever since the winter, and the luggage is borne across on men's shoulders. Relays of diligences are stationed on the other side of this serious impediment.

When we came in sight of the low promontory, which is made an island by the division of the embouchure of the Tiber into two streams, we turn off, and pursue an apparently endless journey between and over an interminable series of long low hills. It is a very dusty journey; and I remarked to my *convive*, that if Dr. Newman had found the way to Rome half so tedious as we did, he would certainly have turned back. The postilion always went down hill as though he expected to upset us, and up hill as though he despaired of ever getting to the top.

And then it grew quite dark; and some of the diligences we met had lights, and some had none; and as there appears to be no rule of the road, we

were always running in front of each other. Once I thought we were quite gone, for an outcoming diligence came full tilt against us, and the six horses were all mingled together and all kicking. Then at last, when all hope of reaching Rome had vanished, and we had made up our minds, we were on our way back to Naples ; and all at once, in a faubourg-like sort of place, we came "quite promiscuously" upon St. Peter's.

Before we could make up our minds whether it was St. Peter's or not, we dashed in at a narrow gate, and were summoned to descend to shew ourselves to the police.

We followed the conductor up stairs to a turret-chamber, where we found a very dignified individual in a very handsome Roman nose and uniform. He gave us a printed pass, and I am sorry to say I left him haggling with the conductor as to whether two large five-bajocchi pieces of copper formed a sufficient compliment, or bribe, or present. I was told afterwards that he was left with the two pieces of copper in his hand, and told to make the best of them.

After this we were driven for half an hour through Rome, hungry and thirsty, and dusty and tired. I shall not say what my sensations were as we shuffled along through streets where darkness was made visible by rare oil-lamps. At last we arrived at the bureau of the diligences, and we were obliged to pay a couple of porters eight pauls to convey our luggage in a barrow to the Piazza Minerva, about one-third of a mile distant.

CHAPTER XV.

ROME.

I CHOSE the Hotel Minerva because Mr. Murray puts it among the outsiders, and I expected to find it a bachelor's small hotel, a sort of *maison meublée*. I find it to be a vast palace, occupying one side of the piazza Minerva, with marble staircase and corridors, and galleries and baths, and an immense arched *salon* of variegated marbles, which seems to me a finer piece of architecture than the cathedral of Messina. However, I must not quarrel with Mr. Murray, for I have got a most comfortable room here (No. 102), for four pauls a night; and by choosing the hotels he speaks slightly of I begin to extract some utility from his book. I wish I could say as much for his "Turkey." He certainly ought to return me the money wasted upon that unrivalled mass of trash.

After supper, I and my friend the Abbé took a stroll to the Pantheon close by; and, leaning over the rails and smoking, we discussed the question, whether it was better to call the times when the Dii Majores were worshipped here classical times or idolatrous

times. In contending for the former term, of course I did not press upon my Roman Catholic friend all my reasons.

My poor Abbé! I took leave of him this morning, and he had tears in his eyes.

He came to Rome to put himself under obedience, and he has done so. He is a kindly-hearted and innocent creature. He might have been a good father, a successful man of business, and a very respectable magistrate. He will be a Dominican monk. He told me that he might have honour and popularity in Greece; but by humbling himself to implicit obedience, he thought he was acting more in imitation of our Saviour. He is gone away, poor fellow! where his happy, generous nature will make him a drudge, without saving him from being a drone.

His last injunction to me was, to reconsider the order I had given for a sponging-bath in my room.

8th—I set out this morning, with Murray and the two maps of the Useful-Knowledge Society in my pocket, to find or lose my way in Rome.

The first thing to do is to strike the Corso, and to fix its bearings well on the mind. I wandered up and down it, wishing it had been three times its actual width, and lost in astonishment at the wonderful size and simplicity of the palaces. They are dingy and crumbling. "*Fuit*" seems written upon them all, unless where a foreign ambassador or French general has taken up his abode; but these palaces abound in hundreds. Verily this Rome is the city

of an extinct race of giants. Structures like our Reform Club and Sutherland House—columns like nothing that London has ever seen—fountains whereof London has no notion, and which Paris only imitates with spasmodic effort—here lie about in multitudes; used, but not repaired, as though a race of pigmies had come upon the abandoned habitations of the Genii, and were content to use them till time should rot them. Then I turn up into the Piazza di Spagna, which has, by general consent, been abandoned to the English, and am of course beset by guides, and coachmen, and varlets of every kind, who address me in very bad English. I answer them all very civilly, "*Non parlo Tedesco*," and they retire in despair, wondering what on earth I can be if I am not an Englishman.

Thence I recross the Corso, and follow the straight road which leads me to the bridge of St. Angelo; and as I cross the yellow Tiber I insult the memory of the Pope who placed those hideous statues upon the bridge. Skirting the precincts of the castle of St. Angelo, I continue my walk till I come full upon St. Peter's.

Now let me sit down upon the step of this vast colonnade. Of course I have to receive the common impression that the whole is comparatively small, and I correct this impression by looking up at the column at whose base I sit, and then at the atom-like proportions of the men who are walking up the steps. Some people say that this

general effect is the triumph of proportion. If those, same persons would knock down and cart away all those monstrous statues, it would be found that the proportions of the building have nothing to do with the matter ; and even if this were so, the effect is not less a fault, if Longinus be not a fool.

Here I sit for an hour, and meditate upon this great cause, incorporate in stone, of the Reformation. Then I rise, and join the little train of folk who are ascending the steps that lead to the vestibule, push aside the leathern screen, and stand within the mighty Metropolitan of Christendom.

It is very vast, very wonderful, very magnificent, but how far below the simple grandeur of St. Sophia, or of the Suleymaneia ! What false history and execrable taste stand intrusive amid the grandeur of the pile !

These colossal monks, with their books and their beads—this apocryphal martyr brandishing his spear—that miserable burlesque of ancient art, whose bronze toes are nearly kissed away—those gigantic fathers of the Greek and Roman church, who give three fingers each to hold up the chair of St. Peter, which, by the way, is, in fit allegory, represented as resting more upon the thick clouds than upon the exertions of the fathers—a man who deems all these things historically true and religiously sacred, will be aided by his devotion to control his yearning for beauty. If he believe that he is looking at the very pillar against which our Saviour leant when he

was disputing with the doctors in the temple, he will feel an interest apart from any perception of the senses: so if he believe that the head of St. Andrew is shut up in the gallery above the statue of the apostle, and that the spear of St. Longinus, and the handkerchief of St. Veronica, and a piece of the true cross, are all in the balconies which are adorned with pictorial representations of these relics, he will have even a higher interest than that we feel in looking upon the birth-house of Shakespeare, or the cockpit of the "Victory." We Protestants, however, have not this enjoyment: right or wrong, we do not believe in the saving virtues and mediatorial efficiency of St. Veronica or St. Longinus, nor are we interested in those founders of monastic orders commemorated in these hideous effigies twenty feet high. If Phidias had idealized them, and made them beautiful, we would have admired them as we do the Theseus; but there was no spirit of beauty in the mythology of the middle ages. When we look upon the ill-carved figure of a monkish saint, the recollection is apt to intrude upon us, that the decisive argument in favour of the canonization of Thomas a Beckett was, that his hair-shirt was found to be swarming with vermin when he was stripped for burial.

A man must be a good Catholic to admire all the details of St. Peter's. I throw myself back upon the general effect. When I set myself to examine the details I soon get tired of Bernini, and intolerant of

Rossi. Canova's tomb is undoubtedly a work of art to linger over. The angel of death, and the sleeping lion, become a memory for ever; and if the Pope himself could not be made to look intelligent, and if the figure of Religion look too fat, too shrewish, and too old, all that can be said is, that every thing is perfect except the Pope and his religion.

The monument to the Stuarts has its historical interest to an Englishman. Murray, in his book, attributes to Lord Mahon a description of this monument, which has the peculiarity of being wrong in every particular. So far from calling Charles Edward and Henry, Charles the Third and Henry the Ninth, the inscription very neatly and adroitly avoids calling any of them King of Great Britain, except James the Second. This, however, is not Lord Mahon's fault, but the fault of the compiler of the Guide-book. Lord Mahon no doubt alludes to the epitaphs in the vaults below. Into these we descended, and saw many mosaics and many tombs.

Before we went down into the crypt, we ascended to the top of the cupola, but it is labour thrown away: the view is not fine.

It was evening when I left St. Peter's, and after dinner nothing was to be done but to wander again through the street, and lean against the fountain in the Piazza del Rotundo, look upon the portico and the Pantheon, and think of the

*"Ædesque labentes Deorum,
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo."*

9th—I made an arrangement with a certain Signor Pio, whose name is rather too demonstrative to inspire confidence. He is to receive one scudo per diem to speak only Italian and shew me Rome.

We set out at once for the capital, which we must see by the eye of faith, for those buildings of Michael Angelo are not worthy of his fame. They serve to shew us, however, that if he had been left to finish St. Peter's he would not have placed colossal figures upon its top. Pio does not count patience among his virtues, and he fidgets while I examine the statues and the milestone. After the hard toil of ascending the tower of the Campadoglio—don't let us call it the capital—he grows more loquacious than ever Cicero was, "*in hac munitissimâ arce.*" So I give him a cigar, and make him sit down on the other side of the old figure of Rome, and tell him to wait till I call him.

Yes, here it all is at my feet! St. Peter's on my right, and the Coliseum on my left. Across the Tiber, on my right front, as they say at the camp, rises the Janicular Hill, where St. Peter was crucified, and where we now see a fountain playing, and whence the French attacked the city. On my left front, this side of the Tiber, is Mount Aventinus, with its church belonging to the chevaliers of Malta, and the scite of the Roman batteries which vainly answered the French. Directly to the left the Palatine and the Cœlian Hills both lie strewn with ruins. Behind me, Mounts Esquilinus, Viminalis and Quiri-

nalis seem occupied by modern churches, and the inhabited city. Upon the highest point of the Mons Capitolinus I am now standing and writing.

Here is Rome, all at one view. The modern city, led by St. Peter's, seems to be running away from the old city of the Cæsars, and has nearly surmounted the amphitheatre of hills which hemmed it in. Let it go. I turn me to where the ruins are. The Tarpeian rock immediately at my feet is hence but a little hole, half planted with shrubs and flowers in trim beds, and half covered with clothes hung out to dry, ending, however, in a sort of chasm, which looks like a broken sewer. But it has a history dearer than the history of all the Popes whom Ranke has excluded from, or admitted to, his book. "*Un Anglais, nommé Smith*"—so the guide says, but I believe he is wrong—has built a snug cottage on the palace of the Cæsars, but he has not ploughed up the ruins. The Coliseum, the arch of Septimius Severus, the temples of Peace, the temple of Romulus and Remus, the columns of Jupiter Capitolinus, and that

"Now known column with uncovered base,"

are all within a little area. Frascati, Tivoli, and Alba Longa, are in the distance. The Apennines form the background, and the Via Appia, its route marked by the tower tomb of Cecilia Metella, runs away in distance.

I must be carried down by force from this spot, or I shall never get away. Every moment dis-

covers new objects to detain me. Right in front are the ruins of the bridge of Horatius Cocles. The fragments of brick-work did not exist in his day, it is true ; but that was the spot which his courage rendered sacred.

This is where we greatly enjoy Rome. Let us now go down, and work out the details, and come back and see it with a more instructed eye.

Before I go—I will positively look at nothing else—I must mark the odd manner in which the Corso cuts through the city, and the little men and women jostle like small dots up and down it.

I went down, and I *saw* the Capitol ; that is to say, I went into those three disgraceful buildings which Michael Angelo's ghost, if he have any feeling for his earthly fame, ought long since to have borrowed a brand from purgatory to burn down. Within, I saw the masterpieces of the world—the sacred wolf of Rome, the statues of Julius and Augustus, the Dying Gladiator, the Capitoline Venus, the St. Sebastian, the Europa—riches which astound and bewilder, and send one away with an unsettled mind and a disturbed memory. I confess that it is not in my nature to take in more than one good work of art in a single day. I can look stolidly at it for a week, and take it in bit by bit, until I know it thoroughly ; but I cannot hit it upon the bound, and receive the impression exact in my mind. If I must tell the humiliating truth it is this : Of all the mighty things I see and appreciate in this, the Capitol of Rome, the picture that has fixed itself

most in my mind is one not mentioned in the Guide-books, and doubtless very improper to be admired—I mean the Magdalene of Tintoretto.

From the halls and museums of the Capitol I went to the Tarpeian rock, and walked through the garden, on the top, and listened to the old woman when she told me how all her grapes had failed; looked at the withered bunches, which corroborated her tale of sorrows; and wondered why Pio Nono, to whom art and history already owe so much, does not clear this spot of the wretched houses and miserable vegetable enclosures which prevent us seeing to the bottom of this famous precipice.

After passing in procession all that I can remember of this Tarpeian rock—and who, having read Livy, does not remember a hundred tragedies of which it was the scene?—I came back to the Capitol, descended into the tabularium, and, in these cyclo-pian arches, feel, for the first time, that I must be upon the scite of the Capitol of Old Rome. Then I walk down the Via Sacra, and buy a glass of lemonade on the spot where every nation of the ancient world has passed in captivity. Columns and temples strew the road, and every stone has its history. Arches of triumph, more or less perfectly dug out, moulder in the sunshine, like the neglected veterans of forgotten victories. I pass through the scite of the old forum, and see nothing in the spot of earth as now occupied to suggest the exact theatre of the great events that have here taken place. I arrive at the fragment of brickwork, the remains of the Meta

Sudans, over which the water fell in little bubble-drops like the sweat upon the brow of an athlete. This is my hypothesis : it is better, at least, than the absurd one in the Guide-books. The arch which that mean thief Constantine stole from Trajan, and disfigured to make it his own, is now upon my right, the Appian Way is before me, and the Coliseum is on my left.

I shall say nothing descriptive of the Coliseum. Every school-boy can draw it from memory—every Guide-book describes it ; yet you might as well draw a thunderclap or describe an essence.

I dare say Mr. Cubitt would tender to-morrow for a building quite as big, and complete it within the year. The Coliseum is not a thing to be measured or talked about. It is a great idea to be felt with a straining mind and an imagination expanded almost to bursting. I never quote Byron : I hope my readers will give me credit for avoiding this common impertinence ; but I repeat to myself his wonderful description of this structure at least a dozen times, as I move like an atom among these tremendous arches, or stand with reeling brain upon the dizzy margin of its unprotected heights.

I sat at the Coliseum until it was nearly dark, and I was awakened from a reverie by the challenge of the French patrol which came to relieve the sentinel. Then I walked home, through the deep shadows of the ruins, and through the ill-lit mazes of the modern city.

10th—The Appian Way is a drive through a maze of memories. I note the tomb of Seneca, because Murray misdescribes the bas-relief. In the middle of it the philosopher, bleeding from the arm, is sinking in the arms of his attendants. On the right, the emperor is giving the messenger the order for his death. On the left, the mourning relatives are depicted. Murray talks of Socrates and Cræsus, and I know not what. I stood upon the mound of the Horatii, piled upon the spot where they fought. The wild thyme loads the air with perfume, and the grasshoppers chirp merry songs to the heroes who lie below. I look over the Campagna; upon the broken aqueducts that stride across the plain; upon the masses of brickwork which have been stripped of their marbles to make palaces and churches; upon the prostrate pillars and defaced epitaphs of defunct pro-consuls; and I ask whether all these remnants of a departed dominion may not owe their existence to the event commemorated by this unadorned Etruscan barrow.

We return by St. Sebastian, and we see the church and the catacombs. It seems to me clear very many of the bodies that lie bricked up in this catacomb are bodies of the very early Romans, before crementation prevailed. The saints and martyrs, whom the old monk talks about, were in all probability devout votaries of Venus and Pan. I went a long way into the passages. There are thousands of tombs yet unopened. The slate which covers up the shelf in the rock had in some instances been broken, and I took up a handful of "martyrs'" bones. They

were soft and crumbling, and went to dust as I touched them.

These catacombs are quarries put to their obvious use. Much more curious are the Columbaria—those square pits dug deep in earth, and roofed upon the top, with a stone staircase going to the bottom, and with their inner walls completely occupied by pigeon-holes, each having its little covered hole, its little set of crockery, and its marble tablet to record the name of the man or woman who now is ashes. The Columbaria I went into were devoted to the household of Pompey and of Augustus; and as they were all orthodox pagans, who had honourably paid their passage across the Styx, I thought it was no sin to bring away a bit of the back-bone of a lady whose ashes had been very contemptuously treated, having been shaken out of her vase and strewn about her pigeon-hole.

We passed to the baths of Caracalla and the palace of the Cæsars, mountainous ruins, wherein nothing can be read but big moralities. While we look down from the terrace of the palace of the Cæsars, the Pope passes, attended by his garde noble. He is too far off for us to see more of him than his white raiment.

Then we go and gaze again upon the arches, and sit and talk in the Coliseum, and pass home through the forum and down the steps of the Capitol.

I feel that I could do the same day's work every day for forty years—the catacombs and the Colum-

baria excepted—and never feel a sameness in the task. Perhaps, however, it is better not to try these feelings by too strong an experiment. We will go to the Vatican to-morrow.

11th—I should like to ask Mr. Baines, or his successor at the Poor-Law Office, what he would think of a regular society of beggars, who make it a point of conscience never to work, and whose particular claim to sanctity is, that they live always on alms. This worthy society has here usurped the scite of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and they are one of the pests of Rome. I found one of them at the porter's lodge as I went down to breakfast yesterday, offering his snuff-box to the Commissaire. He wished me good morning so pleasantly, and asked for some bajocchi in so natural a way, that it was scarcely possible to refuse him.

This morning one of the excellent fraternity walked into my room while I was dressing, and as I was by no means in a state to receive visitors, I was obliged to be more peremptory with him than was quite fitting towards so reverend a beggar. The lazy, dirty dervishes of Constantinople are the scandal of Islam; and the disciples of St. Francis seem to me to be the scandal of Christianity. Happily our church at least has never canonized sloth, nor admitted idleness among the Christian virtues.

I spent the day, as I had proposed, at the Vatican. It were better, perhaps, simply to note the fact. What can I say which has not been a thousand

times better said of the wonders of this vast collection.

I passed two hours upon my back on the polished seats of the Sistine chapel, exploring the wonders of the painted roof, and then tried, bit by bit, to take into my memory the tremendous whole of the last judgment. I would as soon attempt, like Alphonso the Wise, to criticise the plan of the universe, as to find faults in Michael Angelo ; but this idea occurred to me as I looked upwards at the creation of Adam—Why do all the great masters concur in depicting the Almighty as an old man ? Wrinkles and white hair are the evidences of moribund mortality. How can it be, that He, who is the same yesterday to-day, and for ever, should bear the impress of time ? Have our artists here followed wisely the traditions of art ? Saturn, and the son of Saturn, are not examples to be slavishly followed ; but even Jove is represented as mature, but never aged. Even the genius of Michael Angelo seems to have thought it impossible to render the idea of omnipotence and omniscience, in a human form, untouched by age.

We saw the frescos of Raphael, and looked at the school of Athens till the custos grew wearied. We saw the Transfiguration, and the great masterpiece of Domenichino, and the two Murillos which the Queen of Spain has just presented to the Pope.

We walked through halls of statuary where the objects are numberless, and every gem is priceless.

We saw the Antinous and the Apollo ; the Venus of Praxiteles and the Laocoon ; and we looked from the window upon the prospect which has given to this gallery the name of the Belvidere. There are copies of all the statues in our own glass palace ; but the difference is the difference between a stare and a sentiment. They say that women have gazed upon that majestically beautiful face of Apollo, and fallen in love, and so gone mad, and haunted the spot and raved. I do believe that the mind which conceived that expression of divine scorn could have conceived also the impression of Almighty power and Almighty wisdom, and could have embodied it in a form of full manhood, shining with immortality.

The Vatican makes the mind and memory ache. It is a place to live in, to get accustomed to, to make one's own little by little—not to *see*. For unalloyed enjoyment, give me the Coliseum, which offers to the mind one expanded theatre of thought, and makes it etherealize itself to fill it up.

The day was not yet gone when the galleries were closed ; but we were told that we could, if we pleased, see the Pope's private apartments ; for that Pio was now gone to Ostia, to see his excavations there.

So we went into apartments which are not regularly shewn. We passed through the ordinary state rooms into the throne room, and looked out of the window, and remarked that Rome, from this point of view, appears a common-place, stone-built city. No

ruins are visible, and only a few very ordinary church domes. We saw also the telegraph wires, which are carried into Cardinal Antonelli's rooms above, and we passed into by far the most interesting room of all, the Pope's private oratory.

Here all was as his holiness had left it this morning. The impression is still upon his *prie Dieu*. The breviary and the "preparation for mass" lie on one side; and—strange homely article of furniture in such a place—on the other side, on the floor, stands a spitting-dish. In the small ante-chamber, scarcely larger than a closet, are the white robes of the sovereign pontiff, a wash-hand basin, and the towel soiled with the morning ablutions. A calendar of Roman festivals and some manuscript memoranda also lie about.

These little rooms are richly, but not luxuriously furnished; and, as is fitting in such a spot, the crucifix is the chief object in the oratory. Every thing suggests the idea of a devout man of simple habits.

Thence we passed into another ante-chamber where the servants wait, and where a "*Giornali di Roma*," lying on the table, testified that the Pope's domestics, like those of less-important personages, beguile their leisure with a little newspaper reading. A small cupboard was opened, whence among odds and ends, such as a bottle and a glass, and a flat candlestick, the attendant produced a pair of red slippers, bound with gold lace, and having a cross

embroidered upon each. These are the state shoes that are kissed by the devout.

This was all. We left the Vatican, and drove about Rome from sight to sight, until it grew too dark to see. The Column of Trajan, the Temple of Vesta, the Island of Tiber, half-a-dozen palaces, the Piazza Novara, and a regular little cataract of a fountain—the “Fontana di Trevi”—formed the principal objects of our drive.

As a bad conclusion to such a day, we lost our dinner. Half the hotels in Rome were tried in vain: their table d'hôte was over, and they never serve dinner unless by special commandment, except at the table d'hôte. We essayed the restaurants. Rome does not boast a restaurant which is even tolerable. The Lepre is intolerable. They offered us macaroni and a fricandeau; but no stomach could brook the macaroni as they produced it. So we came home to the Minerva, and got a cold, bad supper.

After this I went out to a café, which has been established in one of the palaces in the Corso; and having swallowed my *demi tasse*, and read Galignani, returned to my room, and sat up till past twelve o'clock posting up this journal.

I forgot to mention, that just over one of the bridges, and in the district of the Transteverini, we passed the house of the Fornarina. It was largely decorated with the under-garments of Roman maids and matrons, and we wondered whether Raphael was welcome there on washing days.

And now to sleep: but first I look over what I have written about my visit to the Vatican, and think how little of all I saw and felt in those galleries I have dared to write.

12th—This morning I took a solitary walk among the ruins.

The Capitol is within five minutes of the Minerva. I descend the Via Sacra, walk round and round and in and out the Coliseum, lose my way in the streets to the left, and come back again to find the baths of Titus—those wonderful fragments which lie heavy upon the house of Nero, which again conceals the mosaic pavements of the house of Mæcenas. I see the place where Nero used to look upon the Laocoon (for, in spite of Murray's ignorant cavil, the cicerone is evidently right). I see, also, the frescoes which Raphael copied, and tread reverently about, for perhaps I may be walking over the ashes of Horace. Thence I find my way by the arches of Janus and Severus to the Cloaca Maxima, and stand a little while on the spot where Castor and Pollux watered their horses. The clear stream *splendidior vitro* here mingles with the immundities of Rome, and hurries in filthy companionship to the river. A little higher up, the bright water, led through a channel in the solid rock, turns a mill, and in the subterranean mill-race an old woman is washing clothes. Thence, wandering about, I come upon the graceful little temple of Vesta, close over the spot where the Cloaca Maxima has its exit into the river.

Why should this not be one of the "Templaque

Vestæ" of Horace? It is situated upon the bank of the river, just where the Tiber would inundate it, and over the most massive of the "monumenta regum." This circle of Corinthian columns is possibly of a later age; but is it unlikely that Augustus restored what the Tiber destroyed? I hate these Roman antiquaries. They are worse enemies to Rome than the Goths, or the Bourbons, or the Barbarini.

Close by this temple I pay a bajocchi and pass to the centre of the suspension bridge. Hence we have one of the finest views of old Rome. Down the stream are the turns of the bridge of Horatio Coccles, the top of the arch of the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima, the temple of Vesta, the ancient walls of the city, and the palaces and churches on the heights of the Aventine hills. Looking up the stream, we see the isle of the Tiber, fashioned in the form of a galley, the two bridges which connect it on either side with the mainland, and the mills which the muddy river is constrained to turn.

Returning towards the former by the narrow streets, I found myself at the foot of the Capitol. A little dirty alley, marked Via di Monte Caprino, seemed to lead towards the Tarpeian. I followed it, and stood at the bottom of the rock. This was a much better view than Pio had shewn me. Dilapidated houses of three stories high are built up against the rock, and the original base is doubtless many yards below my feet. Yet this is the actual scene of so many punishments and so many butcheries.

Thence I went to the old Etruscan prison, where

Jugurtha was starved to death, and where St. Paul and St. Peter may possibly have been confined. The little chapel above is a very popular place of worship. There is an inscription on a marble tablet which recounts the tradition, and notes as a perpetual miracle, that the little well in the dungeon is always full, however much water you may take out of it.

Returning homewards, I take the Pantheon in my way, and make a pilgrimage to Raphael's tomb. I enjoy the mighty proportions of this gigantic dome, and wipe my brow on this 12th of October as I look up at the circle of deep blue sky which justifies the artist in forming his temple roofless. Here Jove was worshipped, and, after two thousand years of fire and flood, earthquakings, storms, and battle, the whole interior seems strong as ever. Three worshippers are kneeling to the Madonna in Raphael's chapel, and perhaps their descendants may kneel there for two thousand years to come.

As there was some daylight yet left, I went to the public gardens by the Piazza del Popolo—a hill cut out into roads, and terraces, and walks. Having in the throng missed my companion, who promised to meet me there, I dined alone at a restaurant.

To-night I put on my considering cap. I am offered a place in a vetturino to Florence at about twelve shillings a day, board and lodging included. We should be five days *en route*, and the journey might not be unpleasant. I should then have two days at Florence, and one at Leghorn, and meet my

messageries imperiales boat at the latter place on Monday-week, get to Marseilles on Wednesday, and to Paris on Saturday, have three days in Paris, and be in London on the first of November.

On the other hand, if I rejoin my boat at Civita Vecchia, I go over the same ground again, and I lose Florence, but I save a week.

13th—The vetturino disturbed me from sound sleep this morning, and described the route by Perugia so temptingly that I could not resist. I am to have the whole of the coupé, to get to Florence in four days and a half, and to pay him fifteen scudi—with *buono-mano*, about eighty francs—including of course lodging and board. An English family, at breakfast, told me strange stories of brigands; but I don't expect to find the road more dangerous than the environs of Smyrna were.

To-day we saw the palace of the Quirinal, the church and museum of the Lateran, the Rospigliosi and the Barbarini palaces. What I remember with most pleasure are, the Aurora of Guido in the Rospigliosi palace, the Byzantine cloisters in the church of the Lateran, and the three great pictures of the Barbarini palace. The Cenci of Guido is a dream of girlish innocence. The "Slave" of Titian—should it not rather be called the Captive?—is a rich abundant woman. The Fornarina of Raphael is the real baker's daughter herself. I am to see the other Fornarina at Florence; but this is the woman Raphael loved. Not that she looks particularly loveable;

but it is a living Roman girl of the lower class, such as we see hundreds of in the streets every day. We may doubt the great master's taste on the choice of a mistress: we cannot doubt his fidelity—as a painter. Originally she was nude; but Prince Barbarini thought this wrong, and he has considerably supplied her with a half portion of dress.

I cannot pass over our visit to the Quirinal—the summer palace of the Pope—without drawing Mr. Murray's attention to the disgraceful manner in which this part of his book is done.

It is quite plain that the man who wrote the account of the pictures never saw them. The custode laughs when my companion produces the book; and well he may, for the statements are ludicrous. St. Sebastian is called Adonis, and there is scarcely a picture concerning which some equally ridiculous mistake is not made. The account was evidently written from the recollection of some rapid tourist.

After this we drove about Rome, and passed many now familiar objects. The pillar of Trajan, the Fontana di Trevi, the Piazza Novana, and a hundred other objects we never shall forget. We saw also, for the first time, the beautiful and venerable portico of the Temple of Pallas, and the gigantic Corinthian columns of the temple that stood in the forum of Augustus.

In the evening my companion—one of the best of comrades, and one of the most energetic and ubiquitous of sight-seers—left me for Civita Vecchia, and I pursue my fortunes alone.

14th—I have passed my last day in Rome. I have heard mass in the church of the Jesuits, and I have seen the columns of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus clothed with silken "pillar-cases" to make them look smart for a Franciscan festival. I have been to the chapel where St. Peter and St. Paul parted when each went his separate way to martyrdom, and have read, transcribed on the chapel from the epistles of Dionysius, the dialogue which took place between the two apostles. I have visited the unfinished church of St. Paul, and seen how the moderns imitate the ancients in the magnitude of their columns and the richness of their marbles. The cicerone says this church has already cost five millions of our money; and I doubt whether, if all had been paid for, the amount would be over estimated. The two altars are all of malachite; every Pope has his portrait in mosaic; there are eighty-six enormous columns of Egyptian granite, each cut out of a solid mass, and each a ship load. The pilasters are of Paeonazeto marble; the pillars of the portico are of Parian. Alabaster, and porphyry, and Cipollino appear, in enormous masses, worked into Corinthian columns, which would be colossal were they wrought in common materials, but are wonderful when we know that every square inch would be esteemed a gem. So lofty is the roof, that the gilded flowers which adorn it, and look so small where placed, are really so large, that the strength of eight men is required to work the pulley by which they are hoisted. It is astonishing in its size and richness: it wants no-

thing but the exquisite proportion of ancient art.

Nor is it without its decorations. Podesti, Caliguli, Camoncini, and Coghetti, the four most esteemed painters of living Italy, have each contributed his masterpiece.

It has its miracles. There is the heart of St. Paul enshrined under the baldichino, and the faithful are assured, that when the former Basilica was consumed by fire, the flames gathered from all quarters around the relic, and then expired.

Go and see it—to see how the big temples of former times were built—to see how well we moderns can compete with them in size and in extravagance—to see how certainly the spirit of beauty is fled.

Do not, however, come away without noting the cloisters of the old Basilica : they are as fine as those of St. John of Lateran.

From St. Paul's I went to the English burial-ground, and passed from the tomb of Shelley to that of Keats. If you listen to Murray, he will mislead you. The plain flat stone which marks where the ashes of Shelley lie is not in the old burial-ground, but rests under the shadow of the old walls of Rome in the new enclosure. The Italian grave-digger knows the place better than the English Guide-book writer. Give him a Paul, and he will take you direct to the flat stone of Shelley, and also to the upright headstone which marks the grave of Keats, and on which is engraved a broken lyre and an epitaph without a name.

We are under the shadow of the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. The pyramid of the rich Roman daily casts its shadow over the modest graves of the two English poets. If the day be as hot when my reader visits this spot as it was to-day, I advise him to adjourn to the Monte Testaccio hard by. That curious hill of broken potsherds is encircled by a base of wine cellars, and there, for two Pauls, he will have, fresh from the cold cellar, a flagon of wine which Horace would have smacked his lips at, and a piece of bread which will be a prudent accompaniment. I and the illustrious Pio, and a little ill-tempered coachman, finished two of these caraffes, and we were all much refreshed in body and in temper as we drove off to the Latin gate to visit the Columbarium of the family of Augustus.

Thence, having discharged my carriage, I took my last wander over the ruins, revisited all my favourite haunts, lingered in the Coliseum, walked about the Via Sacra, spent another Paul upon the custode of the prison of Jugurtha and Cataline, peeped, with a handkerchief at my nose, at the Cloaca Maxima, looked up at the Temple of Vesta, and came back by the Palace of the Cæsars to the Roman Forum and the Capitol.

Adieu to thee, Old Rome! As I come back the streets are crowded. All living Rome is driving up and down the Corso: fancy driving up and down Bond Street by way of a drive. However, they have been to the Pincian Hill. A Roman must have his carriage if he live on bread and water to maintain it.

Then I dine, and then I go to the Cafè Nuovo, which occupies the ground-floor of a palace in the Corso, and has gardens, and rich marble walls, and a civil waiter, and good coffee; and then I pack up, and settle my bill, and think with a shudder of five o'clock to-morrow morning.

I recommend the Minerva Hotel. Its arrangements are excellent. The restaurant portion is decidedly not good: the cook is bad, and the waiter sulky. But then you can breakfast and dine where you please; though, as to breakfast, you get excellent *café au lait*. My bill for the week was eighty francs. I also recommend Pio Ricci. His knowledge of Rome is quite ridiculously minute, and he is zealous and honest. He did not offer to take me to one cameo-seller, or to one fabricator of antiquities all the days I had him with me. He takes his scudo a-day, and is happy.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROME TO FLORENCE.

October 15th—The inevitable vetturino appears at the appointed hour, and I pass through the modern substitute for the Flaminian Gate behind two of the most wretched screws that even Rome can produce. Oh that Pio Nono could now sit with me for an hour behind this sore, bleeding horse! The wretch who drives has established a raw upon his back, and the sloughing of the sore splashes from the strokes of the whip.

Surely we want some interference of the State to put down this horrible barbarity. My threat to stop the buono-mano if the horse is struck again on the sore seems to excite more surprise than sympathy among my fellow-travellers—four Italians, who speak no French, and with whom conversation on my part has its difficulties.

We cross the scene of the battle between Constantine and Maxentius; and at the second stage we stop to breakfast in the crater of an extinct volcano. The locanda is full, and a certain Signora Luciana singles me out for conversation, I presume, because she is certain of having nearly all the talk to herself. However, she is very pretty; and her mother, contending with the daughter for the continuity of talk,

tells me the history of her family. It would be worth writing down—this history of a family of eight children—if I had time ; for it tells by what shifts and contrivances the modern Romans live. I cannot, however, write in this jolting vetturino ; and, as they are going to Rome, I shall have no opportunity of filling up the outline she has drawn. I wish both mother and daughter good bye, with the hope that the three sculptors may all become Michael Angelos, and that all the daughters may be princesses. In return, she gives me her address at Rome, and begs me to call and see her sons' studio ; and so we part.

At Monterose we met the Etruscan girls with their water-pitchers of the Etruscan shape balanced upon their heads, just as in the old times. At Nepi the water is brought in, not on girls' heads, but on the arches of a mighty aqueduct ; and the old deserted city is mocked in its decay by handsome fountains, and fortifications which surround nothing worthy of protection. And now as we get towards the limit of the pestiferous Campagna of Rome, where every human being looks blighted and hollow-eyed, there are symptoms of vines and villages and trees. Mount Soracte rises in its full, craggy height before us ; and, knowing that when we see this mountain, Castellana and dinner cannot be far off, I am tempted to string by a cross reading, the old

“ Vides ut alâ stet nive candidum
Soracte ”——

with the congratulation,

“Tempus est dapibus sodales.”

I communicate from time to time, through the window behind me, with my co-voyageurs in the body of the coach; but I find that not even the priest—of course there was a priest among them—knows Soracte by his ancient name.

In due time we arrive at Castellana. Murray's Guide-book has a quarrel with the landlord of La Posta, and he is most reiterate in his advice to the tourist to pass through this city. I can only say, that if he do so he will miss one of the most picturesque bed-rooms in all Italy. The bed-rooms of La Posta open upon a terrace, overlooking as beautiful a rocky ravine as ever I saw, spanned by an aqueduct whose arches are one hundred and thirty-six feet high, and having a stream at the bottom, which tumbles in cascades and sings you to sleep with a sweetly modulated monotony. As to the inn and the landlord, both are about as good as you can expect in such a place, and much better than those which are recommended in their stead.

16th—Mr. Murray's *bête noir* brought me some *café au lait* and a tin bath of cold water this morning at five o'clock; two demands which are not quite matters of course at an Italian Osteria, and which, I feared, might arouse that latent impertinence which “The Englishman's breviary” led me to expect. We were well out of the town, and crossing the bridge over the ravine, at a quarter before six.

Now we go up into the Apennines. We pass

Borghetto with its ruined fortress while the mists are still hanging over the broad valley below. As I walk up the hill, two of the maidens of the town, taking water at a fountain, tell me what the Guide-book does not tell me, namely, that the picturesque town on the other side of the valley, and on the peak of a hill, is called Magliano. The next stage must be hilly indeed, for the vetturino, *who is not an extravagant man*, takes two extra horses. The whole ride from Borghetto is, indeed, exquisitely beautiful. How even four horses ever got this lumbering vehicle up these mountains I cannot tell. *They* cannot feel any interest in the broad valley of the Tiber, or on the woody heights, or in the plantations of olive-trees thick with fruit, or in the vines which interlace the trees, or in these little ruinous Etruscan towns which are perched upon the peaks around—all these the poor old wretched *rosses* have looked upon, alas! too often. Still less can I comprehend why it is, that, in coming down hill, this top-heavy, reeling vehicle, which is as unsteady as a Constantinople lantern, does not, when it knocks against a stone, or when one of the horses tumble down (both of which events happen from time to time) collapse and splinter.

However, here we are at Narni, with a beautiful plain before us, mountains around, and Terni in the distance. Mr. Murray's respectable landlord has given me a most execrable breakfast, and wants to force upon me some worthless prints of the place.

The inn is in every possible respect vastly inferior to that of Castellana, and I accuse the Guide-book writer of grossly bad faith in attempting to satisfy his grudge against mine host of Castellana at the expense of the comfort of his readers. The vetturino stays here two hours, so I peer about the town, and look at the ruins of the great bridge, which Martial vainly hoped that Narni would enjoy for ever. Narni is a thriving town; it has a linen manufactory, and, wonderful fact for Italy, I found no beggars there.

At half-past four o'clock we reached the town of Terni. At half-past five o'clock I am sitting in the little harbour opposite to the Falls of the Trevi, making hopeless attempt to sketch the outline.

I am not about to give a description of the Falls of the Trevi: a great waterfall is essentially indescribable. The utmost that can be done is to give facts, and to leave the imagination of the reader to paint the scene. Let me say, however, that from the point where I now sit, the river (about the size of the Isis above Oxford) appears at the top of a precipice twice the height of St. Paul's above me. It tumbles over in one unbroken fall, for, I should guess, six hundred feet; then it strikes upon a mass of rocks, falls over these in a thin sheet of water, and, gathering all the smaller streams which have fallen in little bye cascades, tumbles again in a broader but less lofty cataract, and foams and eddies through a series of rapids along the valley below.

Fill up this outline with surrounding mountains and a deep rocky glen, and you have the Falls of Terni. The most fantastic imagination can hardly go far astray, for every point of view has its different characteristics, and the most noted points are not always the best.

The Guide-books say that the summer-house view is the great point. I do not think so. Descend the path a little, and you will find a shelving rock rising on your left hand. Climb it, but take care you do not slip. Stand upon the brink, if your head is very steady. This is the true point of view. To the left is the unbroken cataract, plunging into the abyss. Nearer, but still to the left, the precipitated waters fall again over a smooth conical rock, giving the appearance which I conceive the "*Meta Sudans*" to have been intended to represent in little. Immediately below, the re-united river thunders down into its new bed. Take care how you look at it. It makes *my* brain swim. One little slip, and you 'roll from crag to crag into those circling eddies, and the echoes of the mountains would only mock your cries. Away it goes, dividing and re-uniting, tumbling over rapids and turning mills, thundering and murmuring, and flowing tranquilly, and falling ferociously through the rocky glen, and away to Terni in the plain.

Some readers have so much imagination that they want nothing but a name, and can make a very tolerable picture for themselves: others are so matter-

of fact, that if a bit of rock, or little tree, be left out, they exclaim against the inaccuracy. To one and all I say—Byron has described the scene—go to Childe Harold.

I think, however, I ought to say how I got to the Falls.

On arriving at this town of Terni, at a quarter to four, the civilest of all possible landlords informed me that his holiness had conferred the monopoly of conveying people to the Falls upon a particular individual of this town, and the monopolist charges about twenty-five pauls, or twelve shillings, for conveying one person there and back.

Now I hope I am not one of those absurd individuals who are always telling you that they would give a pound away (which they never do), but will not be defrauded of a penny. In this world it is a great secret to allow yourself to be defrauded—wisely. The class of people who hang about hotels will do more for sixpence out of which they cheat you, than they would for a pound earned according to tariff. The great secret is the *ars celare artem*—to know how far you are being cheated, and not to let the cheaters know you know it. I own, however, that I have a sort of British-born feeling of impatience at a state extortion. I thought of Hampden and Sidney, and I grandly said—“*Lo faro a piedi.*”

It was four o'clock, and the sun sets at half-past five, and what the distance was I did not know. But an active little fellow, whom I afterwards discovered

to be named Guiseppe Cucci, backed me up, and said he was a cicerone, and would go with me. So away we went amid the sneers of the post-boys and the great attention of little Terni.

Away we went at a rapid pace, Guiseppe telling me that he had walked to Rome along the Flaminian Way in two days, and that it was still an excellent road in dry weather, and authenticating his story by a pace of at least five Roman miles an hour, I keeping up with him with a longer stride, and with an ease, acquired by many a knapsack walk, which seemed to astonish him. Within an hour from the inn we sat in the summer-house. The man who does it in less will be a good walker. Guiseppe tied his head up in a handkerchief, for he was warm. I gave him a cigar and a little brandy, but he was afraid to stand still while I smoked, and looked at the waterfall, and thought how very fine it was, but how decidedly inferior in grandeur to the Falls of the Rhine.

Then Guiseppe took me conscientiously to every point of view, and especially to that I have above commemorated, and then it suddenly grew black night, and we had to go back again through the underwood (where, in England, I should certainly have been pounced upon by a keeper, or stabbed by a dog-spear, or caught in a man-trap, or startled by a detonating alarm), and over the naturally-formed bridges, and along by the rapids where the eddies circle, and the waters foam on each side of the narrow paths, and look terrific at night. Then we

pressed up the heights to the village where the carriages stop (for be it known to gentlemen with large gouty toes and little principle, who promise themselves to disregard the expense and take post-horses, the carriage can take you no further than a village two miles from the fall): and then I saw a light, and found that the village contained a wine-shop, and went in and found a lot of peasants with empty flagons, but full of stories of fever and malaria. I expended nearly a shilling in filling their flagons, and we were the best friends in the world in two minutes—which, sarcastic reader, you are fain to smile at—but I think we should have been just as good friends without the flagon: and as I talked with these men of the mountain, I certainly felt glad that I had not yielded to the impression caused by the stories at Rome, and brought my revolver with me. I should have been ashamed to have such a weapon in my pocket among these honest people.

We leave the wine-shop, and walk home down the high road winding among the mountains. The cicale are making a doleful hooting upon the hills, and the hedges are sparkling with glow-worms. The shadows of the rocks are deep upon us, and the starlight but faintly penetrates them. Now and then a line of damseis, linked arm and waist, come singing up the hill, returning to their village from gathering the bean-harvest: and occasionally two or three men, going homewards from their work below, also passed us in the darkness. The cool, fresh night air as

delicious after the hot day; and I thank the papal monopoly for procuring me this enjoyment. We got back to the hotel a little before seven, after, be it admitted, as stiff a walk as ever I had in the same time. But it had been done "upon principle," and there is always a satisfaction in that. Moreover, it was very salutary exercise after forty-eight hours imprisonment.

There are two reflections upon to-day's events, which I should very much like to impress upon Cardinal Antonelli, or any other Roman official whom it may concern. The first of these is, that it is an undignified proceeding to turn the old Roman waterfall into a puppet-show, and charge so much per head for going to see it. Certainly, if there be a tariff, it ought not to be so extortionate as to make a person pay twelve shillings for a five miles' ride.

But my second expostulation is more important. I would humbly represent to Cardinal Antonelli, that in the land of the Mahometan I did not see one horse which was not fat, and well to do, and sprightly, and in the full enjoyment of the pleasure of existence. In this land of the Christian Church I have not yet seen one horse in a hired carriage which is not in a chronic state of torture. The poor mare I spoke of before as being driven by our vetturino fell down dead as we were approaching the town to-night, and few events have given me so much relief. Poor brute! she was vicious and kicked, and,

with her last kick, nearly broke the vetturino's leg : but how could she be otherwise ? Her body was a mass of sores, and her every day was twelve hours of torture. I think I ought to say that the vetturino who sent out this mare was Giovucchino Conti of the Viâ de Borghese ; but I am not sure that he is worse than the rest, for nearly every horse I have seen in the public vehicles of the Roman States was working with harness pressing upon unhealed sores. Perhaps these are things which Cardinal Antonelli's new telegraph wires do not tell him. If so, I hope he will thank me for the information, and act upon it.

16th—We started this morning at half-past five, escorted by two very grand and mysterious individuals, each six feet high, and wearing huge beards and round Spanish cloaks. These gentlemen, whom I at first took to be princes of the blood papal, turned out to be the guardians of two small ponies, which the vetturino had hired to replace the poor old mare, and to convey us to Perugia. One man, I suppose, could not take both the ponies back again. Sometimes they rode, and sometimes they walked : but their attendance would seem to denote that men's labour is very cheap in this country ; and yet plenty that might be done is left undone. The rich plain around Terni is wretchedly cultivated. They seem to have no idea of clearing the land. We met immense flocks of the small white-faced sheep of the country, and I

must admit that the inhabitants here practise the theory of Sir Charles Napier, and "get their lambs early." The fields are full of lambs, some of them of six weeks' growth.

Knowing that we had Monte Summo, which is about three thousand feet high, to pass, I felt some anxiety as to how we should do it. The ingenuity of man is great. We paced steadily over the mountain behind a team of oxen, shod with flat iron shoes. No horses could have done it half so well. These oxen, with their long buffalo-shaped horns, their majestic size, their beautiful colour—white just tinged with tawny—and their large soft eyes, strike us as one of the chief features of this part of rural Italy. These are the oxen who walked, decked with garlands, in the Roman triumphs, and whose death wound up the pageant. Breeding in and in for two thousand years has not degenerated them.

At eleven we stopped to breakfast at Spoleto, where the usual two hours' rest for the horses gave me abundant time to see the city—"et même de nous ennuyer la." I noted that one Philip Magnolio has built a church, and dedicated it to Joseph the husband of Mary, whom I do not remember to be frequently thus honoured. The only point of interest about Spoleto is the historical fact, or fable, of its having given the first refuge to Hannibal. Of course I walked about the walls, and visited Porta d'Annibali. Here is the legend copied from the gate—

ANNIBAL.

Cæsis ad Trasymenum Romanis
Urbem Romam infenso agmine petens.

SPOLETO.

Magna suorum clade repulsit
Insigni fugâ portæ nomen fecit.

Hannibal, if Livy's narrative and this tradition be true, must have attacked the city from the plain. In the present day a few howitzers upon any of the impending heights would knock the place to pieces in an hour.

I found an Englishman in front of the inn pishing and pshawing over "Murray's Hand-book of Travel Talk." He had got no soap, and wanted to buy some, but could not find the Italian word for it. Attracted by the gentle Britannic expressions of impatience, I went up to him, and he pointed out to me that Mr. Murray's "Gentleman's Toilette" comprehends "sword" and "tooth-pick," and that his Lady's Toilette comprises "scent" and "scissors," "stay lace," and "stiff;" but neither of them admits the possibility of the use of soap. By united efforts we managed to buy some soap.

At La Vene we stop, at my instigation, at the source of the Clytumnus, and inspect the little temple to the river god, with its columns and its simple proportions. The present doorway is, I presume, entirely modern. Clytumnus certainly comes forth a good clear rushing stream, and, being born full grown, is at once set to work. He turns a mill almost imme-

diately he issues from the earth. The river nymphs have long since been put to flight by St. Salvatore, to whom the chapel is dedicated; but there are two buxom lasses, one up in an apple-tree shaking down the ripe fruit, and the other below gathering it up, who would make very tolerable naiads, if "the old superstition" were to come in again.

Our vetturino's second horse is as bad as his first. The poor brute is dead lame. We stay at Foligno for the night, and my chance of getting to Florence on the fifth day seems to be very remote.

The "posta" at Foligno is a capital country inn; and the rice soup, fried brains and brocoli, stewed beef, and roast thrushes—the usual dinner of an Italian country inn—are as well prepared as such things can be; but I confess I am getting sick of vetturino travelling. The occupants of the interior are a professional singer and his father, who are going to Milan, a priest who is bound for the same place, and a mysterious, unhappy, hollow-eyed man, who disappears at breakfast and dinner-time, having no contract with the vetturino about such matters, and who, on the first day, was found nearly choked by an egg which he had half swallowed before he discovered it to be addled. These people are all exceedingly civil to me; but as no one of them speaks a word of any language except Italian, the constant effort becomes a bore.

How simply these Italians live! I dare say I paid twice as much as each of them, and I suppose

I ought to consider myself ill used and cheated. But I take up the whole of the coupé to myself and my bag: they are content with one place each inside, and the glasses up. I have my *dejeuner à la fourchette* at twelve o'clock, to say nothing of the *café au lait* before we start, and which last I pay for *dehors* the *Scrittura*: they have a basin of soup at twelve o'clock, and nothing else till six. The fact is, the British Lion cannot get on without some one to comb his mane, and some one to be always bringing him flesh, and he must have a den to himself, and liberty to roar as much as he pleases: therefore the British Lion must make up his mind to pay a little more than tame little dogs that lie under the table, eat what they can get, and give no trouble. When I gave Guiseppe seven pauls—rather more than three shillings—for shewing me the Falls of Terni, I gave him quite an English fee. But who except an Englishman would have raced the daylight in order to see a waterfall? If we do require out-of-the-way services, we ought not, as some of us do, to call these poor people thieves and swindlers, because they expect to be paid extra for them. I find them well satisfied when I give a paul to the waiter, and half a paul to the *facchino*; three *ba-jocchi* (or halfpence) for my *café noir*, and six for my *café au lait* and my *petit pain*.

17th—Francisco has got a new horse, and before the sun is up we are some miles from Foligno, passing under the walls of Spello, a city which has

the merit of wishing to be thought the birth-place of Propertius. Then we arrive at a magnificent church in a very small village. Having been much knocked about by an earthquake, this church of St. Maria degli Angeli has been rebuilt and redecorated. We stopped and walked through it, and I then for the first time discovered that my fellow-travellers in the interior were strangers. The singer and his father, the priest, and the mysterious old man of the eggs, have all disappeared, and two casual short passengers take their places.

On we go through one of the richest plains in Europe. The ploughshare almost disappears in the soft crumbling mould as the big white oxen tramp along. In some places there is a pretence of cleaning the land, and the agriculture is better than I found it near Terni. There are no traces of manure ; but as I saw a little boy yesterday gathering dung upon the road I suppose they know that dung has fertilizing qualities. It is only, however, in the interstices between the trees that they plough. The whole plain is a vineyard. It is planted with little trees, which die or live as fate may ordain ; but each tree has its grape-vine, with a stem nearly as large as its own. Sometimes one of these vines interlaces two or more trees, and these vegetable Laocoons pine and perish under the infliction.

Jog, jog, jog. We plod on, and pass Assise, lying along the side of an eminence to our right. There is a castle on the top of the hill ; and a huge

building on brick piers, on the further side of the town, is no doubt a convent. Two villages lie upon our route, and then we cross the Tiber, which I suppose we now see for the last time. All I can say in its praise is, that, being dammed up, in this part it is about the size of the Derwent at Derby. It requires a great deal of classical enthusiasm to love the Tiber. People who are particular in calling things by their right names would describe it as a singularly ill-coloured and uninteresting river, without one point of beauty which a river ought to have. Our little sparkling, tumbling Dove were worth a hundred Tibers. But then its banks, its cities, its climate, its history, and its poets. I know all that, but I am talking of the river as a river, and not of its accidents.

And now Perugia comes in sight upon a mountain which blocks our further progress. The gay roofs, the brick bell-towers, and the shining battlements, stand out sharp against the deep blue of this morning sky, as if they were cameos set upon aqua marine. Come, strong and patient bouvi, drag us piano piano up the mountain.

Here we are in Perugia. The vetturino draws up at a place which is not an inn, and, after taking out his horses, asks me whether I want any breakfast. I reply by pulling out my "scrittura" and gently tapping it. He then leads me across a square to a restaurant called "the Trattore Thrasimeno;" and as he gives an order to the landlord I feel very like a

bear led to be fed. The landlord, however, turns out to be a capital fellow, an old servant of Sir John Drummond Stewart, and exceedingly desirous of telling every Englishman he can get hold of what a good master he had, and how well he has been pensioned by him. I recommend any bachelor English who go to Perugia to go to the Trattore Thrasimeno. It is a palace, lost at cards by a Perugian noble, and now put to a very useful, if not to a very dignified purpose.

Here we are in Perugia, a city of 18,000 people, a hundred churches, fifty convents, and a university. Like all the large Italian cities, it seems to have been built by and for another race. The churches are full of pictures, and the people are full of wretchedness.

I have plenty of time to walk about and see the Peruginos in the Town-hall, and Raffaele's little youthful pictures, one of which—the two infants, Jesus and John—is, I think, although not much of a connoisseur in the matter of babies, an exquisite work. I have plenty of time, also, to enjoy the wonderful panorama of Italian mountain and valley scenery, which we get from the public gardens near the church of St. Pietro de' Casinensi, for Francisco has, in effect, given me to understand that he takes me no further. I have resisted several efforts on the road to obtain from me more money than he had earned, but still I have paid him fifty francs out of eighty. This makes us not far from even, for we

are rather more than half way. To-night, when I send for him, he returns word that he is very ill with fever, a sure sign that he thinks I want some money back. He offered me a ticket for a place in the diligence to-day, but on looking at it I found that no money had been paid, and no numbered place had been secured. If it had not happened that a diligence starts to-morrow for Florence I should have been planted in this deadly interesting town, and have had to live upon peruginos for a week.

I recount these adventures for the benefit of future travellers. A place in a vetturino is by no means to be despised: it has its advantages to a single man. But if ever I travel again in this way I will pay nothing beforehand, but ten francs every day as long as the journey lasts, and the remainder at the end. I must say, however, that Francisco is a truthful and an honest man, compared with his master. O ye travellers in Rome, avoid Giovucchino Conti.

Perugia is alive with stories of the brigands, but they are all, like the north, not here, but somewhere else. Only a fortnight ago, it seems, the Bishop of Orvieto was taken prisoner, and held, with great respect, to ransom. Three months since a young Frenchman, travelling with his mother, was shot dead. Near Bologna, we are told, there is a gang of forty, whose leader has adopted the name of Mazzeroni; and my own diligence, by which I am to start to-morrow morning at six o'clock, actually will

not travel after dark, because the roads, a little further on than Thrasimene Lake, are so bad! And yet this town is full of Swiss soldiers, who fill the cafés in the evening, and stop up the roads in the morning.

18th — When the diligence drove down the steep mountain on which Perugia stands, the white mists rolling below gave to the broad valleys the appearance of ocean; and the hills, bathed in sunlight, with now and then a tiny light blue streak of vapour stealing up their ravines, looked like islands in the surging waters.

As we reached the bottom of the mountain the damp chilly fog enveloped us, and I began to fear that I should meet the same misfortune which happened to Flaminius years ago, that is to say, be unable to see about me on the shores of the lake Thrasimene.

Thrasimene, however, is four hours from Perugia. We pass the time in listening to stories of brigands. The conductor tells us, that three months ago this diligence was stopped by thirty men, and the conductor shot. The powerful sun has drawn up all the mists long before we dismiss our oxen on the summit of Monte Colonnola, and, descending the steep road through the oak woods, catch a little glimpse of blue, which gradually expands into the broad and placid lake.

Passing through Torricelli at the bottom of the hill, we now follow the margin of Thrasimene, round

a broad bay of the lake, until we reach a spot where the mountains come down into the lake, and all further pathway would seem to be shut off.

That this cannot be so, however, we know, for there is a town upon that jutting rock, and of course there is a street through it. This town is Passignano, and along its street, which seems to have been cut out of the stone, we pass this natural barrier of rocks.

Now we are in a plain, a rich plain, with the lake on the left, and mountains on the right—a plain where the white oxen are ploughing and the olives are ripening—so thickly wooded, that the lake and mountains are not frequently visible; and so deeply ploughed, that the bones of a generation of men would give forth their phosphates to make corn and oil and wine within a small portion of one of the centuries which have elapsed since Flaminius fell.

I begin to think that we are not in such a very terrible trap after all. It is true that an army could not get through the pass behind us at Passignano if it were defended; and it is also true that an army could not surmount these hills to the right in the face of an enemy numerous enough to occupy them; nor could it escape to the left, for the lake is four miles broad. But the space between the lake and the mountains is a plain two miles and a half broad in its greatest width, allowing plenty of room to draw up an army, and offering no special

advantages to an attacking, whatever it might to a blockading force.

As we stop at the posting-house in the middle of the lake, and make a capital breakfast from the eels and the lasca of Thrasimene, I am fain to confess to an English architect, who occupies a seat with me in the coupé, that I cannot understand this battle of Thrasimene.

We swallow our breakfast, and away we go, still over the same flat plain ; mountains on one side, and water on the other. Then we cross, by a bridge of a single arch, the dry channel of a brook, and both conductor and postilion point to it, and say, "Sanguinetto!"

Very well. This shews a traditionary belief that great slaughter took place just here ; but it does not explain to me why an army must necessarily be destroyed because they are situated in the area of a semicircle with a radius of two miles and a half.

Now the road begins to rise, and we are getting also towards the head of the lake. The mountains come round again to our front, and one little spur, crowned with a ruined tower, juts out from the range, advancing into the plain towards the lake.

Still the road ascends until we arrive at a square white building. It is the Roman Dogana. We are now upon the frontier line of Tuscany and Rome, and gens d'armes demand our passports.

I seize the occasion to go to the terrace in front

of the Dogana, and look back upon the plain through which we have just come.

From the height we have now attained, the whole of the plain is mapped before my eyes, and I can picture the plan of battle as if it was raging below at this moment.

I am standing upon the descent of Mount Guandolo, at the point where it goes down towards the lake, leaving a passage of about three hundred yards between the rock and the water.

That three hundred yards is the defile which leads into the semicircle at one end, just as Passignano is the defile which leads out of it at the other.

The plain is the area of a semicircle, whereof the hills form the circumference and the lake the diameter.

But the fact is, that Passignano and its defile (five miles off from here) have nothing to do with the matter. Sending horse to defend the defile of Passignano would be sheer nonsense. The Trap of Hannibal the Carthaginian is much narrower and surer.

Here to my left the stolid old Roman marched his legions in the mist through the pass between the rock and the lake, and drew them up on the plain just below me. The Carthaginian lay in ambush about the place where the Dogana now stands, and closed up after the victims had passed through.

Flaminius now lay with his rear to the mountain, and its front towards that

Monte Toro where the "tower of Hannibal" now stands, but where Hannibal himself then stood. This Monte Toro, as I have already said, is a sort of broken radius, which advances from the half circle of mountains towards the lake.

Between Monte Toro and the lake is a tolerably wide space of ground. It was this, and not the distant defile of Passignano which Hannibal, under cover of the mist, filled up with men : and thus the Romans were encircled, not in an area of ten square miles, but in an area of two.

Thus viewing the field, we see at once how perfect and how beautiful was the stratagem—how the Roman, provoked to issue from Arezzo to protect the rich plains of Cortona, was enticed into this trap—how strictly he was enclosed—how he fought in the dark fog, while his adversary, on the top of the hill, was in full sunlight. We see, also, how irresistible must have been an attack made upon the front and rear and left flank of his army.

This sight of the field of Thrasimene, from the Dogana on the Gualandro, is alone worth the journey to Italy. It combines the highest natural beauty with the highest historic interest.

I may mention that the people here say that the hill where Hannibal took his station with his heavy-armed troops is not called Mount Torre, but Mount Toro; and that it takes its name, not from the river, but from a hecatomb having been sacrificed there after the victory.

We leave Thrasimene, and cross the frontier, avoiding all disturbance of baggage by the payment of a paul and a-half. Now we meet Tuscan lasses, in broad Leghorn hats, driving pigs and tending cattle; and we pass through a better cultivated land, and apparently a happier peasantry. We skirt the walls of old Cortona, and at five o'clock we arrive at Arezzo.

The lions of Arezzo are the houses of Petrarch and Pietro Aretino, a cathedral, which is good enough in its way, and a church, the façade of which is very pretty. The "house of Petrarch" is not a hundred years old, and, notwithstanding the wearisome, long, bombastic inscription has no interest whatever. Pietro Aretino was very deservedly cudgelled, and I care naught about him. The well of Tofano, celebrated in the Decameron, is so deep, that it might well excite the fears of Ghita. Several old gossips surrounded it when I was there. It stands opposite the house of Petrarch. The red sparkling wines of Arezzo have lost their excellence. The failure of the grape crop for five successive seasons has driven all the Italian wine-bibbers to despair. The wine I got in Arezzo is the worst I have tasted in Italy. I believe it to have been made of very bad apples. We find the cholera here. I forgot to remark, that at Castiglioni Fiorentino a chapel by the roadside had been turned into a lazaretto. The beds were visible from the road, and a young woman was sitting at the door sewing. We stopped and

asked her whether she had many now ill of the cholera. She pointed to the beds, and said there were only three at present.

19th—The historic interest of the road is gone, and we must fall back upon the scenery. The valleys and mountains grow a little monotonous in their beauty. The olive tree is decidedly not picturesque. It is like a willow without its pendant grace—like an ash without its size and strength. Even the mulberry trees are dwarfed, and are choked with vines, and the oaks are cut and cropped into that leg-of-mutton shape which we see in Perugino's landscapes. So many square miles of little formal clipped ungraceful trees make us long for the natural variety and the rich verdure of England, where even nature seems to be more free. But then the climate! This hot autumn day, without a fallen leaf upon the earth! The olives just purpling to ripeness, the mulberry leaves still green, and a brawny-legged woman, in a flapping Tuscan hat, perched in every little round-topped pollard, stripping off those leaves, while the old dames, with distaff and spindle, such as we read of in the Decameron, sit upon the ground and watch the labour of their sturdy daughters.

As we enter further into Tuscany that noble breed of white oxen grows degenerate, but the valleys widen, and are varied by deep ravines, while the mountains are cultivated to their topmost points, and the rich deep loam which crops out upon the gutters of the raised roads tells how generous is the soil.

Perched upon the top of our new diligence—for diligences here travel one day and hand you over to a “corresponding diligence” for the next—at such a distance from the horses that we can hardly see the clusters of flies that fret them, we pass many towns and villages. You may know their names by looking at your maps, or asking the conductor. You may have a list of their churches and fifth-rate pictures by resorting to your Guide-book. I prefer enjoying these fine prospects as we climb up the hills, or rattle down them, and as, with our seven horses, we make a spurt over the steep little bridges which span the channels of winter streams.

It is a dreary tug up that high peak whereon the villa of the Corsini stands—a villa of great pretension and little taste. The Italians have no idea of rural architecture. This is a bad Italian palace, looking over, not a park, but a domain of little cauliflower-topped trees, up to whose roots run the brown furrows. A line of cypresses, and some formal terraces, complete the picture of this hot, unsheltered, and unrural villa. But having gained the top of the hill, the valley of the Arno lies below.

Florence the—

“ — fair city of the land,
Where the poets lip and the painter’s hand
Are most divine,”

dwells in the plain, visible through the interstices between the conical castle-topped hills that intervene. The fair city clusters round the great dome, which is as much the important object of every distant

view of Florence as St. Paul's is of a distant view of London. Ah, London! but for your coal smoke and your fogs, which are possibly making candles necessary in Belgravia now that we are frying in the sun—ah, London! if you could throw off your murky mantle, I would match you against many of these boasted cities.

But the road winds fast, and our horses, now reduced to five, are urged to a gallop down the steep incline, nearly jolting us and swaying us from our lofty perch. I think I said that I foregathered with an English architect at Arezzo. He has been making a professional tour in Tuscany, and I believe he has made full-length drawings of every stone in the Strozzi. He points out to me the Duomo and its Campanile, and the tower of the Palazzo Antiquo, and all the other objects visible from this excellent point of view. The far-extending vista of white specks and green surrounding plots are the villas in the neighbourhood of the city; while the heights on the right, still covered with palaces and plantations, form the scite of Fiesoli—that Fiesoli whence Lorenzo the Magnificent looked down upon the city he adorned and enslaved, and where the masses of Etruscan remains throw the mind back to times when the progenitors of the Medici may have been herdsmen, or pedlars, or bondsmen.

CHAPTER XVII.

FLORENCE TO MARSEILLES.

At four o'clock we reach Florence. I drive to the Porto Rosso Hotel, where I get a large lofty room, with a painted cieling, for three francs a night. I wash, and dress, and dine, and go forth to see the city. It is so compact, that I can make myself master of its chief local features in three hours, and return from sauntering in the great piazza, walking upon the quays and bridges of the Arno, and sipping coffee at Doney's, with the conviction that, as a residence for an idle man, Florence must be the most pleasant city in the whole world. I say nothing now of the Perseus of Cellini and the David of Michael Angelo, and the other masterpieces which stand unprotected and untarnished in the streets. Moonlight shews me well enough the general effect of the palaces, the piazzas, the bridges, and the river. I must leave the rest for sunlight.

And now, having noted up the journal of to-day, to-bed in this comfortable room of the Hotel Porto Rosso. But—the musquitos. At Arezzo, last night, of these *hostes humani generis* fed upon me all and left my forehead an unseemly mass of

hillocks. There is another, which I cannot catch, humming round my head, and promising to repeat the operation. I shall try a gentle besmearment of olive oil, and submit me to my fate.

Oh provident host of the Porto Rosso, before I close my note-book I take one more look at the bed where I am to be fed upon. There is a bundle of gauze suspended to it, and, as I hope to sleep unbitten, it is a musquito curtain! I will carefully unbind it, and these little tigers will yet be cheated of their prey.

20th—To-day I saw all Florence. There is not much of mere sight-seeing; but the impression of yesterday is confirmed. For an idle and not very rich man it is the most pleasant residence in Europe. The cathedral and its campanile, built up of variegated marbles, tessellated like a piece of Tunbridge ware, greatly surpassed all the expectation I had formed from descriptions; and the interior, with its monuments to its architects, its stained glass, so rare in Italy, and its dim, religious twilight, struck me as exceedingly majestic. Here, as in the mosques of Constantinople, the dome is every thing. We walked through a dozen churches, among which I must note Santa Croce for its indifferent monuments to illustrious men. But although Santa Croce is like an exaggerated English parish church, with the exterior left unfinished because the subscription-list was unfilled; and although in St. Lorenzo we see nothing very important but the two tombs of the Medici, and

in Santa Maria Novella nothing to interest us but the cloisters where Boccaccio places the scene of his Decameron, still it is something to have stood by the tomb of Michael Angelo; and the view of Santa Maria Novella, dressed up for the fete of its patron, was undoubtedly very fine.

We walked in the Pitti Gardens for two hours, and lay on the grass in the shade by that beautiful irregular avenue of trees near the great fountain of John of Bologna. There are fountains, terraces, and statues, but there are also shady walks with woods and meadows within their circuit.

We walked also in the court of the Piazza Antiqua and in the piazza of the Uffizii; and we studied the modern statues of the great men of Tuscany. Dante, Petrarch, Galileo, Machiavelli, and many others, stand well carved in stone; but their effigies suggested to me the remark, that scarcely one of the great men to whom Tuscany raises statues lived comfortably in Tuscany. Persecution, imprisonment, or exile, were their lot while living. Tuscany is proud of them only after death.

After an excellent dinner at the Porto Rosso, and a cup of coffee, and a glance at the "Debats" at Doney's, we take a carriage at three pauls an hour, and drive through the Cascine in the bright moonlight. The drive is pleasant, but the dews are heavy; and I return home to bed with the proud consciousness that I can now find my way about the city, and am familiar with all the out-of-door objects of interest, from the

Perseus of Cellini and the David of Michael Angelo, to the bridges of the Arno and the shops where they sell good Havana cigars. I warn every one who is addicted to the "filthy habit of smoking," that the cigars of Rome are most execrable. If you are going to Rome take store of cigars, if you can, from England, if not, then from Florence.

I like this city infinitely better than Rome. I am comparing, of course, the two modern cities. I am faithful to old Rome beyond the Capitol. But in modern Florence you lose the sensation of an ever-present nightmare of priestcraft, which seems to sit upon and stifle all the beauty of art and all the poetry of life. Those frightful old sprawling saints, which in Rome squat upon every monument of ancient beauty, here give way to graceful forms, illustrative of the older and more poetical mythology. When they shew me, in St. John of Lateran, the table on which our Saviour ate the last supper, the well at which he spake to the woman of Samaria, and the standard by which His stature was measured and found to be just six feet ; when they shew me, at the church of the Franciscans, the print made by the devil's foot when he fled from the temple upon its consecration to Christianity ; and when I see the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, whose bas reliefs are a history of pagan victories, surmounted by awkward figures of saints, the mind revolts, not so much at the blatant falsehood, as at the dreary dullness and puerile no-meaning of the fables which have

succeeded to the not more false and much more graceful fiction about Jove and Venus, Hercules and Pan.

Let me not, however, here be misunderstood. I am speaking, not of the doctrines of the Catholic church, nor indeed of the Catholic church at all. Educated Catholics repeat to every one that it is no part of their rule of faith to believe in these worse than silly impostures. When I talk of the mythology of the middle ages, I mean those wild stories of monkish miracles celebrated in still wilder and more execrable taste by degraded and reluctant art.

21st—I passed the early part of the morning in the Tribune of the Uffizi, where the three sister Venuses have lived for centuries and grown no older, where every object is an immortality to an artist, where nothing is mean and almost nothing second rate. The Venus de Medici we think we know. Copies and photographs and casts have made the form as familiar to us as the figure of Britannia upon a penny; but in this, as in every other really great work of art, the first impression is one of surprise at the utter no-notion which copies have conveyed, or ever can convey. The same must be said of the two Venuses of Titian. I suppose every one must prefer that to the right hand, with the Cupid, and without the old woman. It is a great shame to call the one which hangs in this room the Fornarina: it is more like the Fornarina than it is like a Ma-

donna. It is equally a shame to say that it is a portrait of "one of Raffaele's mistresses." It is a beautiful portrait of a beautiful woman; but the Guide-books of the ciceroni take away the lady's character in mere wanton scandal. There is, in one of the other rooms, a picture of St. Sebastian by Sodoma, which attains the rare effect of giving poetry and interest to a subject drawn from the mythology of the middle ages; and the Flower Girl of Titian makes me stand and gaze. The Bacchus and Faun of Michael Angelo is, I am sorry to say, the only statue of that great master upon which I have looked with unalloyed delight; and the copy of the Laocoon confirms me in the conviction that the best copies by the best artists can do no more than take the bloom off a cherished memory.

From the Uffizi I went to the Pitti, where painting triumphs in exquisite masterpieces, and which, if there were no Guide-book, and no description of Italian galleries, I could write a chapter about, which would serve the usual purpose of being useless to those who have not seen them and unnecessary to those who have.

I was now obliged to hurry back to save the three o'clock train to Leghorn. The bill at the Porto Rosso requires a little revision. It is true they charge only three pauls for my room and five for their very good table d'hôte; but they put down the passport at fourteen pauls, and they charge eight pauls for a bottle of bad Marsala, which they dignify

with the name of *Lacryma Christi*, although it is marked in large letters in the salon at five pauls. This entails a little fight. Then the *faccini* are as bad as the mosquitoes. In Florence the portier at the hotel will not touch your luggage. Some vagabond at the diligence office takes possession of a seat on the box of your voiture, accompanies you to your hotel, and then solemnly walks upstairs before you, laying down your two carpet-bags with a groan, and wiping his head as if he had carried up the great pyramid upon his back. Give him one paul or two he grumbles like Swift's Irish porter, and the waiter takes his part against the *forestieri*.

"The lawyer and the critic but behold
The baser side of life;"

and so does the traveller. He has to do with the "odd men" of every country, and should not generalize too much from such premises.

Florence has only just got rid of the cholera. A few weeks ago and the hospitals were full, and a hundred and thirty deaths a day took place. This scourge has been pretty general all through Italy. In one village near Arezzo every person died *gens d'armes* and all; and the place is said to be now entirely unpeopled, and the keys of the houses in the hands of the police. In some of these places they pretended to cure the disease with the juice of sweet grapes, probably upon the homoeopathic principle that *similia similibus curantur*. In others they give ab-

sinthe, which certainly has the merit of being a pleasanter medicine.

And now, adieu to thee, fair Florence! I hope to return to your clean, flag-paved streets; to look again upon your out-of-door statues, your sober and somewhat sombre palaces, your sweet walks by the side of the tranquil Arno, crowded with gay promenaders and laughing girls; to see again your beautiful duomo, and your tessellated campanile, and your unfinished churches with rude brickwork exteriors; to look up at your statue of Justice, so high above us upon her lofty column, and seeming to intimate that justice is as difficult to get at in Florence as in other countries; to enjoy the view of your blue hills and lovely valley, covered with villas, and stretching away in far prospective as it lay spread before me from the observatory in the Pitti gardens. Yes, some late autumn day I must come back to you, Florence, and live in your city and explore your environs.

But now for the Strada Ferrata, where we meet smiling damsels, who, according to the pleasant Florentine custom, pin a little bouquet in your button-hole, and wish you a happy journey, and—expect half a paul.

Three hours from Florence to Leghorn. I wish it were less, for it is an uninteresting journey, with nothing to recommend it but occasional glances at the valley of the Arno, whose channel is wide, but whose stream is scanty, and a glance at the leaning tower of Pisa, which we cannot see until we have passed the city. The Pitti gallery has made me

nearly miss my passage. I take a carriage, hurry to the police, get my passport viséd "gratis!" and hurry on board the "Vatican," who has her anchor and her steam up. I will never again take a "through" ticket. One saves a little by it, but it ties one up to particular boats and particular times. Had I missed this boat I must have forfeited my passage-money, or remained another week. Fancy a week in this uninteresting Leghorn!

22d—Before day-break down goes the anchor: we are off Genoa. Ah, Genoa! superb as you may be, you cannot match with Messina. You have a fine port and much shipping: but we must see Genoa before we have seen Constantinople or Messina or Naples if we would admire it.

I go ashore early, and breakfast at a castellated hostelry called the Hotel des Quatre Nations; and then I spend some hours in walking up and down the hills upon which this *reine dechue* stands. Despite its painted palaces and its red dome-covered cathedral, it is difficult to recognise in it the Genoa of history. I asked my cicerone whether there was any tradition as to the spot where Fieschi was drowned. He had never heard the name.

Genoa is best seen from the sea. Yet even thence it seems so shut in by the water in front, and by high arid mountains tipped with fortresses behind, that one cannot comprehend how it could ever have been the seat of distant empire. Still less can I comprehend how it can contain 150,000 inhabitants.

in from saying much about

Genoa. Three hours will give one but a misty idea of such a city, and the mist will grow thicker if I attempt to print it.

The passengers were all on board an hour before the captain came, and we passed that hour in comparing the magnificent bouquets we had bought, and in discussing the peculiar head-dresses of the Genoese women, and in listening to a family of, I believe, Jewish women, who, under the protection of a masculine leader, played and sang to us.

The Jews, it seems, are reduced to this sort of industry at Genoa. Charles Albert used to say that no Jew could live among his Genoese. The other Italians are very much of his opinion, and abuse them roundly as a sordid race. Their great national proverb—a proverb so well known that it is quoted only by the first three words—is “*homo sine pecuniâ imago est viva mortis.*” It is the only place in the world where I paid State dues for being allowed to land: here we paid about five shillings a piece. When Andrew Doria entertained Charles the Fifth in a banqueting-house built upon this harbour, every vessel brought upon the table was of gold; and as it was taken from the table it was cast out of window into the sea. This would seem to savour more of commercial ostentation than of commercial parsimony. But the cunning Genoese had a net spread under the water, and thus indulged both passions.

I think I have now paid the Genoese for the five shillings they extorted from me.

At two o'clock we weigh anchor and take leave of Italy. The climate is faithful to us to the last. The white houses, as they diminish in the distance, still glance in sunshine. Italy adieu. Tomorrow for la belle France.

Parting, however, was such sweet sorrow, that I said good night until tomorrow. We hugged the shore from Genoa to Nice, from Nice to Toulon, and from Toulon to Marseilles; and, lit up by a bright moon, a beautiful rocky coast it is. The wind came off the land, and the steamer trod trippingly over the waters, not quite a dance, but enough to turn many a modern Roman pale, and to draw forth sounds of discomfort, and sometimes something more, from the bocca Toscana.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARSEILLES HOME.

October 23d—It was ten o'clock this morning when we steered through a projecting series of little island rocks, and found before us the Chateau d'If and the Lazaretto, and the little world of shipping of the New Port of Marseilles. It is built at the bottom of a very wide bay, with high mountains behind it, and valleys, or rather ravines, running up inland. How far it extends inland we cannot see, but the suburban villages margin the sea for a distance of many miles, and they sometimes spread high up the sides of the hills, when a gentler declivity allows a resting-place for houses.

Marseilles appears like every other great mercantile city which is situated upon the sea—a forest of masts, and a series of quays. There is nothing picturesque in the view of the city, but every thing that is picturesque in the coast scenery about it. Then comes the misery of the Custom-house and passports; and, these surmounted, the omnibus takes us directly to the railway station, and *we* (for I have established relations with a French merchant on board the vessel) find we have two hours to walk about the town, change our money, and get our breakfast.

This last important duty is performed at a café of prodigious splendour. The interior gleams with gilding and looking-glass. The ceilings are richly painted with Venuses, upon whom multitudes of Cupids are about to pile sheaves of corn; bronze Satyrs, of no contemptible workmanship, group about the columns; and an idle fountain, of the same metal, looks as though a word to the *garçon* would make it flow with wine. Marseilles has been called the Liverpool of France. I know not how it may be in matters of tonnage, but, as a town, Liverpool can bear no more comparison to Marseilles than Little Pedlington can to Rome. The town of Liverpool always appears to me to be not quite an English town, but a first town out of England: it has strong Irish and Yankee characters: it is a bad *avant propos* of New York and Dublin. Marseilles is entirely French, and has all the features of French civilization. However, it is not a city for a mere tourist who has no time to *approfondir les choses*, to stay long in. So we return to our railway station, and at one o'clock are off towards Lyons.

And now we are about "to make our Northing," to run up five hundred miles away from the sun. Already there is a little change. The olive trees are not so large, some of the lime trees are shedding their first leaves, and the cork tree has disappeared. There is little, however, to complain of here. The railway maintains a capital pace; and although fifteen people were killed upon it at one *coup* a few days ago, it

seems regular and well managed. My only regret, as we pass through this beautiful South of France, is, that I am passing it unvisited. There are exquisite coast views as we track the margin of the embouchure of the Rhone; and, when we leave the sea, we have the river scenery, and the broad valleys, green as in English spring-time, and the high Apennines rejoicing in their eternal sunshine. The mouldering castles, which are perched on every crag, and are the only perishing things in the landscape; the country girls in their picturesque costume, stripping the mulberry leaves into sacks; the single mule drawing the light plough swiftly through the friable soil; the white towers set thick about; and the noble bridges which at short intervals span the large tributaries that come down to swell the Rhone, combine to create a succession of views which leaves us nothing to regret, even in Italy.

Arles comes in view, with its Roman amphitheatre, well seen from our second-class thirty-five-franc railway carriage. We stay here a few minutes, and a daughter of the South jumps in, and pops herself between me and the Frenchman. Severe critics might say that she has passed her *première jeunesse*, but it is of course only to her costume that I wish to draw attention. She wears a high net cap, with a band of silk about nine inches wide passed round it and crossed, the ends hanging down, and the whole secured at the point of the crossing by a large gay ornament. It is very simple; but if any of my

fair readers will try it, and if she happen to have the abundant black chevelure, and the large eyes and long dark silky lashes, and the fine nose and expressive mouth, of our gently vivacious *compagnon du voyage*, every one will discover that my fair reader looks exceedingly well in this *costume du midi*—or in any other.

While we talk, however, of the railway accidents, and of inundations, and of the failure of the grape crop, and of other topics interesting in these parts, Avignon comes in sight, clustered round its square-towered embattled fortress—the palace of the Popes. A chapter of uninteresting history. Our fair companion tells us how it is now turned into a caserne of French soldiery, and, gathering her nick-knacks together, wishes us *bon voyage*, and trips away.

Then we watch the moon rise over the lofty peak of Mount Venteuse, which rises with one swell up high into the skies, and diminishes into hillocks all the intervening mountains; and then the sun goes down, and clouds and darkness are upon our left, while the valley upon our right is still lit up by the moon. But the storm gathers and rolls on, and shrouds every thing in night. Then come the quick flashes of lightning, first broad and then forked, shewing us the wide Rhone whipped into white foam, and every particular leaf of some illuminated olive tree sharp and distinct as though it were standing incombustible in a jet of flame. Then, as the storm grows closer, the thunder-clap

sounds, not at distant intervals, but simultaneous and loud and near. The explosion seems to burst among the carriages, and then leaps off and rolls and echoes among the mountains. But we drive gallantly through the thunder-storm, and we stop awhile at Valence, just long enough to allow the keeper of the railway station there to charge us some fabulous sum for some bad soup and a bit of galantine ; and then we go to sleep and awake at eleven o'clock, and find ourselves at Lyons.

The hotel de l'Europe is full, so we go to the hotel des Courriers, a funny, big, old-fashioned place, which only bachelors should venture upon.

The question now to decide is, shall I go on at six to-morrow, or stay till ten at night? No mean course will answer, for it is absurd to get into Paris at five in the morning. I decide to give up a night's rest, and see Lyons.

24th—I utterly deny that Lyons is the Birmingham of France. I should rather say, perhaps, that I deny that there is any similarity between Lyons and Birmingham. Birmingham consists of New Street, the Bull-ring, the Music-hall, half a dozen extortionate hotels, and a congeries of impassable alleys. Lyons has, in its *Place de Louis Quatorze*, the finest square in Europe ; its quays extend for miles along the margin of two great rivers, which, in the full publicity of its boulevards, meet and marry ; rolling on thenceforward, chafing and brawling through a long and chequered existence, until they reach the gulf which is

fatal to them both. Birmingham is, unless you hope to make money there, the most dreary and uninteresting place you can waste life in. Lyons places all the amenities of existence at your disposal. I have often passed an idle day at Birmingham. I have watched the trains as they bore away the denizens who were escaping from its smoke; and I have perseveringly tried to walk into the country. I have succeeded in attaining to the banks of a canal, and, at the utmost limit of a morning walk, have found myself contemplating the small bubbles of noxious gases as they arose and burst upon the surface of a mill-pond.

It was a fresh and breezy morning when I groped my way among the intricacies of the passages of the Hotel des Courriers, and sallied forth to see Lyons. With Bradshaw's map in your hand, you are sure to become master of a city. The plan upon the paper has nothing in common with the city before you. You lose yourself in five minutes: and, puzzled by the two rivers, you wander to and fro for hours, trying to reconcile Mr. Bradshaw's map with the oral directions you receive from patient and benevolent Frenchmen. I was lodging in one of the principal streets, but it had no existence in Mr. Bradshaw's map: so I walked across the Grande Place, and then at hazard, till I struck a boulevard. A boulevard in Lyons is a wide thoroughfare, having cafes and great shops, and substantial manufactories on one side, and having on the other side a public walk, partially shaded with
but certainly bounded by a wide rushing river

crossed by magnificent bridges. I happened to come out upon the Rhone, and, seeing several baths like the "*École de natation*" at Paris, I entered, and, at the cost of thirty-five centimes, took a header in twelve feet of water. Then I breakfasted at the "*Café de la Jeune France*," which is not so good as the cafés at Marseilles, and pursued my rambles till I found myself upon the heights of La Croix Rousse. I passed an hour here, looking at the Swiss mountains, and trying to separate the outline of Mont Blanc from the clouds that were floating about in the distance. Then, emancipating myself with much difficulty from the fortifications, I lost my way again in trying to descend to the slightly coal-stained city. I had got among the silk-weavers. Every house had its six stories, and every window had its spinning-machine. Click, click, click, issued from every one of ten thousand windows. The industrious crickets nearly stunned me by the aggregate of their little clicks. Then I worked my way through the hot sunshine to the observatory, and wiped my forehead, and enjoyed the vast-expanded view of winding rivers and mysterious mountains. If Mr. M'Culloch had been with me I would have laid in stores of commercial knowledge, and would have visited many factories; but being alone I took an ice at a café, and walked on to where the two rivers meet. A railroad strides across the confluence.

It was a quarter-past six o'clock when I got back; and I found my new acquaintance, the French nego-

ciant, with his napkin spread upon his knees, and the oysters dying before him. He looked a look of polite reproach, and as I poured out a glass of chablis, and uncovered a half-flaccid oyster, I felt that I had done him a wrong.

During my day's walk I had seen the sights of Lyons. I had visited the Cathedral, and the Bibliotheque, and the two allegorical statues of the Rhone and the Saone. I related my adventures as my *convive* gulped his oysters, swallowed his julienne, dallied with his sardine and his olive, and seriously attacked his *cobillaud à la Hollandaise*. "Ah, mon cher," he said, "they did not tell you how those two statues were saved to France."

"I am ashamed to say I made few inquiries about them."

"You were wrong. We owe those statues to an instance of devoted patriotism. When the allies were in France, the English General had ordered them to be packed up to ornament the Lord Mayor's palace in London. The General was superintending the packing, and the Mayor of Lyons was there. Suddenly the Mayor said, 'You have entered Lyons as a conqueror, M. le General: it is well. But you have forgotten one thing.' 'What is that?' said the General. 'You have fought for the city, but not for these statues;' and the Mayor of Lyons drew his dress-sword: he had never drawn a sword, or seen a drawn sword before. 'Before you carry these statues away, you must slay the Mayor of Lyons.' The English General hesitated

a moment, and then he said, that if the possession of these statues must cost him the life of his excellent *ami*, the Mayor of Lyons, he would rather that the Lord Mayor should go without the trophy: and then they embraced, and Lyons kept her statues. *Ah, mon ami, c'est touchant, n'est ce pas?"*

At ten o'clock we were in a railway carriage, with our luggage booked, and ourselves ticketed for Paris.

Of course we duly arrived in Paris on the 25th of October.

And now I am in the city upon which, without effort, I could write several handsome volumes. Ah, mon petit Paris! how I could write about you! What chapters would not your *Exposition* afford! How placidly could I dilate upon the discreet pleasures of your "diner Français!" "Potage a la Brunoy" comes and vanishes. "Hors d'œuvres variés," flit about like skirmishers before a battle. "Noix de veau, piquées, braisées, a la chicorée de Provins," walks round the tranquil salon with its human appendage in dark unobtrusive toilette. "Salmis de Perdreaux champenois, aux champignons et aux truffes," presents itself silently, but with the confident air of an irresistible artiste. "Homards et Langoustes, de la Hougue, sauce Rémoulade," gently clatters its shell-armour. "Aloyaux charollais a la broche" solicits the expiring appetite. "Gateaux de pommes de terre a l'Anglaise" comes in like an unfavoured actor, and goes out without applause. "Glaces de champagne et de café vierge" freezes the first kiss, but melts

upon the lip of the persisting lover. Succulent pears and crisp confectionery linger before the eye. Rich vintages of Burgundy make the blood to roll; fitting you, after deliberate transit n, to sit under the verandah of the Café Mazarin, to sip black coffee, and inhale Havana perfumes, and quietly to regard the dames of Paris as they walk daintily along the muddy boulevard. Ah, diner Français! thou wert a great invention! Our London Reform Club has leaped up in reputation, and has become the Club whereof our gourmets speak with baited breath; and all by means of an imperfect imitation of you. “Diners de Paris,” “Diners Européens,” and all other “diners,” avaunt! Good, and abundant, and cheap though you be, you are crowded and ill-served. No—

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;
 Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque
 Jupiter urget:
 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ—

still upon the steppes of Tartary, or under the sun of Malta, or in the fogs of London, I will think fondly on my *diner Français*, and remember the Rue basse du Rempart.

But my publishers, who are cruel men, deny me the two more volumes necessary to describe Paris, and insist upon my journeying silently home. So I cut off my beard, draw twenty pounds from Callaghan and Co., and obey.

What a curious freak of fashion is this sacrifice of the beard! If St. Cyprian and St. Augustin had been told they were not respectable men because their chins were not shaved, I wonder what answer they would have made. If Archbishop Laud had been exhorted that a beard gave a man a raffish appearance, I wonder what he would have thought of his hortator. If Burleigh had been told there was no gravity in the shake of his head because a beard wagged at the end of it, I marvel what his comment would have been. If Coke, Attorney-General, had been refused audience at the bar because his upper lip was hairy, and his chin was shaggy, I should like to have a note of his observations upon the occasion. If Bacon had been told that a man cannot be an efficient lawyer, or parson, or surgeon, or clerk, unless he get out of bed ten minutes before the inevitably necessary moment, and grin horribly before a looking-glass, scraping his face in agony during those ten minutes, what would Bacon have said? Bacon would have said that we are a race of idiots; that we might as well insist upon our lawyers and clerks wearing rings through their noses; that such littlemindedness is a symptom of that low stage of civilization wherein men are intolerant in matters having no relation to the public good.

There is a story of a bishop who begged of George the Third to be allowed to throw off his wig. The bishop fortified his petition by exhibiting to the sovereign many portraits of former English bishops

who wore no wigs. The king was a little puzzled between ancient precedent and contemporary conventionality; but he saw his way at last. "I see, see, see. No wigs, but all wear beards—beard or wig—must wear one." That bishop deserves the execration of mankind. If he had accepted the alternative, he would have added two years to every shaving man's life.

However, my Crimean beard is off, and I feel no longer entitled to address the British public in the capacity of a traveller. I will simply add two mercantile facts: that I was away eleven weeks, and spent a hundred and twenty pounds; and that Messrs. Chapman and Hall assure me that an appreciating public will present me with at least double that sum for my account of my wanderings. And so, reader, *Vale et Valet.*

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